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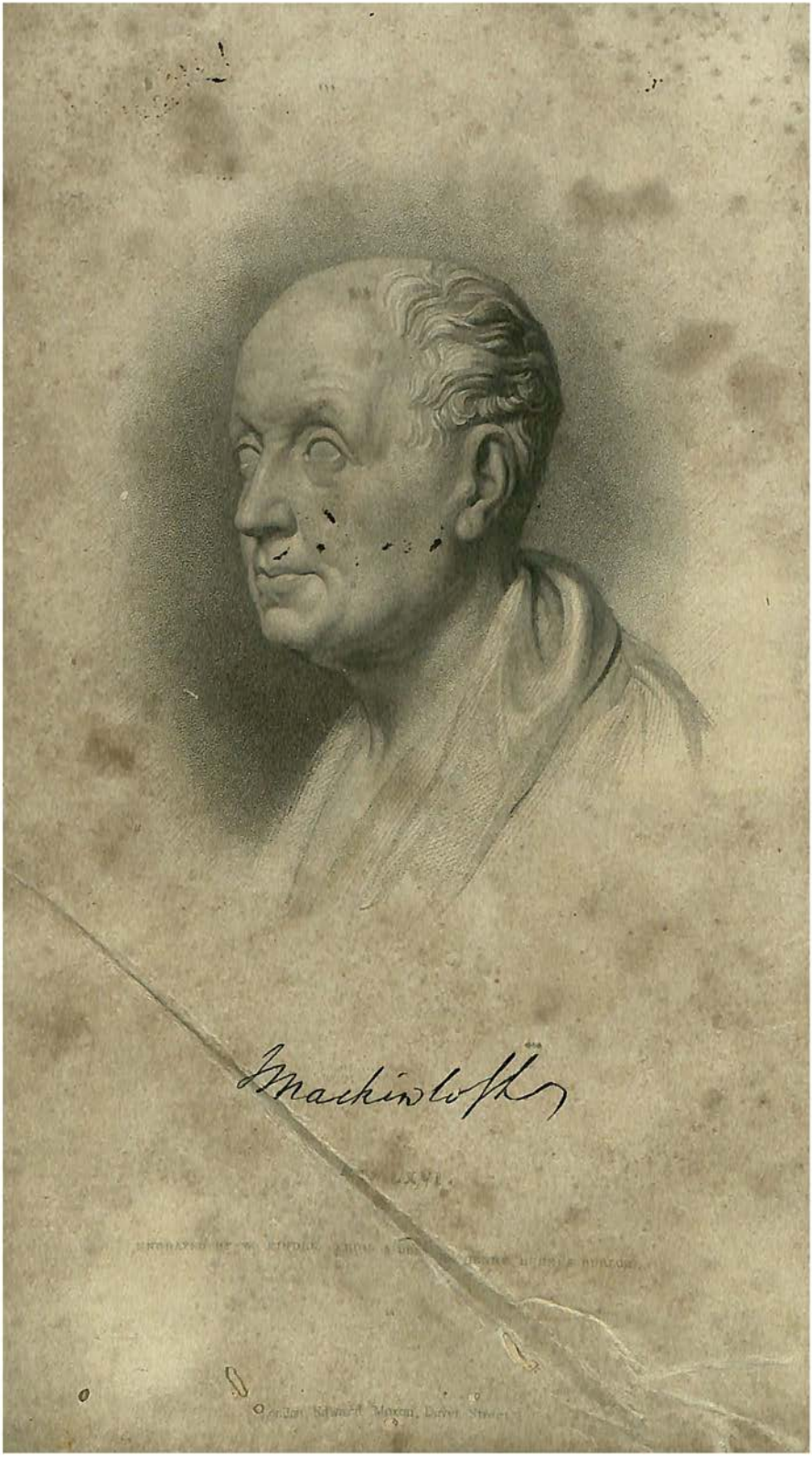
LIFE

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.



MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, ESQ.

FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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Scottish philosopher
& historian

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following pages consist almost exclusively of extracts from Letters and Journals, with little more care expended upon their arrangement than is necessary to make them afford of themselves a representation of the workings of a mind, which, it has been thought, might afford instruction to some, and interest to more.

To his father's friends—and, if he may without impropriety call them so, his own also—Mr. Basil Montagu, Mr. George Moore, Sir James Scarlett (now Lord Abinger), Doctor Holland, Lord Jeffrey, and the Rev. Sydney Smith, the Editor takes this opportunity of returning his grateful thanks for what remains to engage the reader's attention.

Upon the valuable assistance—more especially in connection with the residence in India—for which he has been obliged to his brother-in-law, Mr. William Erskine, he feels that it would be impertinent in this place to enlarge. An acknowledgment of the ready kindness, which placed much interesting correspondence at his disposal, would have here naturally followed, but for the event which has deprived his many attached friends of the late much esteemed Mr. Richard Sharp.

If the slight connecting narrative could bear the weight of an observation, he would remark, in explanation of what may appear to some as a cold style of expression, that he had not determined to prefix his name to these pages, till they were so far advanced as to make a subsequent change to one more natural to the relationship,—then first avowed, between the writer and his subject,—scarcely worth while.

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LIFE

OF THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — PARENTAGE — GOES TO SCHOOL AT FORTROSE — EARLY STUDIES — PARTS FROM HIS MOTHER — COLLEGE AT ABERDEEN — ROBERT HALL — TAKES THE DEGREE M.A. — ARRIVAL AT EDINBURGH — NOTICES OF EMINENT MEN — MEDICAL STUDIES — "BRUNONIANISM" — BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE SPECULATIVE, MEDICAL, AND PHYSICAL SOCIETIES — ESSAYS — DESULTORY PURSUITS — THESIS — DIPLOMA — LEAVES EDINBURGH.

"I WAS born at Aldourie, on the banks of Loch Ness, within seven miles of the town of Inverness, in Scotland, on the 24th of October, 1765. My father *, Captain John Mackintosh, was the representative of a family which had for above two centuries possessed a small estate called Kellachie, which I inherited from him, and which I was obliged to sell. He had served four

* "His (Mr. M.'s) father and I not only served together in the same regiment in Germany, but in the same company, and lived together for two years in the same tent, and during all that time there never passed an unkind word, or look, betwixt us, which is an uncommon circumstance, considering what selfish, churlish beings soldiers become during the course of a troublesome campaign. We did, indeed, live on terms of the most perfect friendship together. John Mackintosh was one of the most lively, good-humoured, gallant lads I ever knew; and he had an elder brother of the name of Angus, who served in the regiment (Col. afterwards Sir R. M. Keith's) that constantly encamped next to ours, who was a most intelligent man, and a most accomplished gentleman. Mr. M.'s grandfather saw his two sons return home at the

and twenty years in the army, into which he entered very young. He was very severely wounded at the battle of Felinghausen, in the seven years' war; and his last place of service was Gibraltar, where he was during the whole siege. My mother was Marjory Macgillivray, the daughter of Mr. Alexander Macgillivray, by Anne Fraser, sister of Brigadier General Fraser, who was killed in General Burgoyne's army, in 1777; aunt to Dr. Fraser, physician in London; and to Mrs. Fraser Tytler, wife of Lord Woodhouselee, now (1805) a judge of the Court of Session in Scotland.

"My father joined his regiment at Antigua soon after my birth, and continued at that island, and at Dublin, for eight or nine years. I was reared with great care and tenderness by my mother, who lived with her mother* and sisters at a small house called Clune. I can now†, at the distance of twenty years, and fifteen thousand miles, call before me with great distinctness, the prospect from the window of our little parlour, of the lake with its uninterrupted expanse of twenty-four miles, and its walls of perpendicular wooded rock; the road that leads down to the cottage, all its windings, all

end of the seven years' war, one with a shattered leg, and the other with the loss of an eye. As Pope says—

"'Both gallant brothers bled in honour's cause,
In Britain yet while honour gained applause."

John received his wound at the battle of Felinghausen. The major to whom the company belonged was likewise wounded, and the ensign, like some of Homer's heroes, was, by the interposition of some god or goddess, carried off the field in a cloud, so that I was left alone to see after the company."—*Extract of a Letter from Major Mercer to Lord Glenbervie, 12th Jan.*, 1804.

* His grandmother, Mrs. Macgillivray, is described as a woman of uncommon powers of mind, and superior cultivation for those days.

† These few recollections of his early life were thrown together at an interval of leisure in the year 1805, at Bombay.

the smallest objects on each side of it; the little path where we walked "down the burn," and the turf seat where we rested, are more present to my fancy than any other objects in nature. My mother was not happy. My father, a subaltern and younger brother, found his pay not too much for his own expenses, and all the kindness of her family did not deliver her mind from the painful feeling of dependence. This, perhaps, contributed to the extreme affection which she felt for me. There is nothing which so much lightens the burden of receiving benefits as the pleasure of conferring them. I alone depended on her. She loved me with that fondness which we are naturally disposed to cherish for the companion of our poverty. The only infant in a family of several women, they rivalled each other in kindness and indulgence towards me, and I think I can at this day discover in my character many of the effects of this early education.

"In the summer of 1775, I was sent to school at a small town called Fortrose, under a master named Smith, who, if I may trust my recollection, was not wanting in abilities. Nearly thirty years after, in the autumn of 1804, I met his youngest son, a captain in the Bombay artillery, and I experienced on that, as on several other occasions, that no idea of our youth can be uninteresting, when it is revived after long oblivion. I have little recollection of the first two years at school. An usher of the school, one Duncan, who boarded in the same house with me, was suspected of some heretical opinions. The boarding mistress, who was very pious and orthodox, rebuked him with great sharpness; and I remember her reporting her own speech to her husband, and the other boarders, with an air of no little exultation. I have a faint remembrance of the usher even quoting the Savoyard Creed, and having heard of Clarke's Scripture

doctrine of the Trinity. This infant heresy was soon silenced by the emigration of the poor usher to Jamaica, where I believe he soon after died. I rather think it contributed to make my mind free and inquisitive. Theological controversy has been the general inducement of individuals and nations to engage in metaphysical speculation. It was at least the circumstance which directed my curiosity towards those objects, which have vainly exercised it during my subsequent life. I was frequently and kindly entertained at the house of Mr. Mackenzie, of Suddie, an old gentleman who, with some of the peculiarities of a humourist, was not without some curiosity and knowledge. He had a tolerable collection of books. Genealogy was, indeed, his favourite science. But his passion for genealogy led him to explore Scotch history, especially that of the seventeenth century, in which his own ancestors had been actors. He was naturally led to theology, the cause, or the pretext of almost all the memorable events of that age. He was very fond of Burnet's History, which I still think a very agreeable book of memoirs, though it be always necessary to keep in mind that it is the work of a zealous and credulous partisan. He lent Burnet's Commentary on the Thirty-nine Articles to me, and I have now a distinct recollection of the great impression which it made. I read with peculiar eagerness and pleasure the commentary on the seventeenth article,—that which regards Predestination; and I remember Mr. Mackenzie's pointing out to me, that though the Bishop abstained from giving his own opinion on that subject in the Commentary, he had intimated that opinion not obscurely in the Preface, when he says, that "he was of the opinion of the Greek Church, from which St. Austin departed." I was so profoundly ignorant of what the Greek Church was, and what St. Austin's deviations were, that the

mysterious magnificence of this phrase had an extraordinary effect on my imagination. My boarding mistress, the schoolmaster, and the parson, were orthodox Calvinists. I became a warm advocate for free will, and before I was fourteen I was probably the boldest heretic in the county. About the same time, I read the old translation (called Dryden's) of Plutarch's Lives, and Echard's Roman History. I well remember that the perusal of the last led me into a ridiculous habit, from which I shall never be totally free. I used to fancy myself emperor of Constantinople. I distributed offices and provinces amongst my schoolfellows. I loaded my favourites with dignity and power, and I often made the objects of my dislike feel the weight of my imperial resentment. I carried on the series of political events in solitude for several hours; I resumed them and continued them from day to day for months. Ever since I have been more prone to building castles in the air, than most others. My castle-building has always been of a singular kind. It was not the anticipation of a sanguine disposition, expecting extraordinary success in its pursuits. My disposition is not sanguine, and my visions have generally regarded things as much unconnected with my ordinary pursuits, and as little to be expected, as the crown of Constantinople at the school of Fortrose. These fancies, indeed, have never amounted to conviction; or, in other words, they have never influenced my actions; but I must confess that they have often been as steady, and of as regular recurrence, as conviction itself, and that they have sometimes created a little faint expectation,—a state of mind in which my wonder that they should be realised would not be so great as it rationally ought to be. The indulgence of this dreaming propensity produces good and bad consequences. It produces indolence, improvidence, cheerfulness; a study

is its favourite scene; and I have no doubt that many a man, surrounded by piles of folios, and apparently engaged in the most profound researches, is in reality often employed in distributing the offices and provinces of the empire of Constantinople.

"During my vacations I always went to my grandmother's house, where, among other books, I found Dodsley's Collection, Pope and Swift*. The first verse which I read was Pope's Pastorals; and the first Criticism I recollect, was an observation which I repeated after my aunts, on the great superiority of Tate and Brady's Psalms over Sternhold and Hopkins' version. I then spoke with the confidence of youth. I think it very likely, that if I were to re-examine the question, I might now think it more doubtful. I cannot now remember whether a Pastoral, or an Elegy on the death of my uncle, Brigadier-General Fraser (killed 7th October, 1777), was my first poetical attempt; but in the years 1779 and 1780, my muse was exceedingly prolific. My

* His passion for reading withstood all his father's sneers at his degeneracy, and complaints that he would become "a mere pedant." He was, indeed, constantly, at all times and places, employed in that occupation. He would occasionally take his book and his dinner out with him, and remain in some secluded nook in the hill the whole day. All his feelings, and the manner in which he expressed them, were considered no less remarkable at that early age—a circumstance which drew from an old lady the observation (descriptive of his readiness) "that he was a *spontaneous* child." But an old female domestic, who used to be his attendant, with the characteristic caution of her country, used to welcome the boy's sallies with a sober admonition, "*Wait awhile, its no aye that wise bairns mak' wise men.*" The housekeeper of his uncle, Mr. Mackintosh, of Farr, where he subsequently spent some of his college vacations, still survives, upon whom the young student first practised corruption to obtain occasionally a whole candle, wherewith to continue his midnight studies in bed, in place of the small bit of one which the old gentleman, through fear of being burnt with his house, enjoined.

highest attempt was an epic poem on the defence of Cyprus by Evagoras, king of Salamis, against the Persian army. I found the story in Rollin, whose Antient History I had then been reading; and I thought it a noble example to Great Britain, then threatened with invasion, the combined fleets of France and Spain riding triumphant in the Channel.

"In the year 1779 I parted from my good and fond mother, who went to England to my father, then in camp near Plymouth, and who soon after accompanied him to Gibraltar, where she died*. She wrote me two letters, in one of which she described the action between Sir George Rodney and Don Juan Langara, of which she was an eye-witness; and in her last she sent me two Scotch bank-notes of one pound each, which seemed at that time an inexhaustible fortune. Some time before, my first schoolmaster died. He had been effective and severe. He was succeeded by the usher, a man of the name of Stalker, of great honesty and good-nature, but far too indulgent to me to be useful. He employed me in teaching what very little I knew to the younger boys. I went and came, read and lounged, as I pleased†. I could very imperfectly construe a small part of Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. There my progress at school ended. Whatever I have done beyond has been since

* Where, thirty years afterwards, as will be seen, he erected a monument to her memory.

† A learned professor of Aberdeen, whilst on a visit at the house of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of Coul, met, in one of his morning rambles in the neighbourhood of Fortrose, a little boy, with whom he fell into conversation, and with whose appearance he was not a little struck. Upon mentioning the name of his young acquaintance, and the impression left on his own mind by the meeting, Sir Alexander replied, "Every body knows that boy—that Jamie Mackintosh." The name of *Jamie Mackintosh* was synonymous over all the country side, with a prodigy of learning.

added by my own irregular reading. But no subsequent circumstance could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life *.

"During one of my vacations I conceived and executed a singular experiment on the friendship of my

* "The Rev. John Wood, a distant relation of mine, many years after, told me that *Jamie Mackintosh* was by far the cleverest boy he ever had under his eye; and that, before his thirteenth year, he discovered a singular love for politics. It was at the period when Fox and North made such brilliant harangues on the American war. *Jamie* adopted the cause of liberty, and called himself a *whig!* and such was his influence among his schoolfellows, that he prevailed on some of the elder ones, instead of playing at ball, and such out-of-door recreations, to join him in the school-room, during the hours of play, to assist at the debates, on the political events of the day, which they got from the rector's weekly newspaper, the Aberdeen Journal, the only gazette in the north at that time. This assembly was denominated '*The House of Commons*,' and the master's pulpit 'the tribune,' from which the orators delivered their speeches. When Mackintosh mounted the rostrum, he harangued till his soprano voice failed. One day he was Fox; another Burke, or some leading member of opposition; but when no one ventured to reply to his arguments, he would change sides for the present, personate North, and endeavour to combat what he conceived the strongest parts in his own speech. A youth of his own age, John Mackenzie, of the house of Suddie, was his great chum; although they differed in politics, they were sworn friends, and often rehearsed in the fields what they afterwards delivered from the pulpit; but Mackenzie, though also a clever boy, had no chance with his opponent. When I found out," continued Mr. Wood, "this singular amusement of boys, I had the curiosity to listen, when Jamie was on his legs. I was greatly surprised and delighted with his eloquence in his character of Fox, against some supposed or real measure of the prime minister. His voice, though feeble, was musical; and his arguments so forcible, that they would have done credit to many an adult. John Mackenzie, afterwards Major-General, a brave officer, was killed at Talavera."—*Extract of a Letter from Major Pryse L. Gordon, to the Ed.*

little society at Fortrose. I wrote a letter in the hand-writing of an uncle, to the master of the school, announcing my own death; and to make it still more interesting, the letter stated that in gathering hazel-nuts for my school friends I had fallen down a rock, that I had been cruelly mangled in my fall, and that I had died of my wounds. I was rather gratified by the result. I found that my supposed fate had excited as much mourning, and as many tears, as I could reasonably have desired.

In the winter after I versified (in as rugged, but not so nervous lines as Donne or Oldham) a satirical representation of some of the most illustrious personages of our little town, written in prose by a lady who was very kind to me. This occasioned a schism in the village; I may well call it a civil war, for it gave rise to a civil suit and a criminal trial. I warmly espoused the cause of the young lady whose satire I had versified. In this I perhaps first either acquired or displayed that propensity to warm sympathy, and general co-operation with those whose general motives and conduct I approved, which will always, in some measure, bias the judgment —which, therefore, a philosopher will conquer if he can, but without which, in active life, no one can do much harm or good.

"In October, 1780, I went to college at Aberdeen, and was admitted into the Greek class, then taught by Mr. Leslie, who did not aspire beyond teaching us the first rudiments of the language; more would, I believe, have been useless to his scholars. He instructed us in English reading and recitation; and, as far as I can recollect his instructions, they were good, though his pronunciation was not peculiarly elegant; yet I think it was such as he could not have acquired without some residence in England. I can now call to mind his reading Adam's description of his feelings after his

creation, 'As new waked from soundest sleep,' &c., and I think it was read well. I had brought with me to college a collection of my verses, which were soon so generally read that I gained the most undeserved name of 'the poet,' by which I was known for two or three winters. My manuscripts were shown to the learned Dr. Charles Burney, then finishing his term at Aberdeen. I was too obscure to know him personally; but I was intoxicated more than ever I shall be again by praise, when I heard 'that, in his opinion, I should go on and might do well.' I bought and read three or four books this first winter, which were very much out of the course of boys of fifteen anywhere, but most of all at Aberdeen. Among them was Priestley's Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion, and Beattie's Essay on Truth, which confirmed my disposition to metaphysical inquiries, and Warburton's Divine Legation, which delighted me more than any book I had yet read, and which, perhaps, tainted my mind with a fondness for the twilight of historical hypothesis, but which certainly inspired me with that passion for investigating the history of opinions which has influenced my reading through life. I have often indulged my fancy at the expense of my understanding in looking around, when too clear a daylight did not prevent the mind from shaping and colouring objects at its pleasure. I have often felt a delightful sense of liberty in escaping from the narrow confines of reason, which I am disposed in part to attribute to a book which no boy or youth ever could have read without its making a deep impression on his mind. The luminous theory of hieroglyphics, as a stage in the progress of society, between picture-writing and alphabetic character, is perhaps the only addition made to the stock of knowledge in this extraordinary work; but the uncertain and probably false suppositions about the pantheism of the ancient philosophers, and the object

of the mysteries (in reality, perhaps, somewhat like the freemasonry of our own times) are well adapted to rouse and exercise the adventurous genius of youth. They must, I think, have contributed to form that propensity to theorise on the origin, progress, and decline of theories, which I still very strongly feel.

The history of speculation is extremely difficult, because it requires the union of a most philosophical spirit, with very various and exact learning. It requires a most familiar acquaintance with the works of a long succession of writers of various ages and nations, of their language, as it is affected by the peculiarities of their country, of their time, of their sect, and of their individual character. The historian must identify himself with them; and yet he must not be blinded by their prejudices. He must collect his materials from many writers, who at first sight appear little connected with his subject. He must be intimately acquainted with the civil history of those nations, amongst whom philosophy has flourished. After this, and much more previous preparation, the great difficulty still remains. The investigation of the causes which have affected opinion, is the most arduous exertion of human intellect. When all prejudices are subdued, and when all necessary knowledge is gained, the theory of theories will continue to have difficulties which belong to its nature, and which mere industry and impartiality will never overcome. The circumstances which determine the revolutions of speculation, are of so subtle and evanescent a kind, that the most refined politics of the most ingenious statesmen are comparatively gross and palpable. Changes of opinion resemble more those of the weather than any other appearances in the material world. Like them, they depend so much on minute, infinitely varied, and perpetually changing circumstances, that it seems almost

as desperate an attempt to explain them, as it would be to account for the shape of every passing cloud, or for the course of every breath of wind. But a volume would not explain the difficulties of this mental meteorology. I must, however, say, that I speak of my inclination, not of my proficiency. I never had industry; I now have not life enough to acquire the preliminary learning.

"To return from this digression, into which Warburton has led me. The winters of 1780-1, 1781-2, 1782-3, 1783-4, were passed at Aberdeen, and the vacations at the house of my grandmother. The second winter, according to the scheme of education at King's College, I fell under the tuition of Dr. Dunbar, author of 'Essays on the History of Mankind,' &c.; and under his care I remained till I left college. He taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, in succession. His mathematical and physical knowledge was scanty, which may, perhaps, have contributed to the scantiness of mine. In moral and political speculation, he rather declaimed, than communicated (as he ought) elementary instruction. He was, indeed, totally wanting in the precision and calmness necessary for this last office; but he felt, and in his declamation inspired, an ardour which, perhaps, raised some of his pupils above the vulgar, and which might even be more important than positive knowledge. He was a worthy and liberal-minded man, and a very active opponent of the American war. In spring, 1782, when the news arrived of the dismissal of Lord North, he met me in the street, and told me, in his pompous way, 'Well, Mr. M., I congratulate you;—the Augean stable is cleansed.' Instead of giving my own opinion of his book, I will rather state that it was commended by Dr. Robertson, and even by Dr. Johnson. I trace to his example some declamatory propensities in myself, which I have taste enough in

my sober moments to disapprove; but I shall ever be grateful to his memory, for having contributed to breathe into my mind a strong spirit of liberty, which, of all moral sentiments, in my opinion, tends most to swell the heart with an animating and delightful consciousness of our own dignity; which again inspires moral heroism, and creates the exquisite enjoyments of self-honour and self-reverence.

"We had among us some English dissenters, who were educated for the ecclesiastical offices of their sect. Robert Hall, now a dissenting clergyman at Cambridge, was of this number. He then displayed the same acuteness and brilliancy; the same extraordinary vigour, both of understanding and imagination, which have since distinguished him, and which would have secured to him much more of the admiration of the learned and the elegant, if he had not consecrated his genius to the far nobler office of instructing and reforming the poor.

"His society and conversation had a great influence on my mind. Our controversies were almost unceasing. We lived in the same house, and we were both very disputatious. He led me to the perusal of Jonathan Edwards' book on Free-Will, which Dr. Priestley had pointed out before. I am sorry that I never yet read the other works of that most extraordinary man, who, in a metaphysical age or country, would certainly have been deemed as much the boast of America, as his great countryman, Franklin. We formed a little debating society, in which one of the subjects of dispute was, I remember, the duration of future punishments. Hall defended the rigid, and I the more lenient opinion. During one winter, we met at five o'clock in the morning to read Greek, in the apartments of Mr. Wynne, a nephew of Lord Newburgh, who had the good nature to rise at that unusual hour for the mere purpose of

regaling us with coffee. Hall read Plato, and I went through Herodotus. Our academical instruction has left very few traces on my mind *."

* "When these two eminent men first became acquainted, Sir James was in his eighteenth year, Mr. Hall about a year older; and Sir James said he became attached to Mr. Hall "because he could not help it." There wanted many of the supposed constituents of friendship. Their tastes at the commencement of their intercourse were widely different; and upon most of the topics of inquiry there was no congeniality of sentiment; yet, notwithstanding this, the substratum of their minds seemed of the same cast; and, upon this, Sir James thought the edifice of their mutual regard first rested. Yet he ere long became fascinated by his brilliancy and acumen, in love with his cordiality and ardour, and awe-struck (I think that was the term employed) by the transparency of his conduct, and the purity of his principles. They read together, they sat together at lecture, if possible, they walked together. In their joint studies they read much of Xenophon and Herodotus, and more of Plato; and so well was all this known, exciting admiration in some, in others envy, that it was not unusual, as they went along, for their class-fellows to point at them, and say, there go 'Plato and Herodotus.' But the arena in which they met most frequently, was that of morals and metaphysics. After having sharpened their weapons by reading, they often repaired to the spacious sands upon the sea shore, and still more frequently to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town, to discuss with eagerness the various subjects to which their attention had been directed. There was scarcely an important position in Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, in Butler's Analogy, or in Edwards on the Will, over which they had not thus debated with the utmost intensity. Night after night; nay, month after month, for two sessions, they met only to study or dispute, yet no unkindly feeling ensued. The process seemed rather, like blows in that of welding iron, to knit them closer together. Sir James said his companion, as well as himself, often contended for victory; yet never, so far as he could then judge, did either make a voluntary sacrifice of truth, or stoop to draw to and fro the serra λογομαχιας, as is too often the case with ordinary controvertists. From these discussions, and from subsequent discussion upon them, Sir James learnt more as to principles (such, at least, he assured me was his deliberate conviction), than from all the books he ever read. On the other hand, Mr. Hall, through life, reiterated his persuasion, that his friend possessed

[The reader will not be displeased at a short interruption, for the purpose of introducing an interesting notice relating to this period, contained in a letter of one of Sir James's fellow students, who now fills a distinguished situation in the early scene of their common studies, the Rev. W. Jack, D. D., Principal of King's College, Aberdeen, to the Hon. Lord Gillies. "Pursuing the same course, I followed at the distance of one year. In either case (both at Aberdeen and Edinburgh) I found him the centre of all that was elegant and refined, by general acclaim, installed *inter studiosos facile princeps*. At Aberdeen he was familiarly designated 'the poet,' or 'poet Mackintosh.' I never could learn to what circumstance he was indebted for this *soubriquet*, but was told that it had followed him from school. In vain he disclaimed it, pleading not guilty to the extent of a single couplet *. I considered it meant as a hint, that if he did not compose verses, he should—possessing in his own person all the qualifications of a gay Troubadour.

"His chief associate at King's College was my classfellow, the late Rev. Robert Hall. Like Castor and Pollux, they were assimilated in the minds of all who knew them, by reason of the equal splendour of their talents; although in other respects they were very unlike

an intellect more analogous to that of Bacon, than any person of modern times; and that, if he had devoted his powerful understanding to metaphysics, instead of law and politics, he would have thrown an unusual light upon that intricate, but valuable region of inquiry. Such was the cordial reciprocal testimony of these two distinguished men; and, in many respects (latterly, I hope and believe, in all the most essential) it might be truly said of both, 'as face answereth to face in a glass, so does the heart of man to his friend.'"—*Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall*, p. 22.

* It is not improbable that during the latter part of his residence he wished to shake off the poet.

General courtesy, tasteful manners, a playful fancy, and an easy flow of elocution, pointed out James Mackintosh among his companions. Plainness, sincerity, an ardent piety, and undeviating love of truth, were the characteristics of Robert Hall; in both so strongly marked, that I do not believe they ever changed, or could change, under any circumstances.

"Under their auspices a society was formed in King's College, jocularly designated 'the Hall and Mackintosh club.' They were, in fact, the centre of attraction, if not the source of light, round which eight or nine of us moved, partaking of the general influence. Of this group of once ardent spirits, I am now the sole survivor; and of all of them I can say, that to a man they lived and died zealous supporters of what are called liberal principles. My recollections of the topics which then occupied us, has become imperfect. It was an object with all of us to rouse into action the energies of Robert Hall, whose great guns were sure to tell. This could only be done by convincing him of the moral tendency of the argument;—then there were none more animated than he; whereas he detested sophistry, and the more ingenious the sophism, the greater his despite. Mackintosh would assail him with small artillery, of which he well knew the graceful and becoming use; and, having for a season maintained the contest, would himself lead the way to an unanimous adoption of principles which could not be controverted.

"At one time Mackintosh devoted eight days of intense study to obtain a mastery over the controversy between Dr. Priestley and Bishop Horsley, not doubting that this would lead to a warm conflict. The subject did not please, and polemics were henceforth proscribed. He was afterwards more successful in selecting subjects from the late American war—from the Letters

of Junius, and from the pending trial of Warren Hastings. I consider it a consequence of having participated in these collisions of opinions, that afterwards, when the Vindiciæ Gallicæ and Hall's Discourses appeared, the perusal affected me, as a repetition of a former lesson, with the leading principles of which I was before familiar."]

"The lectures of Mr. Ogilvie, Professor of Humanity (as the Roman literature is called in the Scotch Universities), I still remember with pleasure. This most ingenious and accomplished recluse, from whom I have received a letter within this month (June, 1805), is little known to the public. He published, without his name, 'An Essay on the Right of Property in Land,' full of benevolence and ingenuity, but not the work of a man experienced in the difficult art of realising projects for the good of mankind. Its bold *agrarianism* attracted some attention during the ferment of speculation occasioned by the French revolution. But what I remember with most pleasure of Mr. Ogilvie, were his translations of passages in classical writers. I should distrust the general admiration which attends the vague memory of youthful impressions; but I now recollect distinctly his version of some parts of Æneid; and I doubt whether a great poet, distinguished, beyond other excellencies, by his perfect style, was ever so happily rendered into prose, as in these fragments of Mr. Ogilvie."

["Many of them" (the literati of Aberdeen of the preceding generation) "are well known to the public—others, of talents not inferior, have left no memorial of their powers but in the memory of their friends and pupils—often probably from the allurements of various reading and unrestrained study, to which the abundance of books peculiarly exposes the residents in an university. Dr. John Gregory had recently renewed the old connexion

of his family with that of Mr. Wilson, by a marriage with the Hon. Elizabeth Forbes, and it need not be added that this eminent physician did not impair his inheritance of literary reputation. The name and writings of Dr. Reid are celebrated throughout Europe, and it would be impertinent to attempt any addition to what has been said of him in the account of his life, which is a model for the biography of a philosopher. Professor Ogilvie has shunned the public notice, content with the grateful remembrance of those disciples to whose youthful minds the light was first disclosed by that philosophical thinker, and most elegant scholar. It is unnecessary to expatiate on the merit of Dr. Beattie as a tender and harmonious poet, and as one of the purest as well as most eloquent Scottish writers of English prose. It is not easy to overrate the merit of the principles which appear to have actuated him in his ethical lectures. Entrusted with the care of many young men whose humble fortune compelled them to pass their lives in the immediate superintendence of the Africans, he inculcated on their minds the sacred rights of these unhappy beings, at a time when their condition was little thought of in Europe, and without the possibility of fame, or even thanks. No moral teacher could be more judicious in his choice of subjects of instruction, or more pure from the suspicion of any motives but such as were worthy his high calling. It implied no mean proficiency in virtue thus laboriously to sow the good seed of which he never could see the increase. Major Mercer, in his unambitious retirement, cultivated letters with a disinterested love. His beautiful poems were given to the world without his consent; and it was only after his death that the author of them was made known, by commendations flowing from affection, but ratified by justice. The writer of this sketch feels a peculiar gratification in

thus being called upon to name, with due honour, this accomplished gentleman, who, moved by friendship for his father, was the generous encourager of the studies of his boyhood *."]

"Among my few acquaintances at Aberdeen was Major Mercer, an old friend and fellow-soldier of my father, during the "Seven Years' War," whose little volume of poems, everywhere elegant, and sometimes charming, has been published a second time at London, last year. His wife, a sister of Lord Glenbervie, was a beautiful and accomplished woman. He condescended to talk literature with me, and I well remember his expressing wonder at the admiration for Dryden, expressed by Johnson in his Lives of the Poets, then first published, and which, by the favour of Dr. Dunbar, who, I believe, had his copy from the author, I devoured with greediness and delight. I visited, frequently, Mrs. Riddock, mentioned by Boswell as his cousin, in his journeys. She had with her a young niece, my relation, with whose present fate I am unacquainted, but who was then so very agreeable and promising.

"These are the few circumstances of my college life, which have remained on my mind. The vacations were partly occupied by versifying.

"I had now the usual subject of verse. About the year 1782 I fell violently in love with a very beautiful girl, Miss S——, daughter of Mr. S——, of I——, about three years younger than myself. I wooed her in prose and rhyme, till she returned my passion. For three or four years this amour was the principal object of my thoughts; during one half-year almost the only occupation of my time. I became extremely impatient

* Extract from an unpublished notice of the late Mr. George Wilson.

for an early establishment in life, which should enable me to marry. The simplicity of my habits of life, and the eagerness of my passion, combined to inspire me with the most philosophical moderation. My utmost ambition did not soar beyond a professorship at Aberdeen. The means of accomplishing this humble project were, however, scanty. The return of my father from Gibraltar, at the peace in 1783, gave me the little help of a very good natured and indulgent parent; perhaps too ready to yield to all my wishes. But he had passed his life in another world; and the utmost he could contribute towards the execution of my scheme was a letter to his friend, Major Mercer, whose influence I represented as all powerful with the literati of Aberdeen. Whether this letter was ever sent I know not. The plan was gradually relinquished, and in spring 1784*, I finally quitted college with little regular and exact knowledge, but with considerable activity of mind and boundless literary ambition.

'The world was all before me,'

and I had to choose my profession. My own inclination was towards the Scotch bar. But my father's fortune was thought too small for me to venture on so uncertain a pursuit. To a relation from London, then in the Highlands, I expressed my wish to be a bookseller in the capital, conceiving that no paradise could surpass the life spent amongst books, and diversified by the society of men of genius. My cousin, 'a son of earth,' knew no difference between a bookseller and a tallow-chandler, except in the amount of annual profit. He astonished me by the information that a creditable bookseller, like any other considerable dealer, required a capital, which I

* He took his degree of Master of Arts, March 30th.

had no means of commanding, and that he seldom was at leisure to peruse any book but his ledger. It is needless to say that his account of the matter was pretty just; but I now think that a well educated man, of moderate fortune, would probably find the life of a bookseller in London very agreeable. Our deliberations terminated in the choice of physic, and I set out for Edinburgh to begin my studies, in October 1784. In the meantime I am ashamed to confess that my youthful passion had insensibly declined, and, during this last absence, was nearly extinguished. The young lady afterwards married a physician at Inverness, and is now, I hope, the happy, as well as respectable mother of a large family.

"My arrival at Edinburgh opened a new world to my mind. That city was then the residence of many extraordinary men. Dr. Smith, the first economical philosopher, and, perhaps, the most eloquent theoretical moralist, of modern times. Dr. Black, a man equally philosophical in his character and in his genius, the father of modern chemistry, though his modesty and his indolence will render his name celebrated rather by the curious in the history of that science than by the rabble of its cultivators. John Home, the feebleness of whose later works cannot rob him of the glory of being the author of the best tragedy produced by the British nation — certainly since the death of Rowe — perhaps since the death of Otway. Henry Mackenzie, to whom we owe (in my opinion) the most exquisite pathetic fictions in our language. Dr. Cullen, the most celebrated medical teacher and writer in Europe, whose system of medicine just then beginning to be on the wane, had almost rivalled those of Boerhaave and Hoffman; and whose accurate descriptions of disease will probably survive a long succession of equally specious

systems. Dr. Robertson the most elegant and picturesque narrator among modern historians; industrious, sagacious, and rational, though not often very profound or original. Dr. Ferguson, not undeserving of the great reputation which he had acquired by that masculine energy and austere dignity of style, which seemed to become a teacher of morals. Dr. Hutton, with whose metaphysical works I lament that I am unacquainted, and of whose celebrated system of geology I am not a competent judge; but of whose superior powers I cannot doubt, after reading the admirable account of him by Mr. Playfair. Mr. Robison, one of the greatest mathematical philosophers of his age; and last in seniority, though in no other respect, the ingenious, accomplished, elegant, and amiable Stewart, my excellent friend, whose just fame is now almost the only standing column in the temple of the Caledonian muses. Eight years before, the immortal Hume had ceased to illuminate our frozen regions; and in 1792 died Henry Home Lord Kames—a writer who had never so cultivated his vigorous natural powers, as for them to ripen into talents for any species of composition, who wrote many bad books, full of ingenuity, which, at the constant expense of his own permanent reputation, supplied literary ferment for the minds of his countrymen, and which, though they have already perished, have had a lasting effect, and deserve much consideration in the literary history of Scotland.

"With these celebrated men my age did not allow me to be much acquainted, and accident furnished me with few opportunities of access to them. At the hospitable house of my friend, Mr. Fraser Tytler, now (1805) Lord Woodhouselee, I often saw his friends, Mr. Henry Mackenzie and Dr. Gregory. The elegant genius of the former was too calm to make

a due impression on the tumultuary mind of a disputatious boy, and I soon contracted prejudices against the latter of the same nature with those which made me spurn the society, and reject the almost paternal kindness of Dr. Cullen, to whom I had been very warmly recommended.

"Within a few weeks after my arrival in Edinburgh, I became a Brunonian. This requires some explanation. A few weeks before that time, John Brown, first a teacher, then a writer of barbarous Latin, as well as private secretary to Dr. Cullen, had become a teacher of medicine, and the founder of a new medical system, which, after being destined to 'strut and fret its hour upon the stage,' and after the miserable death of its author, excited the warmest controversies on the continent of Europe; and, combining with some of the singular novelties of philosophical speculation lately prevalent in Germany, seems likely still to make no inconsiderable figure in the revolutions of philosophy. This extraordinary man had such a glimpse into medical experience, as enabled him to generalise plausibly, without knowing facts enough to disturb him by their importunate demands for explanations, which he never could have given. He derived a powerful genius from nature; he displayed an original invention in his theories, and an original fancy in his declamation. The metaphysical character of his age and nation gave a symmetry and simplicity to his speculations unknown to former theories of medicine. He had the usual turbulence of an innovator, with all the pride of discovery, and the rage of disappointed ambition. Conscious of his great powers, and very willing to forget the faults which obstructed their success, he gladly imputed the poverty in which he constantly lived to the injustice of others, rather than to his own vices. His natural eloquence, stimulated by so

many fierce passions, and delivered from all curb by an habitual, or rather perpetual intoxication, was constantly employed in attacks on the systems and doctrines, which had been the most anciently and generally received among physicians, and especially against those teachers of medicine who were most distinguished at Edinburgh, to whom he imputed as base a conspiracy, and cruel persecution, as those which Rousseau ascribed to all Europe. They probably were not so superior to the common frailties of human nature, as to examine with patience and candour the pretensions of an upstart dependent, whom they perhaps had long considered as ignorant, and now might believe to be ungrateful. This new doctrine had great charms for the young; it allured the speculative by its simplicity, and the indolent by its facility; it promised infallible success, with little previous study or experience. Both the generous and the turbulent passions of youth were flattered by an independence of established authority. The pleasures of revolt were enhanced by that hatred of their masters as impostors, and even as tyrants, with which all the power of Brown's invective was employed to inspire them. Scope and indulgence were given to all their passions. They had opponents to detest, as well as a leader to admire, without which no sect or faction will much flourish. Add to all this that Brown led the way in Bacchanalian orgies, as well as in plausible theories and animating declamation. It will not seem wonderful that a man who united so many sources of influence should have many followers, independently of the real merits of his system, which were very great, but which had a small share in procuring converts. It ought not to be omitted that some of the most mischievous and effectual of the above allurements arose not from the subject, but from the teacher. Among these, every one will number personal invective;

and it is equally true that the system must have been grossly misunderstood, before it could have been supposed to favour idleness or intemperance, though, as it was taught, it did in fact promote these views.

"I was speculative, lazy, and factious, and predisposed to Brunonianism by all these circumstances. The exciting cause was an accident which I will shortly mention. During a fever with which I was attacked, Mr. Alexander, a very excellent young man, the son of a physician at Halifax, visited me. He was a zealous Brunonian. By his advice I swallowed a large quantity of wine, and by that prescription I either was, or seemed to be, suddenly and perfectly cured. I suddenly became a Brunonian. I was elected a member of a society * which met weekly for the discussion of medical questions, under the somewhat magnificent title of 'The Royal Medical Society.' It was then divided into Cullenians and Brunonians—the Catholic Church and the Heretics. The first was zealously supported by the timid and the prudent; and it might also comprehend some lukewarm sceptics, who thought it better to practice a lukewarm conformity to the established system, than, at the expense of their own and the public quiet, to embrace doctrines somewhat more specious indeed, but perhaps equally false. The Brunonians were, as usual, more active and enterprising than their opponents of the establishment; and whether they had any natural superiority or not, they had at least more active power.

"In three months after my arrival in Edinburgh, before

* "He accompanied a friend to the Medical Society in the capacity of a visiter. Having listened for a time to the discussions going on, he asked permission to speak, which he did to such a good purpose, that forthwith he was elected a member by general acclaim. When I rejoined him next year in Edinburgh, I found him President of the Royal Medical Society."—*Principal Jack's Letter.*

I could have distinguished bark from James's powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy in the chamber of a sick patient, I discussed with the utmost fluency and confidence the most difficult questions in the science of medicine. We mimicked, or rather felt all the passions of an administration and opposition; and we debated the cure of a dysentery with as much factious violence as if our subject had been the rights of a people, or the fate of an empire. Any subject of division is, indeed, sufficient food for the sectarian and factious propensities of human nature. These debates might, no doubt, be laughed at by a spectator; but if he could look through the ridiculous exterior, he might see that they led to serious and excellent consequences. The exercise of the understanding was the same, on whatever subjects, or in whatever manner it was employed. Such debates were the only public examinations in which favour could have no place, and which never could degenerate into mere formality; they must always be severe, and always just.

"I was soon admitted a member of the Speculative Society, which had general literature and science for its objects. It had been founded about twenty years before, and, during that period, numbered among its members all the distinguished youth of Scotland, as well as many foreigners attracted to Edinburgh by the medical schools.

"When I became a member, the leaders were Charles Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk *, John Wilde, afterwards professor of civil law, and who has now, alas! survived his own fertile and richly endowed mind; Malcolm Laing the historian,

'The scourge of impostors and terror of quacks;'

Baron Constant de Rebecque, a Swiss of singular man-

* [1835.] Lord President of the Court of Session.

ners and powerful talents, and who made a transient appearance in the tempestuous atmosphere of the French Revolution*; Adam Gillies†, a brother of the historian, and a lawyer in great practice at Edinburgh; Lewis Grant‡, eldest son of Sir James Grant, then a youth of great promise, afterwards member of parliament for the county of Elgin, now in the most hopeless state of mental derangement; and Thomas Addis Emmett, who soon after quitted physic for law, and became distinguished at the Irish bar. He was a member of the secret directory of united Irishmen. In 1801, when I last visited Scotland, he was a state prisoner in Fort George. He is now a barrister at New York.

"Hope had not much fancy, but he had sense and decision, and he was a speaker of weight and force.

"Emmett did not reason, but he was an eloquent declaimer, with the taste which may be called Irish, and which Grattan had then rendered so popular at Dublin. Wilde had no precision and no elegance; he copied too much the faults of Mr. Burke's manner. He was, however, full of imagination and knowledge, a most amusing speaker and delightful companion, and one of the most generous of men.

"Laing was most acute and ingenious, but his meaning was obscured by the brevity which he too much pursued in his writings, and by an inconceivable rapidity of utterance. Grant was a feeble speaker on popular subjects, and accordingly failed in the House of Commons, but he had great powers of invention and discrimination in science, and might have become, I think, no mean philosopher. Upon the whole, they were a combination

* This was, of course, written long before M. Constant laid the foundations of a more durable fame.

† Now a lord of session and justiciary.

‡ The present Earl of Seafield.

of young men more distinguished than is usually found in one university at the same time; and the subsequent fortune of some of them, almost as singular as their talents, is a curious specimen of the revolutionary times in which I have lived. When I was in Scotland in 1801, Constant was a tribune in France; C. Hope, Lord Advocate; and Emmett, his former companion, a prisoner under his controul.

"My first speech was in the Speculative Society; it was against the slave trade, which Dr. Skeete, a West Indian physician, attempted to defend. My first essay was on the religion of Ossian. I maintained, that a belief in the separate existence of heroes must always have prevailed for some time before hero-worship; that the greatest men must be long dead, believed to exist in another region, and considered as objects of reverence before they are raised to the rank of deities; that Ossian wrote at this stage in the progress of superstition; and that if Christianity had not been so soon introduced, his Trenmor and Fingal might have grown into the Saturn and Jupiter of the Caledonians. Constant complimented me for the ingenuity of the hypothesis, but said, that he believed Macpherson to have been afraid of inventing a religion for his Ossian.

"Graham, a medical quack, long notorious in London, attended the lectures at Edinburgh in my first winter there, 1784—5. He endeavoured to make himself conspicuous, by what he called the earth-bath, which consisted in burying himself in the ground up to the neck, and remaining in that situation for several hours. The exhibition brought multitudes of people together, but he was more laughed at than wondered at, and he soon after burnt out. Where, and when he died, I never heard.

"In the next year we had several ingenious foreigners:

Bachmatief, a Russian: Luzuriaga, a Spaniard; a Brazilian, whose name I have forgotten; but more particularly, Afzelius, the nephew of Bergman, himself a professor at Upsal; Locatelli, a very amiable and accomplished Milanese, of whose fate during the subsequent revolution of his country, I never heard; and Gerard, a Frenchman of talents and eloquence, who came with Mr. Goodwin, soon after well known to physiologists by his curious and important experiments on respiration."

Here terminates abruptly, and at an interesting crisis, the sketch of his early years, which he began with eagerness, as an introduction to a journal, which he proposed to keep some years subsequently, and which, like the journal itself, he wanted perseverance to continue. His opinion of the state of study at Edinburgh at that time, and of the defects which attended it, are however preserved in the following few lines.

"I am not ignorant of what Edinburgh then was. I may truly say, that it is not easy to conceive a university where industry was more general, where reading was more fashionable, where indolence and ignorance were more disreputable. Every mind was in a state of fermentation. The direction of mental activity will not indeed be universally approved. It certainly was very much, though not exclusively, pointed towards metaphysical inquiries. Accurate and applicable knowledge was deserted for speculations not susceptible of certainty, nor of any immediate reference to the purposes of life. Strength was exhausted in vain leaps, to catch what is too high for our reach. Youth, the season of humble diligence, was often wasted in vast and fruitless projects. Speculators could not remain submissive learners. Those who will learn, must for a time trust their teachers, and believe in their superiority. But they who too early think for themselves, must sometimes think themselves

wiser than their master, from whom they can no longer gain anything valuable. Docility is thus often extinguished, when education is scarcely begun. It is vain to deny the reality of these inconveniences, and of other most serious dangers to the individual and to the community, from a speculative tendency (above all) too early impressed on the minds of youth."

These observations probably afford a very fair view of the situation of his own mind during the three years which he spent at the university. Though professedly engaged in the study of medicine, he seems not to have been a very ardent student in the dry and laborious preliminary labours, so necessary for the acquisition of a thorough acquaintance with the fundamental facts on which the science rests. Before he had acquired a full share of this solid and positive knowledge, he was eager to plunge into speculation. Besides belonging to the "Speculative," he became a very active member of "The Royal Medical" and "Physical" societies, two excellent institutions, which for many years were supported with great spirit, and which, with the able prelections of the eminent men who then taught the various branches of medical science and practice, contributed their aid to keep alive, and to exercise the ardour of the student, and to send forth the many illustrious men, whose names adorn this school of medicine. Each member of these societies was obliged to present a paper on some particular branch of medical science, the choice of which was left to himself; but which when read, was publicly commented upon by the members, and afforded the writer an opportunity of defence or correction. The papers which Mr. M. contributed on these occasions, are still preserved in the records of these societies, and are here noticed more at large, as they are almost the only memorials that remain of his first profession.

The subject of that which he presented to the "Royal Medical Society," was intermittent fever, in which he took a view of those of the tertian tribe only. He shows a considerable acquaintance with the opinions of the best authors on the subject, and traces at some length the symptoms of the disorder, as affected by situation, season, and climate; the various forms which it assumes; the influence of marshes and miasmata; the various species of the disease; their effects, and the mode of cure. He examines particularly four general sources of disease: 1, organic lesion; 2, chemical change of the fluids; 3, increase or diminution of action; 4, change of action. It is not to be supposed, that in a study in which he never engaged with much zeal, the young student should add anything to the knowledge that was already possessed on the subject; but he at least shows much elegance and ingenuity in his mode of treating it, as well as his spirit of independence, by the freedom with which he differs, not only from the received authorities, but from his master, Brown*, whom he justly charges with being, in this instance, too exclusive, and confined in his views. He delights, as his habit was, in pursuing general speculations, wherever they present themselves, and willingly leaves the slow, but solid footing of induction, for the flattering and rapid, but vague conclusions afforded by logical generalities and metaphysical propositions. "I must be suffered," says he, "to introduce this by observing, that the imperfection of the explanation is no objection to the truth of the theory. In the words of the most admirable person of the present age, a theory

* Brown retorted upon him by one day, when he observed him (what was pretty often not the case) present at his lecture, cautioning his audience "against the example of certain ingenious young men, who occupied themselves in defending his opinions, instead of coming to his lectures to learn them."

founded on fact, and not assumed, is always good for so much as it explains; our inability to push it indefinitely, is no argument at all against it. This inability may be owing to our ignorance of some necessary *media*—to a want of proper application—to many other causes besides the defect or falsehood of the principles we employ*." The passage is curious also as showing at what an early period Burke had become an object of that idolatry, which he always remained. Some subsequent observations on the imperfection of medical theory, the truth of which the most experienced physicians will always be the first to acknowledge, are a good deal in the style of his later writings. "It is fortunate for mankind," he remarks, "that in this disease, though we must lament the obscurity of its theory, we are not also, as in most others, condemned to deplore the insufficiency of our practice. That portion of accident which mixes in human affairs, has, on this occasion, happily anticipated the slow progress of intellect and of science. Few medical theories have either truth or utility enough to enable us to predict; it is their highest praise if they can be reconciled to whatever empiricism or accident has discovered. The theory which has been here delivered, if it is false, is at least innocent, since it directs to no practice, the success of which is not established by the most extensive and accurate observations. 'Imitemur,' says the illustrious friend of Haller, 'philosophos morales, qui ex dogmatibus sectarum diversis eadem præcepta eruunt†.'" This doctrine, however true, is liable to be inconveniently applied, in unskilful hands, to defend groundless and shadowy hypotheses. But the disease which he had chosen to treat of is, happily, under the

* On the Sublime and Beautiful. † Werlhoff. Op. vol. i. p. 260.

controul of medicine in an uncommon degree; and he concludes his essay by a beautiful extract from Lord Bacon, yielding to an inclination observable in all his earlier works, of bringing prominently forward select and appropriate passages of eminent writers. "In the correspondence between the theory and cure of this disease," he observes, "there seems to be an example of that alliance between science and experience, which is so happily illustrated, with his usual richness of imagination and depth of thought, by Lord Bacon:—'Formica colligit, et utitur, ut faciunt empirici; aranea ex se fila educit, neque a particularibus materiam petit, ita faciunt medici speculativi ac mere sophistici; apis denique cæteris se melius gerit. Hæc indigesta e floribus mella colligit, deinde in viscerum cellulis concocta maturat, iisdemque tamdiu insudat, donec ad integram perfectionem perduxerit.'"

The paper which he read to the Royal Physical Society, February 23rd, 1786, on the instincts and dispositions of animals, affords larger scope to his favourite philosophical speculations, and he is less cramped than in the last by the professional nature of his subject. It is evidently what it professes to be, a hasty production, but shows strong powers of mind, and sound principles of ratiocination. The inquiry is composed of two branches;—whether the actions of animals indicate the existence of principles in them in all respects similar to those which govern human actions; and whether those actions which appear very different, may not be proved to proceed from the same source; or, in other words, whether brutes have human faculties—whether they have original instinctive principles.

As to the former of these questions, he proves, at some length, the existence in brutes of memory, imagination, and reason, in different degrees. He declines entering on the difficult question,—to what circumstance are we

to attribute the intellectual superiority of man over the other animals?

The second branch of the inquiry is stated to be, "whether intelligence be in its nature one, or whether animals possess any sources of knowledge different from human; or whether instinct may not be proved, in all its varieties, to be a habit of design, formed in a manner similar to that in which man acquires intellectual habits." "Instinct" he describes as being a power with desire of performing a definite action, which appears early—which is unvaried with respect to its objects, the excellence of which bears no proportion to the general state of the knowledge or genius of the animal, which receives neither change nor improvement from the progress of the individual, or the succession of the species.

Following Reimarus, he points out two species of instincts;—the first, mechanical instincts, where the end to be obtained is simple, but where the motions of the body necessary for its attainment are numerous and complicated; for example, the act of sucking. The second, industrious instincts, where the difficulty and appearance of design are in the works performed by the animal, as in the cases of the beaver, the bee, &c. To the first, as indicating no knowledge, and performed by no art, he denies the character of instinctive action, (though they seem to be those which in general most peculiarly receive that name,) and proceeds to examine the second species.

On this latter, he contends that principles, having every character of instinct, are acquired, as in the instance of the music of birds, when they are placed while young with birds of a different note; or of beavers, who vary the structure of their houses with their local position and circumstances; or of the discerning of distances by sight, which might have been supposed to be instinctive, (having every character of instinct,) had not an accidental experi-

ment conducted us to the truth. As actions exhibiting every mark of instinct have thus frequently appeared to be the result of experience, we are necessarily led to reasonable doubts as to their origin. Chinese science is scarce more improved, since very remote times, than the labour of the bee.

The principal peculiarities on which he supposes instinct to depend, are stated to be—

1. Short infancy.

2. The insulated nature of certain classes of ideas.

3. The connection of narrow capacity with unequal perfection.

4. The absence of language and government.

1. He observes that short infancy is connected with the early acquisition of subordinate arts, and the general inferiority of intellect; while those animals who have long infancy, exhibit scarce any traces of instinct, but, on the contrary, a superiority of understanding; and he attempts to account for the fact from natural causes. He remarks that, even in the human race, Asia, which produces premature civilisation, has been distinguished by uniform or stationary manners and arts.

2. "The peculiar nature of the ideas, which are the object of an art, may prevent its improvement or change. If the number of classifications between the ideas of a class be exhausted,—and if that class be not associated with the ideas of any other, the progress of the mind, with regard to that class, must cease." This is illustrated in the art of walking, of articulating sounds, and of discerning distances by sight, which have been stationary since the origin of man. But arts stationary, with respect to the lower animals, may be improved by man, as in the art of walking, which in man may be associated with ideas of elegance and imagination. He adds, that the instincts of infancy are stationary, and that in general

knowledge acquired at an age to which no memory extends, is incapable of improvement.

3. Man, from the first moment of existence, begins his progress in a *variety of arts;* animals who have a narrow capacity begin theirs in only *one or two arts.* The progress of the former is therefore slow; that of the latter rapid. Hence the disparity between the excellence of the latter in these arts, and the general character of their intellect, will be very great; so that even narrow capacity is connected with perfection in the subordinate arts. He supposes that the accidental discovery made by the nightingale, of the superiority of its vocal organ, (dependent on the superior strength of the larynx,) may perhaps contribute to musical inclination.

4. The obvious influence of the absence of language and of government, is not dwelt upon at any length.

A scale of animal intelligence follows.

To the lowest class belong those who have scarce attained to definite volition, and in whom voluntary motion (the great characteristic of animal life) is scarcely discernible.

In the second class may be comprehended those animals in whose actions, though precisely voluntary, very obscure traces either of instinct or of reason can be discerned.

To the third may be referred those animals in whom premature perfection and early acquisition is joined with narrow capacity and general inferiority of understanding. To this class belong all the instinctive animals.

Under the fourth may be arranged those animals, the evolution of whose minds is slow, and who gradually attain to superior excellence. To this class belong "man and his kindred animals, extending from Newton to the elephant."

Many difficulties he allows may be urged about the

manner in which instinctive principles are produced; but he maintains that one instance in which they are proved to have been acquired, is worth a thousand such difficulties; and that causes whose operation is proved, are not to be rejected because we may imagine them to be inadequate.

"Let it be remembered," he concludes, "as some excuse for deficiencies, that I have attempted to defend that which the infirmity of the human understanding makes most dangerous,—affirmation and theory. The tendency of such modes of thinking, though they often give rise to error for a time, seems to be ultimately favourable to the progress of the human mind. From the collision of error, and from the active spirit that produces hypotheses, truth may eventually arise, but a confident and indolent scepticism must be for ever stationary."

Both these youthful essays evince considerable powers of thought, but a mind evidently more turned to metaphysical and moral argumentation, than to a laborious and patient collection of physical facts. Of this he himself soon became sensible, and the discovery influenced the plan of his future life.

Exertions such as the above essays infer, must be confessed to be exceptions to the ordinary tenor of the employment of his time. Occasions of pressing interest were required to rouse him to attempt them. His inclination for desultory reading and speculation seduced him so entirely from the routine of the branch of professional education, which he was professing to follow, that he was jocularly dubbed "an *honorary* member of the classes." In addition to the disadvantages which followed from such indolence, a line of opposition which he had taken to the regular professors, and academical authority, in a vein of boyish humour, rather estranged him from some of his own nearest connections, who looked upon him

as an able, but wayward youth, whom time would bring round to more reasonable views. He, meanwhile, found what he no doubt, at the time, considered ample amends, in the more jovial society of those of his fellow-students who were loth to admit that the day of thoughtless pleasure was past.

The following impeachment, by one* who was an accomplice at these orgies, had probably considerable share of truth:—"The literary fame which the superiority of his talents had acquired at Aberdeen, travelled before him to Edinburgh; and on his arrival, his acquaintance and company were eagerly courted by those students who aspired to equal eminence, or who embarked in similar pursuits. If Edinburgh afforded him more various facilities for improvement, it also held out opportunities of pleasure and dissipation, in which even the most cautious youth is often too prone to indulge. Young Mackintosh was not altogether proof against the frailties of his age, and he indulged pretty freely in all those enjoyments in which its ardour and impetuosity are wont to revel. The character, however, of his dissipation was very different from that of the generality of young men. Whatever might be the inconstancy of his other amours, the love of knowledge never once deserted him; for whether he sighed in the Idalian groves, or joined in the roar of the convivial board, he had constantly a book in his hand, and most commonly an ancient or a modern poet, upon whose sentiments or diction he frequently interposed some observations, and to which he endeavoured to direct the attention and remarks of others. He was thus unremittingly active in the exercise of his mind, and thus happily contrived to imbibe instruction with his wine."

* The late John Fleming, M. D.

The recurrence of the vacations, which were commonly spent with his aunt at Farr, or with his other kind relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, at Moniack, also in the neighbourhood of Inverness, released him for a time to ramble amongst the secluded solitudes of his native hills. Thither he was accompanied only by that ardent love of study and literary abstraction *, which had become the presiding habit of his mind.

The allotted course of education having now elapsed, he became candidate for a degree, and prepared, in conformity with custom, a thesis to be submitted to the professors, as one of the tests of qualification. The subject he selected was, "De motu musculari †;" one of so much intricacy and doubt, as to cause very general surprise in those who had been cognizant of his desultory mode of study, at the lucid manner in which the inquiry into the different hitherto received opinions was conducted; he himself supporting the theory of Haller regarding the necessary intervention of nervous action in producing muscular irritability, against that of Whytt, and the more generally received opinions of the time.

It was somewhat characteristic, that on the morning

* Amusing instances might be cited. One day, after he had been conversing with Mrs. Fraser, a key, which was much wanted, as some visiters were waiting for refreshments of wine, &c., and it "oped that sacred 'source of sympathetic *joy*"—could not be found; it struck her that Mr. M., in an absent mood, might have taken it up. A servant was despatched after him, by whom he was found in a pool of the burn, which runs by the house, bathing, with his clothes on one stone, and his watch on another, while the young philosopher was busily employed in feeling his own pulse, to discover the difference made upon its pulsation by the immersion of his body in water; the key being, as was suspected, in his waistcoat-pocket.

† It was dedicated to his intimate friend, the late Dr. Alexander, of Halifax. Another of his associates was the late Dr. Sayers, of Norwich, whom he used to meet subsequently, during his frequent visits to that city.

of the examination, although it did not take place till between ten and eleven o'clock, he kept the *Senatus Academicus* waiting for him a considerable time. "For this disrespectful inattention, he, however," adds Dr. Fleming, "abundantly atoned by the quickness and dexterity with which he replied to the different objections that were urged against his positions."

Having obtained his diploma, he lingered in Edinburgh for some weeks after the session had closed, and quitted it finally in the month of September following, with a store of knowledge more varied and comprehensive, than methodically arranged, or concentrated on professional objects, but with aroused energies, and youthful confidence in the future.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON—PERIOD OF POLITICAL EXCITEMENT—CONTEMPLATES A MEDICAL APPOINTMENT IN RUSSIA—MARRIAGE—PAMPHLET ON THE REGENCY—ABANDONS THE MEDICAL FOR THE LEGAL PROFESSION—"VINDICIÆ GALLICÆ"—"FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE"—LETTER TO MR. PITT—CALLED TO THE BAR—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. BURKE—VISIT TO BEACONSFIELD—DEATH OF MRS. MACKINTOSH—LETTER TO DR. PARR.

THE time when, what is imputed to his countrymen as an instinctive inclination towards the south might be indulged, was now arrived, and Mr. Mackintosh repaired, for the first time, to London, in the beginning of the next spring (1788), where he took up his abode as a boarder, in the house of Mr. Fraser, a worthy man, and a maternal relation, who was then carrying on the business of a wine merchant in Clipstone Street, near Fitzroy Square. He was accompanied, on this occasion, by one of his most intimate college friends, Mr. Grant, who still survives, but not in a state of health to supply any memorials of what passed in the mind of his companion at that moment—so full of hope and fear—in the anticipations of unaided genius.

The scene for which he longed was now before him; and he had arrived on the great stage of action at a moment sufficiently distracting for one of more advanced age, and more settled pursuits. At the point of time when a young enthusiast for public happiness came in contact with society, it was already heaving with the coming storm, which was so soon to burst over a neighbouring country, and eventually to shake every other to its lowest foundations.

To recur for a moment to the circumstances of the period — in France, the opposite evils and errors of actual legislation, and of long neglect, were keenly felt. A long period of unprecedented internal peace had indeed in those countries of Europe, in which civilisation had made the greatest strides, diffused an elegance of manners, a toleration and liberality of thought, and an extent of information unparalleled in the past history of mankind. The progress of political knowledge and speculation, even while it was unmarked, or considered only as idle theory, was real and great. Voltaire had laughed at all abuses, and sometimes at the most valuable truths. Rousseau had laid bare the very foundations of society; and by a singular union of metaphysical thought, with profound and eloquent sensibility, had created a numerous body of disciples of every class and rank. The works of Montesquieu, sage, temperate, and pregnant with thought, had become the manual of statesmen and philosophers. The speculations derived from these sources, long silently working among men of letters, and, indeed, among readers of every description on the Continent, had rendered familiar many opinions and principles, which, though considered as only curious and amusing subjects of nearly barren political disquisition, lay in their minds, and formed a combustible mass, ready at the first touch to be roused into action, with a force altogether unsuspected by the most sanguine of these speculators themselves. The reasonings of the economists, though exposed to ridicule by the wits and courtiers of the time, had not been without their influence.

While these materials were mingling and fermenting in the public mind, two great events gave them unlooked for energy. The one was the revolt of the American colonies from England; the other, the financial bank-

ruptcy of France. The former, being countenanced by the French ministry, accustomed the new allies of the colonies to defend their interference on reasonings drawn from the very fundamental principles of society, and to apply to actual events, discussions that had always before terminated in barren generalities. The latter induced the government to invite its subjects, at a crisis of extreme difficulty, to assist it in the management of national affairs. It is to be recollected, that no class of Frenchmen had ever been admitted to any share in public affairs, or had received the advantage of the slightest training in the practice, even of provincial or municipal legislation; but, on this invitation, all hurried to the work, full of the most generous intentions, excited by grand and swelling plans, long indulged and cherished as elegant and benevolent theories. The accumulated abuses of long years of mismanagement unfortunately presented too many objects of legitimate attack to the honest, but inexperienced, legislators, who longed to improve the institutions of their country. It would have been well, had the sudden consciousness of the possession of power permitted a calm and discreet exercise of it. The scene opened to their view was totally new, and filled them with generous but vague dreams of happiness and perfection.

In England, where various classes had long possessed a share in the government, in proportion as less was to be done the ideas of men were more precise and definite; still, however, even here a widely extended impression existed, that a great political regeneration was at hand; and numbers of the best informed men in Europe, in general, looked forward to a grand and immediate improvement in the social institutions of the world. The influence of these opinions pervaded every rank, and was

felt in every company. They were opposed or defended wherever men met together. In the debating societies, which had long existed in England, and had been frequented by young men, especially by those intending to profess the practice of the law, as schools for public speaking, they now formed the chief topic of discussion. New clubs or societies were formed by men of weight and importance in the country, for the express object of propagating particular opinions. In them, the events that were passing in France, as well as the general principles of government, were freely and warmly debated. To a young man, like Mr. Mackintosh, a period of such excitement had irresistible allurements. He had assiduously cultivated the habits of public speaking, both at Aberdeen and at Edinburgh. He was fond of moral and political controversy, and of every exercise of the reasoning faculty. That freedom of thought and expression which had marked his mind, whilst engaged on abstract subjects, was now openly before his eyes applied to the practical one of politics, and the foundation of opinions upon which that science reclines, were laid bare in arenas that might be said to be open to all.

A very short time had accordingly elapsed after his arrival in London, before, at a meeting of one of the numerous political societies of the period ("the Society for Constitutional Information," of which most of the opposition, and other eminent persons, were members), Mr. Sharp* was much struck with the talent exhibited by a young man, who was acting in the absence of the regular secretary, although only himself just admitted into the society. An immediate acquaintance was the consequence; although more than a year afterwards Mr.

* Richard Sharp, Esq., late M. P. for Portarlington.

Sharp had not learnt, or had forgotten the name of his young and admired friend*.

To another scene he might be often traced, in its relation to events long by-gone, and scenes on the other side of the globe, strongly contrasting with the momentary turmoil that surrounded it. Hastings' trial had just began, and he was frequently among the throng, that crowded Westminster Hall on that august occasion, listening to those addresses of Burke and Sheridan that might rival the models of antiquity, which still fired his imagination. The young physician, while elevated by the powerful declamation of the English orators against the real or supposed oppressions of their countrymen in the east, was little aware, that his own future lot would be to administer justice and protection to the poor Hindû in that distant land.

But while his mind was thus actively employed in the exciting scenes around him, it was necessary to think of the concerns of life, and of his own future occupation and station in society. His views were still directed, in the first instance at least, to the medical profession; and both he and his friends looked around for some opening that might offer an advantageous prospect of reputation and emolument. Among those who most assiduously excited and assisted him in those inquiries was his maternal relation and adviser, Dr. Fraser, then an eminent physician at Bath, afterwards settled in London. This gentleman, among other professional views for his young friend, had in contemplation an establishment in St. Petersburgh,

* Some time after this, at a great public dinner in 1790, Mr. S. being requested by Mr. Shore of Sheffield, to introduce him to Mr. Mackintosh, replied that it would give him much pleasure to introduce Mr. Shore to any one that he knew, but that he did not know Mr. Mackintosh. "Why!" said Mr. Shore, "you have been talking to him this half hour."

where a concurrence of favourable circumstances seemed to promise a fair opening for a professional settlement. Among the correspondence on this subject appears the following note, addressed to whom does not appear, but which may be curious, as serving to mark the commencement of a long friendship.

"*London, 4th June,* 1788.

DEAR SIR,—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you this morning, I have met with a gentleman from Scotland, Dr. Mackintosh, who proposes soon to go to Russia as a physician. He is nearly connected with one of my most intimate friends, and has the reputation of uncommon abilities in the line of his profession. If it is in your power to be of any use to him, by giving him a few recommendatory letters to your acquaintances, you will do me a particular favour. Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

Most faithfully yours,

DUGALD STEWART.

This plan was not carried into effect; and it is probable that Mr. Mackintosh felt little regret at the failure of any scheme, which would have removed him from such a scene of interest and enjoyment as London then presented to him. The unexciting tenor of life, which the medical profession holds out, had no chance in the struggle with the stirrings of ambition, which the political excitement, in which he was already immersed, could hardly fail to cherish.

Indeed, amidst the novelties and distractions of his present life, his mind was not likely to be reconciled to a study of which he had never been fond. To the natural sciences connected with the study of medicine he had always shown indifference, if not dislike. The slow results of experiment, the minute investigation of nature, the deductions of the positive sciences had no charms for him—

mind and its operations, man and his thoughts, actions and interests, and the inquiries connected with them, were the objects of his unwearied and delighted study. He often, in later times, regretted the too exclusive passion with which he had pursued these branches of knowledge, however noble in themselves. This preference, adopted early in life, was confirmed by the natural vivacity of his mind, his love of conversation, and of those acquirements, which were best fitted to give it grace, richness, or ease. Even at this early period he formed the delight of the societies which he frequented, not so much by the extent and variety of his knowledge, which even then was uncommon, as by his extraordinary flow of spirits, and lively but good-natured wit. He had always, even as a student, been distinguished by the amenity and politeness of his manners; and he was now compelled in London, as he had formerly been in Edinburgh, to pay the tax of these agreeable qualities. His company was sought after, and few were the occupations which induced him willingly to decline a pleasant invitation. He considered the mutual communication of agreeable information, and the interchange of social feelings, as not the least valuable object of human existence. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that his high spirits, and vivid enjoyment of the company of his friends, deprived, as he now was, of any regular study or occupation, produced the natural consequences, and that for a season, he gave himself more up to the jollity and thoughtless pleasures of his boon companions than the reflections of his quiet moments approved. It is not to be forgotten, either, that the manners of the times, when such practices, the relics of barbarism or rusticity, were but slowly withdrawing even from the higher circles of society, were infinitely more favourable to such excesses than

would be believed by those, who have only witnessed the circumspection of the present age. A much larger portion of dissipated indulgence was overlooked in a young man, or rather was believed to be only a proof of spirit, and a necessary part of his career. But if Mr. Mackintosh had not prudence sufficient to keep him from such haunts, his education, his character, his manners, the refinement of his mind, his habits of study and meditation, which never forsook him, his admiration of all that was elegant, generous, and noble, and his feelings of right kept him always prepared for rousing himself from his trance, and asserting the natural elevation of his character.

In the same year that he removed to London, his father's death freed him from the little controul which a soldier of careless and social habits had attempted to exercise over a studious youth. His long absence on service, (during which the boy had naturally transferred much of his affection to the aunt with whom he had lived, and whose kindness to his childhood was ever after present to his memory) naturally tended to mitigate the sorrow, with which he nevertheless regarded the memory of his good-natured and generous parent. The succession to his paternal estate at Kellachie, situate amongst the hills on the upper part of Strathdearn, or the valley of the Findhorn, in Invernesshire, brought with it less of advantage at the moment, as it was burdened by an annuity to the wife of a former proprietor, who continued to survive. Such a consideration must have already become one of pressing interest with him. His habitual profusion in money matters, and the good-natured readiness with which he was ever prepared to share the little, which would have been adequate to his own few wants, with those who made appeals to his generous sen-

timents, soon brought him to feel the pressure of pecuniary difficulties*. His next step was one which did not appear, at first view, calculated to diminish them; though to it he probably owed eventually an escape from these, as well as the other thraldoms to which we have alluded. Perhaps if left alone in the struggle, so easy and ductile a character had with difficulty escaped at all; however much of serious foreboding a whole year, confessedly misspent at that important period of life (from which the remainder is so apt to take an indelible hue either of light or shade) must have brought with it to awaken and alarm him. No man was ever less fitted to bear up against the discomforts of private or solitary uneasiness. He always distrusted his own resolution, and yearned for community both of joy and suffering. At every period of his life he sought for some one, even though feebler than himself, on whom he could lean in his distresses. He above all delighted in the ease and tenderness of female society. At the period of which we speak, the past was beginning to present no very animating retrospect, and the future was less cheering still, when a change was wrought in his feelings and habits by the incident to which we allude.

Among the friends of Mr. Fraser, Miss Catharine Stuart, a young lady of a respectable Scotch family, was a frequent visiter at his house. There Mr. Mackintosh often met her, and his first sentiments of esteem soon ripened into feelings of attachment. She was less remarkable for her personal attractions than for a rich fund of good sense, which, under gentle and unpretending man-

* So averse was he to all details of business, even the little which his small estate required, that the gentlemen, who had undertaken the management of it, finding it hopeless to expect to extract an answer from him to a letter of business, at last thought it due to themselves formally to abandon their trust.

ners, was directed by a strong mind and an affectionate heart. Her new acquaintance, one of whose pleasures at all times it was to sound the intellects, and study the character of those in whose company he was thrown, was delighted to find himself understood and valued by one so young and amiable. He daily took more pleasure in her conversation and society, and the pleasure was mutual. Though her circumstances were as limited as his own, his affection led him to propose and to urge an immediate union. The marriage took place privately in Mary-le-bone church* on the 18th February, in the following year, on which day he found himself, at the age of twenty-four, with no prospect of any immediate professional settlement, with his little fortune rapidly diminishing, and with a wife. The relations of both parties were seriously and justly offended at the rash proceeding; and the young couple had the difficulties, which necessarily surrounded them, aggravated by the strongest expressions of disapprobation from all their friends.

The new situation, on which he had entered, formed, in his own thoughts, a marked era in his life, and called him to the exercise of new duties, of which his mind had always been too impartial, and his judgment too sound, not to estimate the true dignity. His feelings at every period of his life were essentially domestic, and even when most fond of company, he returned with pleasure to the simple enjoyments of the circle at home. He was easily amused. His goodnature made it painful to him to give uneasiness to any one near him. His love of study, the refinement of manners it cherishes, his turn for moral disquisition, and the high aspirations which never forsook him, his very love of good and polished society were

* Miss Stuart, at the time of the marriage, resided with her brothers Charles and Daniel, well known respectively in the literary and political circles of London.

powerful auxiliaries to withdraw him from his failings. Happily Mrs. Mackintosh's dispositions were such as lent them the most efficient aid. She not only loved her husband, but was proud of his superior talents; with anxious solicitude and exemplary patience she studied every means within her reach of recalling him to the habitual and methodical exercise of his abilities. She rendered home agreeable to him and to his friends. She bore with his infirmities without murmuring, counselled him with tenderness, encouraged him to exertion. Her firm practical understanding speedily gained an useful influence over his kind and yielding nature—an influence which she never lost, and which, to the last, she attempted to employ for his benefit and that of their children.

The malady which unhappily attacked the king, in the autumn of 1788, had absorbed for a time the public attention. Mr. Mackintosh warmly partook in the general interest, and his professional pursuits excited him to study the fine but mysterious link, which connects the human mind with the changes in the organisation of the body; the subject was one that claimed all the powers of such as, like him, had made the philosophy of mind, as well as the structure of the human frame, the object of study. While this event occupied the public attention, he advertised a work on insanity, and a considerable portion of it was written. But the struggle regarding the Regency, which soon followed the announcement of his Majesty's illness, probably gave his thoughts another direction, and one more congenial to the turn which, for some time before, his wishes had taken. This struggle of the two great parties of the State was the occasion of a pamphlet, supporting the analogy which Mr. Fox endeavoured to establish between the then existing circumstances and a natural demise of

the crown *. It is not necessary here to enlarge on the reasoning contained in the pamphlet, as unfortunately the renewal of the calamity at a much later date gave the author another opportunity of reviewing the arguments on the subject, an opportunity of which, it will be seen, he availed himself.

The decided turn for politics which his mind had now taken, was further evinced at the election for Westminster, in June of the following year, by the zeal with which he espoused the cause of Mr. Horne Tooke, one of the candidates. A person who was interested in his success in life, writing to a friend in the Highlands, laments this apparent dereliction of his professional pursuits: "Instead of attending to his business," says he, "*my gentleman* was parading the streets with Horne Tooke's colours in his hat." It was probably on this occasion that he first made the acquaintance of that eminent politician, in whose sarcastic, but rich and lively conversation, he always took great delight; and at a later period he was a frequent guest at the Sunday parties at Wimbledon, where so many men of eminence in politics and letters were accustomed to meet. Mr. Tooke entertained a high opinion of his talents for argument, and it was no small praise from so good a judge, "*that he was a very formidable adversary across a table* †."

Urged probably by the demands which his new state enforced, Mr. Mackintosh made, however, another effort to settle himself in practice, as a physician. He repaired to Bath, where his faithful adviser, Dr. Fraser, who was

* The Prince of Wales always professed a kindly recollection of the service thus done to his cause, when they afterwards met, as they occasionally did, at Hothfield, the late Earl of Thanet's hospitable mansion in Kent; and he showed that he had not forgotten it, even after Mr. M.'s return from India.

† Stephens's Life of Horne Tooke, vol. ii. p. 334.

at all times warmly disposed to serve his young kinsman, enjoyed a considerable share of eminence. Under the Doctor's advice he attempted to avail himself of what seemed a promising opportunity for a professional settlement, first at Salisbury and afterwards at Weymouth; but whether or not any real objections came in aid of his distaste for his profession, and his unwillingness to leave London, the grand scene for talent and ambition, the plan was abandoned; from Bath he wrote a letter to his aunt in the Highlands, "at the first moment of tranquillity," he observes, "that he had enjoyed for nine months," and adds, that "he had escaped from a life, in which might Heaven preserve him from being again immerged."

The following autumn was occupied by a tour, in company with his wife, through the Low Countries to Brussels, and a residence there of some duration, during which, while he acquired an uncommon facility in the use of the French tongue, he at the same time obtained some insight into the causes, and chances of success in the struggle which was then going on between the emperor Joseph and his refractory subjects in the Netherlands. This knowledge he turned to account on his return to London, towards the end of the year, by contributing most of the articles on the affairs of Belgium and France to the "Oracle" newspaper, conducted at that time by Mr. John Bell, with whom an engagement had been made by a mutual friend for "Doctor" Mackintosh—a title which is said to have had some influence in the bargain, as conveying a favourable impression of the dignity of the new ally. This species of writing, not requiring continued application, appears to have fallen in with his desultory habits, and he laboured in his new vocation of "superintending the foreign news," with great industry. "One week, we are told, being paid in pro-

portion to the quantity, his due was ten guineas;" at which John Bell, a liberal man, was rather confounded, exclaiming, "no paper can stand this." After this unfortunate explosion of industry, the exuberance of his sallies in the cause of Belgian and French freedom was repressed by a fixed salary, which he continued to enjoy till the increasing returns from his property, and augmented ease of his circumstances, allowed him more to consult his own inclination, as to the mode in which his talents and industry should be employed.

To the same date must be referred his resolution to devote himself to the study of the law. The exercise of such powers, as he must have been conscious of possessing, in the obscure columns of a newspaper, could not fail to be sufficiently irksome; although the only attempt, which he had as yet made in a higher walk, had not been very encouraging. It might be adduced as an additional example, if one were needed, to show how indispensably necessary time and occasion are for the development even of the highest powers. There is no doubt that his style was now formed, as well as, in a great degree, the powers of his mind developed; but the most successful efforts of ability, the utmost splendour of language, are often passed over unheeded, or make but a feeble or temporary impression, when met with where we look for neither*.

On his return from a visit to the Highlands, made during the next summer, he removed from Buckingham-street, which had been his residence for some time, to a

* It may interest some to point out two contributions to newspapers that certainly were from his pen:—the letters with the signature of "the ghost of Vandeput," and a character of Mirabeau in the *Chronicle*, which concluded with, "who bursting from obscurity and obloquy, seized as his natural situation the first place in the first scene that was ever acted in the theatre of human affairs."

small house in the village of Little Ealing, in Middlesex. There in comparative retirement he was partially relieved from the feverish state of political feeling which marked that period, and in which his own mind had for some time so deeply shared. Eager and anxious as was the gaze of all who watched the advance of "that great political heresy, whose path was all strewed over with the broken talismans of rank and power," the interest with which he had viewed the progress of the revolution was of no common kind; some idea of it may be collected from the bitterness of disappointment, which was ultimately in store for him, as described in his own words long afterwards; but the present was still a day, if not of triumph, at least of hope. While he was cultivating his powers in retirement, the influence of the contest, which had so long convulsed France, began to be felt in England also, and soon divided that powerful Whig party which for so many years had supported the principles of the Revolution of 1688. The first marked and decided evidence of a diversity of opinions, that promised to be irreconcilable, was afforded by the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."

The extraordinary effects produced by the appearance of this work, which to common observers seemed at variance with the former life and opinions of the author, is well known. To all the advantages which practised eloquence could lend to genius—to all the grace which both borrow from evident singleness of purpose, it joined all those other still more powerful claims on the hearts of his countrymen, which were associated with its author's name. To the many, too, it seemed a greater sacrifice of consistency than it really was. In proportion as they had been ignorant that "an abhorrence for abstract politics, a predilection for aristocracy, and a dread of innovation," had always been articles of his political

creed, did they magnify the sense of public duty which prompted, first, the sacrifice of the long-cherished friendship with Mr. Fox, and, lastly, the publication of the affectionate warnings of (what appeared) matured wisdom. The skill of the orator, also, had been successfully employed, in turning the eyes of the multitude from the great body of the suffering nation, and the real friends of rational liberty in the French assembly, to the sorrowing group of Royalty placed so carefully in the foreground. But whatever there might be of casual or temporary in this work, the confession could not but be general of its real and intrinsic merits. It contained maxims of political wisdom which had long been revolved and matured in the mind of the author,—one of the first thinkers, as well as one of the greatest orators of his age. He was a man who hardly ever skimmed slightly or carelessly over any subject which engaged his attention. He grappled boldly with difficulties, and declined no contest, strong in his love of truth, and confident in the powers of his capacious understanding. His accurate meditations extended into every branch of human knowledge, and he was always profound and original. His whole life had been devoted to improving the condition of his country, generally, indeed, in the ranks of opposition, in the exercise of a duty more advantageous to the public than to the individual who labours in their cause. His thoughts were conveyed in that burning eloquence, and in those new and vivid expressions, which, while they hurried away the reader, marked the tempest that was boiling within; and thus, in part, accounted for the extreme to which he carried his opinions, and the jealousy and derision with which he marked the excesses of infant liberty. But his work, with all its faults, was the production of a powerful mind, working in its own sphere;

and the madness and cruelty of the detestable men, who soon after gained the ascendancy in France, corresponded so much with the predictions of his heated imagination, that he was lauded by the new friends whose views he favoured less as a keen observer than as a prophet.

The replies to the "Reflections" must have been numerous enough to have gratified the pride of the author. The number of antagonists, who hurried into the ring to break a lance against this mighty champion of existing institutions, proved the estimation in which he was held. The current of opinion, that had been setting in so strongly in favour of the French principles of liberty, dammed up for a moment by such an obstacle, overflowed in a deluge of pamphlets; and each shade of opinion was warmly defended against a common invader. The great majority of these answers fell of course speedily into oblivion. The "Rights of Man" was not so to perish. His strong coarse sense, and bold dogmatism, conveyed in an instinctively popular style, made Paine a dangerous enemy always; but more particularly at a period when the great masses of the middle and lower orders of both countries were to be appealed to. Nor was he occasionally wanting in the more finished graces of illustration and imagery so profusely scattered over the "Reflections *."

While Mr. Burke was receiving the onset of the man who had been his old fellow-soldier in the American contest for freedom, and while the public eye was fixed with curiosity on the numerous combatants, who rushed to take a part in this political warfare, a bolt was shot from amongst the undistinguished crowd, but with a force which shewed the vigour of no common arm. The

* Even Mr. Burke himself might have envied the illustration of his own rather too exclusive compassion for the sufferings of the noblesse. "Mr. Burke pities the plumage, but he forgets the dying bird."

Vindiciæ Gallicæ was published in the month of April, 1791. Although the work had been begun some time before, the many distractions of society, encroaching upon the small portion of time which the author could be brought to devote to the manual labour of composition (for in thought he was always busy) had delayed its execution. Events were in the meantime succeeding each other with such rapidity on the scene of action at Paris, that, if there was to be any relation between the argument and the facts as they existed at the moment of publication, there could be no longer delay. It was accordingly finished in a great hurry, of which it bears internal marks, the first part having been, as was said, committed to the press before the last was written. Such as it was, it at once placed its author, at the age of twenty-six, in the very first rank of the great party who were upholding in this country the cause of France, which could scarcely at that moment be said to have ceased to be the cause of rational freedom. He was courted and caressed on all hands: his company was eagerly sought for. In short, he was, as he expressed it himself, for a few months, "the lion of the place,"—a character, of which the simplicity and modesty of his nature did not very well adapt him to discharge the functions, or lead him to wish the prolonged enjoyment.

The sale of the book, in the meantime, exceeded all expectation; and three editions followed one another with great rapidity*. It is difficult to convey any idea

* The price originally agreed to be paid was only 30*l.*; but when the demand for it became so great, and the publication turned out so profitable, the publisher, George Robinson, a liberal and excellent man, repeated several times the original amount. The smallness of the price may, perhaps, in part, be accounted for, from the work having been sold before it was written, and from the author himself having an imperfect

of the impression made by this production, considered merely as a confessedly temporary effort, directed to the advancement of a particular end.

"Those who remember," says the eloquent author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' "the impression that was made by Burke's writings on the then living generation, will recollect that, in the better educated classes of society, there was a general proneness to go with Burke; and it is my sincere opinion, that that proneness would have become universal, if such a mind as Mackintosh's had not presented itself, like a breakwater, to the general spring-tide of Burkism. I may be reminded that there was such a man as Thomas Paine, and that he strongly answered at the bar of public opinion all the arguments of Burke. I do not deny this fact; and I should be sorry if I could be blind, even with tears, for Mackintosh, in my eyes, to the services that have been rendered to the cause of truth, by the shrewdness and the courage of Thomas Paine. But without disparagement to Paine, in a great and essential view, it must be admitted that, though radically sound in sense, he was deficient in the strategetics of philosophy; whilst Mackintosh met Burke,

idea of the extent to which it was to run. His habits of literary composition were rather peculiar. When engaged in any work that required reflection, he was in general impatient of the presence of any person near him, or in the same room. Perhaps, in London, the book would never have been finished. In the comparative quiet of Little Ealing, however, while writing, he wished Mrs. M. to remain in the same room with him; but, as the slightest movement, such as writing or working, disturbed him, he asked her to confine herself to silently perusing her book. As he advanced he took pleasure in his work; and, in the evening, by way of recreation, was accustomed to take a walk across the fields, reading to his wife as he went along. Indeed, at every period of his life, when not engaged with company, he was hardly ever to be found without a book in his hand, which he was fond of reading aloud, and commenting upon to his friends.

perfectly his equal in the tactics of moral science, and in beauty of style and illustration. Hence Mackintosh went, as the apostle of liberalism, among a class, perhaps too influential in society, to whom the manner of Paine was repulsive. Paine had something of a coarse hatred towards Burke. Mackintosh abhorred Burke's principles, but he had a chivalrous admiration of his genius. He could foil him, moreover, at his own weapons. He was logician enough to detect the sophist by the rules of logic, and he turned against Burke, not only popular opinion, but classical and tasteful feelings *."

A fair medium of judgment, as to the abilities displayed in this work, is the singular honour which it enjoyed, of the praise of both Fox and Burke. That of the latter must of course be considered as confined to the execution, and to that liberality of thought, and gentlemanly feeling, that breathed through the whole. The " Vindiciæ

* " In Mackintosh I see the sternness of a republican, without his acrimony; and the ardour of a reformer, without his impetuosity. His taste in morals, like that of Mr. Burke's, is equally pure and delicate with his taste in literature. His mind is so comprehensive that generalities cease to be barren; and so vigorous, that detail itself becomes interesting. He introduces every question with perspicuity, states it with precision, and pursues it with easy unaffected method. Sometimes, perhaps, he may amuse his readers with excursions into paradox, but he never bewilders them by flights into romance. His philosophy is far more just and far more amiable than the philosophy of Paine; and his eloquence is only not equal to the eloquence of Burke. He is argumentative without sophistry, and sublime without extravagance."—Parr, sequel to the printed letter.

If the above estimate of the success of the author should appear to require confirmation, as being tinctured with the prejudices arising from community of political feeling, it received such confirmation at the hands of a decided, though candid, political enemy. Mr. Canning, dining one day, *tête-à-tête*, at Bellamy's, with Mr. Sharp, in the course of conversation observed, that he had read this work on its coming out " with as much admiration as he had ever felt."

Gallicæ," observes his able biographer, "was the production of a more sober inquirer, a scholar and a gentleman, who could advocate what he thought freedom in others, without madly assaulting the foundations of our own*."

"An honourable gentleman," said Mr. Fox some time subsequently in the House of Commons, "has quoted a most able book on the subject of the French revolution, the work of Mr. Mackintosh; and I rejoice to see that gentleman begin to acknowledge the merits of that eminent writer; and that the impression that it made upon me at the time is now felt and acknowledged, even by those who disputed its authority. The honourable gentleman has quoted Mr. Mackintosh's book, on account of the observation which he made on the article which relates to the French elections. I have not forgotten the sarcasms that were flung out, on my approbation of this celebrated work: that I was told of my 'new library stuffed with the jargon of the Rights of Man.' It now appears, however, that I did not greatly over-rate this performance; and that those persons now quote Mr. Mackintosh as an authority, who before treated him with splenetic scorn."

It was no vanity to expect that anything which united these suffrages would survive the occasion which called it forth; and it must be allowed, that though the more immediate object of the work was temporary, the principles discussed, the maxims established, the views of society and of policy, which formed the ground-work of the whole, were not casual, but, like many, struck out from the mind of his illustrious antagonist, of permanent and universal import.

* Prior's Life of Burke, vol. ii. p. 121.

The form of an Essay, indeed, demanded more methodical arrangement, and closer reasoning, than it must be confessed was observed in the "Reflections," the epistolary privileges of which conferred such advantages upon a man of genius over ordinary men. "He can cover the most ignominious retreat by a brilliant allusion. He can parade his arguments with masterly generalship, where they are strong. He can escape from an untenable position into a splendid declamation. He can sap the most impregnable conviction by pathos, and put to flight a host of syllogisms with a sneer. Absolved from the laws of vulgar method, he can advance a group of magnificent horrors to make a breach in our hearts, through which the most undisciplined rabble of arguments may enter in triumph." After observing, that "analysis and method, like the discipline and armour of modern nations, correct, in some measure, the inequalities of controversial dexterity; and level on the intellectual field the giant and the dwarf," Mr. Mackintosh proceeds to analyse the contents of the "Reflections;" and, dismissing what is extraneous and ornamental, to arrange in their natural order those leading questions, the decision of which was indispensable to the point at issue, and his attempts at their just solution. The expediency and necessity of a revolution being first contended for, the conduct of the National Assembly, the first actors in the elaboration of that fearful experiment, is considered, in connection with all the allowances due to the difficulties of the task in which they were engaged, and vindicated, as far as the result was then manifested in the new constitution of France. The almost necessary adjunct of evil—the popular excesses, which marked the period of the suspension of law, are also considered, and reprobated, but in terms only proportionate to their comparative

insignificance, when compared with those which were to follow. The conduct of the English well-wishers of French freedom forms the last topic; "though it is, with rhetorical inversion, first treated by Mr. Burke, as if the propriety of approbation should be determined before the discussion of the merit or demerit of what was approved."

While it was allowed, on all hands, that the work was the production of a mind burning with love of liberty and of mankind, and that it abounded with new and original views of many of the most important questions in politics*, amongst nearer observers, perhaps, the subject of highest commendation, was this logical precision, observable through the rich and elegant style in which the arguments were clothed.

* A copy of the book was presented to Mr. William Taylor, of Norwich, who returned his thanks in the following sonnet.

Brave youth, thou foremost of the patriot throng,
Kneel yet awhile, and scoop with deeper shell,
And boldly quaff, and bathe thy glowing tongue
In the pure spring-head of my hallowed well,
While yet concealed, the mouldering trunks among,
Where Error steeps in mist her twilight cell,
And Superstition's reptiles crawl along—
But for the chosen few its waters swell.
My name is Truth—soon the blast roars amain,
Fires lightning-kindled the tall oaks imblaze,
Avenging thunders crash, while Freedom's fane
Arises radiant from the smoking plain.
Huge columns thou must rear—thy future days
A nation's thanks await—the sage's praise.

"Chance," adds Mr. Taylor (1834), "which delights to laugh at human foresight, may have deflected its prophetic value—'the huge columns thou must rear,' is become rather ludicrous—but this falls on the poet."

The following extract contains a retrospect of the attempts which had preceded the present, to repair the tottering fabric of the French monarchy.

"From the conclusion of the fifteenth century, the powers of the States-General had almost dwindled into formalities. Their momentary re-appearance under Henry III. and Louis XIII served only to illustrate their insignificance. Their total disuse speedily succeeded.

"The intrusion of any popular voice was not likely to be tolerated in the reign of Louis XIV.—a reign which has been so often celebrated as the zenith of warlike and literary splendour, but which has always appeared to me to be the consummation of whatever is afflicting and degrading in the history of the human race. Talent seemed, in that reign, robbed of the conscious elevation, of the erect and manly port, which is its noblest associate, and its surest indication. The mild purity of Fénélon, the lofty spirit of Bossuet, the masculine mind of Boileau, the sublime fervour of Corneille, were confounded by a contagion of ignominious and indiscriminate servility. It seemed as if the 'representative majesty' of the genius and intellect of man were prostrated before the shrine of a sanguinary and dissolute tyrant, who practised the corruption of courts without their mildness, and incurred the guilt of wars without their glory. His highest praise is to have supported the stage-trick of royalty with effect; and it is surely difficult to conceive any character more odious and despicable than that of a puny libertine, who, under the frown of a strumpet, or a monk, issues the mandate, that is to murder virtuous citizens, to desolate happy and peaceful hamlets, to wring agonising tears from widows and orphans. Heroism has a splendour that almost atones for its excesses; but what shall we think of him, who, from the luxurious and dastardly security in which he wallows at Versailles, issues, with calm and cruel apathy, his order to butcher the Protestants of Languedoc, or to lay in ashes the villages of the Palatinate? On the recollection of such scenes, as a scholar, I blush for the prostitution of letters; as a man, I blush for the patience of humanity.

"But the despotism of this reign was pregnant with the great events, which have signalised our age. It fostered that literature

which was one day destined to destroy it. Its profligate conquests have eventually proved the acquisitions of humanity; and the usurpations of Louis XIV. have served only to add a larger portion to the great body of freemen. The spirit of its policy was inherited by the succeeding reign. The rage of conquest, repressed for a while by the torpid despotism of Fleury, burst forth with renovated violence in the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. France, exhausted alike by the misfortunes of one war, and the victories of another, groaned under a weight of impost and debt, which it was equally difficult to remedy or to endure. The profligate expedients were exhausted, by which successive ministers had attempted to avert the great crisis, in which the credit and power of the government must perish.

"The wise and benevolent administration of M. Turgot, though long enough for his glory, was too short, and, perhaps, too *early*, for those salutary and grand reforms, which his genius had conceived, and his virtue would have effected. The aspect of purity and talent spread a natural alarm among the minions of a court, and they easily succeeded in the expulsion of such rare and obnoxious intruders.

"The magnificent ambition of M. de Vergennes; the brilliant, profuse, and rapacious career of M. de Calonne; the feeble and irresolute violence of M. Brienne; all contributed their share to swell this financial embarrassment. The *deficit*, or the inferiority of the revenue to the expenditure, at length rose to the enormous sum of 115 millions of livres, or about £4,750,000 annually. This was a disproportion between income and expense with which no government, and no individual, could long continue to exist.

"In this exigency, there was no expedient left, but to guarantee the ruined credit of bankrupt despotism, by the sanction of the national voice. The States-General were a dangerous mode of collecting it; recourse was therefore had to the assembly of the *Notables*—a mode well known in the history of France, in which the King summoned a number of individuals selected, at *his* discretion, from the mass, to advise him in great emergencies. They were little better than a popular Privy-Council; they were neither recognised nor protected by law;

their precarious and subordinate existence hung on the nod of despotism.

"They were called together by M. Calonne*, who has now the inconsistent arrogance to boast of the schemes which he laid before them, as the model of the assembly whom he traduces. He proposed, it is true, the equalisation of impost, and the abolition of the pecuniary exemptions of the nobility and clergy; and the difference between his system and that of the assembly, is only in what makes the sole distinction in human actions—*its end*. *He* would have destroyed the privileged orders, as obstacles to despotism; *they* have destroyed them, as derogations from freedom. The object of *his* pleasure was to facilitate *fiscal* oppression; the motive of *theirs* is to fortify general liberty. *They* have levelled all Frenchmen as men; *he* would have levelled them all as slaves."

It will be allowed that there is something eminently happy in the following reflection on the self-destroying effect of the system of large standing armies:—

"It was the apprehension of Montesquieu, that the spirit of increasing armies would terminate in converting Europe into an immense camp, in changing our artisans and cultivators into military savages, and reviving the age of Attila and Genghis. Events are our preceptors, and France has taught us that this evil contains in itself its own remedy and limit. A domestic army cannot be increased without increasing the number of its ties with the people, and of the channels by which popular sentiment may enter. Every man, who is added to the army, is a new link that unites it to the nation. If all citizens were compelled to become soldiers, all soldiers must of necessity adopt the feelings of citizens; and the despots cannot increase their army without admitting into it a greater number of men interested to destroy them. A small army may have sentiments different from the great body of the people, and no interest in common with

* The Vindiciæ Gallicæ was partly directed against the pamphlet of this minister, which had lately appeared.

them; but a numerous soldiery cannot. This is the barrier which nature has opposed to the increase of armies; they cannot be numerous enough to enslave the people, without becoming the people itself. The effects of this truth have been hitherto conspicuous only in the military defection of France, because the enlightened sense of general interest has been so much more diffused in that nation than in any other despotic monarchy of Europe; but they must be felt by all. An elaborate discipline may, for a while in Germany, debase and brutalise soldiers too much to receive any impressions from their fellow-men; artificial and local institutions are, however, too feeble to resist the energy of natural causes. The constitution of man survives the transient fashions of despotism; and the history of the next century will probably evince on how frail and tottering a basis the military tyrannies of Europe stand."

A similar limit is prospectively, in imagination, prescribed to another form of authority more unsubstantial, indeed, but not less formidable, in a prediction which the present course of events, particularly in our own country, would seem about to realise. "Church power (unless some revolution, auspicious to priestcraft, should replunge Europe in ignorance) will certainly not survive the nineteenth century." The whole subject of Church property, which the resumption of the revenues of the French clergy suggested, is abstractedly considered*. The argument here is conveyed in a more nervous and pointed style, abounding in familiar illustration, than was generally observable in the author's writings, and, but for its length, it would be well worth insertion, as a further and favourable specimen of them. As it is, we

* "Sir James Mackintosh, in his Vindiciæ Gallicæ, has shown, by arguments not easily controverted, that Church property is public property."—*Professor Cooper's (South Carolina College) Political Economy*, p. 358.

must content ourselves with the following summary glance over the whole subject, and the different aspects in which it was and will be viewed:—

"Thus various are the aspects, which the French Revolution, not only in its influence on literature, but in its general tenor and spirit, presents to minds occupied by various opinions. To the eye of Mr. Burke it exhibits nothing but a scene of horror. In his mind it inspires no emotion but abhorrence of its leaders, commiseration of their victims, and alarms at the influence of an event, which menaces the subversion of the policy, the arts, and the manners of the civilised world. Minds, who view it through another medium, are filled by it with every sentiment of admiration and triumph;—of admiration due to splendid exertions of virtue, and of triumph inspired by widening prospects of happiness.

"Nor ought it to be denied by the candour of philosophy, that events so great are never so *unmixed*, as not to present a *double* aspect to the acuteness and exaggerations of contending parties. The same ardour of passion which produces patriotic and legislative heroism, becomes the source of ferocious retaliation, of visionary novelties, and precipitate change. The attempt were hopeless to increase the fertility, without favouring the rank luxuriance of the soil. He that, on such occasions, expects unmixed good, ought to recollect that the economy of nature has invariably determined the equal influence of high passions in giving birth to virtues and to crimes. The soil of Attica was remarked by antiquity as producing at once the most delicious fruits, and the most virulent poisons. It is thus with the human mind; and to the frequency of convulsions in the ancient commonwealths, they owe those simple examples of sanguinary tumult and virtuous heroism, which distinguish their history from the monotonous tranquillity of modern states. The passions of a nation cannot be kindled to the degree, which renders it capable of great achievements, without endangering the commission of violences and crimes. The reforming ardour of a senate cannot be inflamed sufficiently to combat and overcome abuses, without hazarding the evils, which arise from legislative temerity. Such are the immutable laws, which are more

properly to be regarded as libels on our nature, than as charges against the French Revolution. The impartial voice of history ought, doubtless, to record the blemishes as well as the glories of that great event; and to contrast the delineation of it which might have been given by the specious and temperate *Toryism* of Mr. Hume, with that which we have received from the repulsive and fanatical invectives of Mr. Burke, might still be amusing and instructive. Both these great men would be adverse to the Revolution; but it would not be difficult to distinguish between the undisguised fury of an eloquent advocate, and the well-dissembled partiality of a philosophical judge. Such would, probably, be the difference between Mr. Hume and Mr. Burke, were they to treat on the French Revolution. The passions of the latter would only feel the excesses which had dishonoured it; but the philosophy of the former would instruct him that the human feelings, raised by such events above the level of ordinary situations, become the source of a guilt and a heroism unknown to the ordinary affairs of nations; that such periods are only fertile in those sublime virtues and splendid crimes, which so powerfully agitate and interest the heart of man."

This parallel suggests the insertion, in this place, of an extract from an unpublished sketch of the character of Mr. Burke's political principles, drawn up many years subsequently, when all the disturbing forces of party conflict had lost their influence; but only following out in greater detail the lineaments of the structure of that great mind, which are here more faintly traced. It extends to a length which can be justified only by the fact of its seeing the light for the first time.

"One of the least imperfect divisions of intellectual eminence seems to be that of Lord Bacon, into the discriminative and the discursive understanding—that which distinguishes between what is apparently like, and that which discovers the real likeness of what seems to be most unlike; at least, the highest degrees of both these degrees are seldom united. The position in which an extensive view is taken, prevents the discernment of minute

shades of difference. The acute understanding is the talent of the logician, and its province is the detection of fallacy. The comprehensive understanding discovers the identity of facts which seem dissimilar, and binds together into a system the most apparently unconnected and unlike results of experience. To generalise is to philosophise; and comprehension of mind, joined to the habit of careful and patient observation, forms the true genius of philosophy.

"Acuteness was by no means the characteristic power of Mr. Burke's mind. He was not a nice distinguisher, or a subtle disputant. Specimens of argumentative ingenuity, or dialectical dexterity, are indeed scattered over his writings, but more thinly perhaps than those of any other talent. His understanding was comprehensive; his mind had a range and compass beyond that of most men who have ever lived. To comprehend many objects in one view; to have the power of placing himself on a commanding eminence, and of perceiving in their true nature and just proportions the distant, as well as the near, parts of his prospect, were faculties, in which not many human beings have surpassed him.

"So wide an intellectual horizon could scarcely be united to the microscopical discernment of minute shades of difference. But though he did not extort assent by a process of argument, he enlightened the mind by the fullest enumeration and the clearest display of every quality, and relation, and tendency, and effect, which could contribute towards a correct view of every side of a subject of deliberation. He supplied the principles and the materials, which the ingenuity of the reasoner were to mould into a logical form. It was his office to teach, rather than to dispute.

"The subject, which, with few exceptions, employed this mighty understanding was politics. To speak more exactly, it was the middle region, between the details of business, and the generalities of speculation. It was that part of knowledge of which Lord Bacon says, that 'it is most immersed in matter, and hardliest reduced to axiom.' No man, indeed, rose more above the blind adoption of precedent, and the narrow discussion of a particular measure. Perhaps he introduced too much of general principle into political discussion, for his success as a statesman,

or his effect as an orator. But while he was always ambitious of ascending high enough to gain a commanding view, he was also fearful of reaching the height, from which all is indistinct, or nothing is to be seen but clouds. His constitution, as well as his prudence, restrained his ascent; he could neither endure so thin an air, nor firmly look down from such elevated ground.

"He never generalised so far as to approach the boundaries of metaphysics. Whether it arose most from disability, or disinclination, from the original structure of his mind, or from the bent which it early received towards civil affairs, certain it is that he abstained from the more general speculations in his very first political works, with an uniformity very remarkable in a great understanding, and in an age when the allurements of speculation were so abundant, and its hazards seemed to be so remote. It is much more easy to understand how this indisposition was strengthened by the progress of experience, and at length exasperated by terrible events into a dread and hatred, which however explicable or excusable in the statesman, are blemishes in writings left for the instruction of mankind. His treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful is rather a proof that his mind was not formed for pure philosophy; and if we may believe the lively and dramatic biographer of Johnson, that it was once the intention of Mr. Burke to have written against Berkeley, we may be assured that he would not have been successful in answering that great speculator; or, to speak more correctly, that he could not have discovered the true nature of the questions in dispute, and thus have afforded the only answer consistent with the limits of the human faculties. The generalisations of the theorist are, indeed, very unlike those of the most comprehensive politician. The metaphysician, to use the significant language of the ancients, labours to discover 'the one in many.' He endeavours to trace one quality through many or all things; one fact through many appearances; one cause of many effects, or one effect of many causes. His purpose can be gained only by fixing his exclusive attention on the quality or the phenomenon which he is to generalise; or, in other words, by abstracting his observation from all other concomitants. He rises to principles so general, that they never can be directly applied to practice, and that their remote connexion with the minute

phenomena, through a long chain of intermediate laws, has hitherto been successfully traced only in those sciences, which as they are conversant with a few elementary notions, are capable of a simplicity of deduction, which preserves the thread of so distant a relation unbroken and perceptible. The politician must not aim so high; his generalisations extend no farther than to observe, that certain collections of qualities, or effects, are to be commonly found in certain classes of the objects of political consideration. He is content with some tolerably general results of experience, of a very compound nature. He does not, like the metaphysician, guard against the admission of what is foreign, but rather against the omission of what is material. In subjects of too great complexity for analysis, he must acquire the power of approximating truth by a quick and correct glance. He must not be too distant from practice to justify results by a pretty direct appeal to fact, or to try their justness by application to real affairs. Even in this intermediate region are many subdivisions, which are in their present state distinguishable, and which may one day receive names as sciences as distinct from each other as the various branches of physics. The moral doctrine of government, or the reasons why and how far it ought to be obeyed, is perfectly distinguished from the physical theory which explains how it is formed and changed. The theory of the general progress of society is different from that of the revolutions of states. Neither are to be confounded with the maxims of prudence applicable to internal or foreign policy, nor do any of these speculations, or rules, resemble in their genius and character the almost exact science of political economy. Even if the scattered elements of jurisprudence were to arrange themselves into a science, around those central principles towards which they seem of late to tend, with an accelerating force, that science would still be perfectly separable from the heart of legislation, which aims to apply the results of such a science to the character and condition of communities. Many other divisions of this great department of human knowledge may easily be imagined; but the above are sufficient for examples. Some of the most celebrated writers of modern ages occupy different portions of it. Machiavel, in his Discourses on Livy, blends the philosophy of history with maxims of practical

policy. In his "*Prince*," which is neither a lesson, a panegyric, nor a satire, but a theory of usurpation, he was so far prejudiced by the flagitious period in which he lived, as not to perceive that most of his arts of tyranny are unfit for admission into a general theory, because they are utterly impracticable in any of the ordinary and more tolerable conditions of civilised society. Montesquieu and Hume, the two greatest political philosophers of the eighteenth century, ranged over the whole of this region; Montesquieu, in a work full of gleams of wisdom, as well as flashes of genius, but in truth of as miscellaneous a nature as the Essays of Hume, and of which the principal defects have arisen from an attempt to force it into an appearance of system: Hume, in Essays, of which a few may be considered as models of the deep, clear, full, short, and agreeable discussion of important subjects. Some of the most beautiful chapters of the Wealth of Nations are not so properly parts of an elementary treatise on political economy, as they are contributions towards that science, which will one day unfold the general laws of the progress of the human race from rudeness to civilisation. Of all these philosophers not one was a statesman, and none, except Mr. Hume, could be said to be a metaphysician. He, indeed, though the subtlest speculator of his time, was also one of the most eminent historical and political writers. He preserved his speculations undisturbed by the grossness of practice, and he guarded his political prudence from all taint of subtlety. He seemed, in different parts of his writings, to have two minds. But he alone appears to have possessed the sort of intellectual versatility,—this power of contracting the mental organs to the abstractions of speculative philosophy, or of dilating them for the large and complicated deliberations of business. The philosophy of Mr. Burke differed considerably from that of any of them. He was less a speculator than any of them. Their end was truth: his was utility. He, to use his own expression, was 'a philosopher in action,' and the course of his active life necessarily characterised his manner of thinking. In those parts of knowledge most closely connected with civil affairs, which make the nearest approaches to a scientific character, he habitually contemplated their practical aspect. In legal discussions, which peculiarly require a logical under-

standing, he considered the spirit and tendency of measures much more than their exact correspondence to rule. He looked at them more as a politician, than as a lawyer. Though he appears early and successfully to have studied the theory of wealth, yet he shrunk from the statement of its principles in that precise and elementary form in which they are capable of being expressed. He saw them embodied in circumstances, and he confined his view to as much of them as the statesman could apply to his own age and country. The results of a science were to him elements of the art of administration. Most admirable examples of theory on every part of the political sciences are doubtless to be found in his writings. Perhaps no man ever philosophised better on national character,—on the connexion of political with private feelings,—on the relation of government to manners, and, above all, on the principles of wise and just alteration in laws. He never has showed a more truly philosophical spirit, a more just conception of that part of philosophy which he cultivated, than in his resistance to those precipitate generalisations which are as much the bane of sound political theory as they are of safe practice. From a still more elevated position, he could have discovered that they were as unphilosophical as they were impracticable, and that the error consisted not in their being metaphysical, but in their being false. His understanding could not abstain from speculations which were near and attractive, and it was indeed impossible to justify or enforce the rules of policy without showing their foundations in some reasonable theory. But all his theory (if the expression be allowed) lay in the immediate neighbourhood of practice. It always conducted, by a short and direct road, to some rule of conduct. His speculations were only means. He was often a political philosopher, but it was only on his way to practical policy. It is this practical character which distinguishes him among those who have risen above details. The true foundation of his fame is, that he was one of the greatest teachers of civil prudence. This superiority has been recognised, though its nature could not have been discriminated by the admiration and reverence of the majority of mankind, who are content to follow the impulse of their natural feelings. Now that the hostilities of politics have ceased, it can be disputed only by those who, in aiming at

distinction above the multitude, have lost their sensibility without having reached superior reason.

"They cannot distinguish permanent instruction in works which have a transitory form, and are written on temporary subjects. They cannot disengage it from the personalities, the popular form, the factious passions, the exaggerations of eloquence, which on such occasions are its inseparable attendants. They require the exterior and parade of system, and technical language. They recognise wisdom only in her robes and her chair. Their feeble organs are too much dazzled by the glory of genius to see the truth which it surrounds. Those who are subject to such prejudices may be assured, that however well qualified their understandings may be for the sciences of few elements, and of simple deductions, they are as incapable of catching the true spirit of political wisdom as of estimating the philosophy of one of its most eminent masters. It is, and perhaps will remain, too imperfect to be reduced to system. Detached fragments of it only can be wrought out by men much experienced in the subject, under the pressure of the strongest motives. The experience and the motives must arise from the pursuits and contests of active life. It is to be found, not in treatises, but in those compositions by which such men labour to attain their ends, in letters, in speeches, or in those political tracts, the produce of modern times, which are, in truth, more deliberate orations addressed to the whole public. Such works must be actuated by the passions which produced them, and must be expressed in the style which is adapted to their purpose. Even the variations, and real or apparent inconsistencies, from which the writings of the actors on the public scene can scarcely altogether be exempt, are not without their effect in perplexing his judgment, if he avails himself of them as a fortunate opportunity of seeing the light which is thus successively thrown on every side of important questions. Where impartiality is unattainable, or would be too feeble a stimulant, we must learn to balance the opposite errors of alternate partialities on different sides. Political truth seems, as it were, to lie too deep to be reached by calm labour; and it appears to be only thrown up from the recesses of a great understanding, by the powerful agency of those passions which the contests of politics

inspire. The genius of civil philosophy is eminently popular, unsystematic, delighting in example and illustrations, prone to embody its counsels in the most striking figures of speech, and conveying instruction to posterity only in the same eloquence by which the present age has been persuaded."

To return: the author's own opinion, upon reflection, was, nevertheless, that the bustle and political excitement of the moment, and perhaps the heat of literary composition, had led him, in some particulars, to carry this "Defence" farther than the principles of a sound and temperate policy could justify. The hurry with which the work was composed, left him little leisure to review particular passages; and one or two expressions escaped him at variance with his habitual temperance of thought, and which certainly would still less have fallen from his pen, if he could then have observed the redeeming qualities which were to be revealed, from beneath the tinsel of folly that had too long concealed them, in passing through the fiery ordeal that awaited the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

His friend Mr. Wilde, in a letter written at this time [28th June, 1791,] objects with great warmth, and with his habitual liveliness of fancy, to some of these.

"With regard to your book, my dearest James, I had the first or second copy that was in Edinburgh. My opinion of it I need not tell you; as I prophesied, it has happened. You are 'inter ignes luna minores;' but I prefer sunshine, even to the moon playing in autumnal azure on the waters of Lochness. * * * You know I never could conceal any part of my mind from such friends as you. I certainly did not like you the better for 'sottishness and prostitution on a throne.' Let us reason the matter.

"Suppose all the calumnies against the King and

Queen of France to be true, you will not certainly say that the slavery of France was owing to them. Let the *private* vices of this man and woman be what they might, they had nothing in them savage or tyrannical. France was enslaved long before, and by other hands. You deny the benevolence of the King of France. Be it so; but you allow yourself, and who will not allow, (Paine does it,) that concessions to liberty, be it from weakness, as you say, have marked his whole reign. Amidst all the Queen's alleged gallantries, it was a happy thing for France that there was no *mistress*—the curse of all former reigns. * * There were no *public* vices to call forth patriotic indignation. Why, then, should the English patriot, or the French patriot, descend from the cause of nations to private morals?

"You talk of Burke's 'sensibility being scared at the homely miseries of the vulgar.' I think his whole life has shown the contrary. As to myself, I have often felt myself moved at the sight of an old wife gathering cinders. Had I, in the year of famine, seen the poor Highlanders asking bread at your grandmother's door, I would, with you, have divided with them my oaten or barley-cake *. But not to mention this, I am afraid it is an intellectual illusion, not an illusion of the heart, which leads to regret *general* miseries, which you do not witness. You will never persuade me that a man, who can callously contemplate *individual* suffering, especially in high rank, which enhances the suffering in proportion, can feel for any other distress. If the sufferings of eminent individuals do not move us, we will never feel for the sufferings of a whole people. In feeling for a people, we always picture out individuals to our imagination. It is the

* Apparently alluding to an incident in his early life.

eternal law of sympathy. A man would drown himself in a hogshead of wine; his feelings may be refined and elevated by a bottle.

"Cleopatra was certainly a more immoral woman than her worst enemies dare to pronounce the Queen of France. I never, however, read the picture given by Horace, of her magnanimity, without feeling my face flushed, and my eyes sparkling.

'Ausa et *jacentem* visere *regiam*,
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum,—

Deliberatâ morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.'

By the way, let it be remembered, that *the homely miseries of the vulgar*, and all that rant, is likewise to be found in Paine.

"You ask about the Edinburgh *literati;* I have heard none of them speak of it, but Tytler. He said there was a great deal of thought in the book. Laing says your book is the best he ever read. Corrimonie * thinks you admirable. Macleod Bannatyne † has purchased you. Such is the state of matters, so far as I know."

In some of these observations of his unfortunate friend, the author was probably the first to acquiesce; his mind always instinctively shrunk from harsh or severe judgments. The objectionable allusions were cheerfully can-

* Mr. Grant, of Corrimonie.

† The late Lord Bannatyne, the author of several papers in the Lounger and Mirror.

celled in a succeeding edition; in an advertisement prefixed to which he observes—

"I have been accused, by valuable friends, of treating with ungenerous levity the misfortunes of the royal family of France. They will not, however, suppose me capable of deliberately violating the sacredness of misery in a palace or a cottage; and I sincerely lament that I should have been betrayed into expressions which admitted that construction."

The success which attended the publication of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," while it confirmed a strong previous inclination towards the field of political distinction, must have exceeded his most sanguine expectations, by the high station which was at once, in consequence of it, accorded to him in the great political party to which he had attached himself. Although his talents must have been, in some degree, previously made known, through his acquaintance with Mr. Horne Tooke, Dr. Parr, and some few others; still the appearance of such a work partook of the nature of a surprise upon the leaders of the party, who, as is usual, lost no time after such indisputable display of ability, and so great a service, in acknowledging the one, and endeavouring to secure a continuance of the other. He became, in consequence, immediately known to Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, and generally to the most eminent Whigs of the day, partaking of their political confidence, as well as occasionally of their private society. As a proof of the consideration in which he was held, upon the formation, in the succeeding year, under the auspices of those eminent persons, of the celebrated Association of the Friends of the People, he was appointed to the honorary post of its secretary, and was the author, either solely, or in a very principal degree, of their "Declaration," which exercised so powerful an influence over the

public feeling of the time. Although this society contained, as from its numbers must have been expected, many who entertained extreme and impracticable opinions, its objects (the chief being a practical reform of the abuses which had crept into the representative system) were strictly mediatory between the extremes of opinion, which marked that agitated time,—between the "many honest men, who were driven into Toryism by their fears," and the "many sober men, who were driven into Republicanism by their enthusiasm;"—and little of any other spirit had, in point of fact, characterised it, to justify Mr. Pitt's celebrated proclamation, "which, by directing a vague and indiscriminate odium against all political change, confounded, in the same storm of unpopularity, the wildest projects of subversion, and the most measured plans of reform." The sort of semi-official character of Mr. Mackintosh's situation, imposed upon him the duty of defending the principles that were their bond of union; a task which he performed in "A Letter to the Right Honourable William Pitt," (London, 1792): on which occasion, the public thanks of the body were given him, for the ability and vigour displayed in its service.

"A statesman," he observes, in his address to the minister, "emboldened by success, and instructed by experience in all the arts of popular delusion, easily perceived the assailable position of every mediatorial party, the various enemies they provoke, the opposite imputations they incur. In their labours to avert that fatal collision of the opposite orders of society, which the diffusion of extreme principles threatened, you saw that they would be charged by the corrupt with violence, and accused by the violent of insincerity. It was easy, you knew, to paint moderation as the virtue of cowards, and compromise as the policy of knaves, to the stormy and intolerant enthusiasm of faction; and the malignant alarms of the corrupt world, it is obvious, be forward to brand every moderate sentiment, and every mediatorial

effort, as symptoms of collusion with the violent, and of treachery to the cause of public order. It scarcely required the incentive and the sanction of a solemn public measure from the Government, to let loose so many corrupt interests and malignant passions on the natural object of their enmity. But such a sanction and incentive might certainly add something to the activity of these interests, and to the virulence of these passions; such a sanction and incentive you therefore gave in your Proclamation. To brand mediation as treachery, and neutrality as disguised hostility; to provoke the violent into new indiscretions, and to make those indiscretions the means of aggravating the Toryism of the timid, by awakening their alarms; to bury under one black and indiscriminate obloquy of licentiousness the memory of every principle of freedom; to rally round the banners of religious persecution, and of political corruption, every man in the kingdom who dreads anarchy, and who deprecates confusion; to establish on the broadest foundation oppression and servility for the present; and to heap up in store all the causes of anarchy and civil commotion for future times; such is the malignant policy — such are the mischievous tendencies — such are the experienced effects of that Proclamation. It is sufficient that, *for the present*, it converts the kingdom into a camp of Janissaries, enlisted by their alarms to defend your power. It is, indeed, well adapted to produce other remoter and collateral effects, which the far-sighted politics of the addressers have not discerned. It is certainly well calculated to blow into a flame that spark of Republicanism which moderation must have extinguished, but which may, in future *conceivable circumstances*, produce effects, at the suggestion of which good men will shudder, and on which wise men will rather meditate than descant. It is certain that, in this view, your Proclamation is as effectual in irritating some men into Republicanism, as Mr. Paine's pamphlets have been in frightening others into Toryism."

Nor was this production altogether defensive; the war was now and then carried into the enemy's quarters. The following portrait must have been joyfully recognised by all who suffered under the iron rule of those days;—its rough and dark strokes of colouring of course

must not be viewed apart from a consideration of the time and place when it was first meant to be exhibited. As a literary sketch, lapse of time has made it now only curious.

"The success of such a policy would certainly demand, in the statesman who adopted it, an union of talents and dispositions, which are not often combined. Cold, stern, crafty, and ambiguous, he must be without those entanglements of friendship, and those restraints of feeling, by which tender natures are held back from desperate enterprises. No ingenuousness must betray a glimpse of his designs; no compunction must suspend the stroke of his ambition. He must never be seduced into any honest profession of *precise* public principle, which might afterwards arise against him as the record of his apostasy; he must be prepared for acting every inconsistency, by perpetually veiling his political professions in the *no-meaning* of lofty generalities. The absence of gracious and popular manners, which can find no place in such a character, will be well compensated by the austere and ostentatious virtues of insensibility. He must possess the parade without the restraints of morals; he must unite the most profound dissimulation with all the ardour of enterprise; he must be prepared, by one part of his character, for the violence of a multitude, and by another, for the duplicity of a court. If such a man arose at any critical moment in the fortune of a state; if he were unfettered by any great political connexion; if his interest were not linked to the stability of public order by any ample property; if he could carry with him to any enterprise no little authority and splendour of character; he, indeed, would be an object of more rational dread than a thousand republican pamphleteers."

The execution of this work answered every expectation which was formed by one of the most eminent amongst those whose names were enrolled amongst the "Friends of the People." "I do not mean," says the individual alluded to, when acknowledging the receipt of the pamphlet, "to select one part, as better than another; but the reasoning on the probable consequences, either of the failure or success of the French revolution, struck

me particularly. I think it admirably made out; and it had not, at least as far as I can recollect, been urged in any of the discussions that have taken place on this subject before. But the whole is powerful and convincing; and I am very sanguine as to the effect it will produce."

An equally favourable opinion was pronounced by another competent judge, a fellow-labourer in the same cause.

"DEAR SIR,—On Saturday I received a parcel, including the retort courteous, and your own excellent pamphlet. I have read it twice with rapture and admiration, and I certainly shall not fail to recommend it earnestly. There is some little additional matter in my Appendix to the second edition of the Sequel; and one would suppose that you and I had been comparing notes, from the marked coincidence of our opinions. But as a moderate man, and as a clerical man, I have not assumed that tone of ardent indignation, that brilliancy of imagery, and that dreadful severity of expostulation, which charm me in every page and every sentence of your book. There is not one single thought to which I object; though I confess to you, that in four or five passages I should have taken the liberty of suggesting a slight, and only a slight, alteration of the words. But there is a grandeur, a masculine nervousness in the whole, which I believe will not permit the greater part of your readers to see the little inaccuracies which I discerned. * * *

I entreat you, my dear friend, to get into no scrapes abroad.

"Give my best compliments to your lady.

"Believe me, with unfeigned respect, and unalterable regard,

"Your obedient, faithful servant and friend,

"July 8th. 1709. S. PARR."

The caution which concludes this extract, is in allusion to a journey into France, which Mr. Mackintosh shortly after undertook. Coming from one who knew him well, it testifies strongly to that frank thoughtlessness which formed a feature of his character.

About this time affairs in that country had reached the point, at which all, even the most sanguine, must have given up at least any immediate expectation of its political regeneration, as well as sympathy with the actors on the stage; at all events, if any traces of either remained, the massacres of September were at hand to dispel them,—to merge all other feelings into one of poignant regret, that so bright a day-dream of liberty had been so darkly overcast. The state of his own country, indeed, during the few years which immediately followed, was not one of such tranquillity, but that a person of so excitable temperament as Mr. Mackintosh, and one who, like him, was regarded as one of the avowed representatives of a large mass of opinion, must have found sufficient food for anxiety in its situation and prospects. Happily for himself, however, though he never flinched from any consequences of the early expression of his unqualified political sentiments, the course of circumstances tended now to withdraw him from such considerations to the humbler contemplation of his own prospects in life. He had, ere this, applied himself, in good earnest, to those preliminary studies, which an engagement in the profession of the law pre-supposes, and had observed the usual routine of legal instruction. Dry and irksome as must have been, in a more than common degree, the minute and technical details of practice and pleading, to one who had already indulged in a somewhat extensive field of reasoning, his good sense led him to appreciate the necessity and advantage of laying a broad and sure foundation for future eminence

in a familiarity with such knowledge. If many have carried away from their instructor's chambers a more familiar insight into the nicer subtleties of the science of special pleading—a science, the beauty of which he was always prepared to admit—he never undervalued their success. That firm resolution—the master-key to whatever entrance into the Temple of Fame—was not in him at any time sufficiently strong to counterbalance the effects of a taste so decided for literature and society, which, with all the pleasures and advantages which are in its train, could not but have at times allured him from the difficult upward path of his arduous profession. Lord Coke must still have been contented with a divided empire over his thoughts. One department, however, of the usual training of a lawyer fell in altogether with his tastes and habits; this was, the attendance at one or other of those Debating Societies, which are considered as almost necessary schools for the more mechanical parts of the art of public speaking. In one of these, then of great repute, and confined to barristers and members of parliament, into which he was, as soon as he was qualified, introduced, he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Scarlett (now Lord Abinger), and some others, equally distinguished in after life; amongst whom were the late Mr. Perceval and the late Lord Tenterden. On the whole, the three years which intervened before he was called to the bar, were marked, not only by an increasing gravity and dignity of general character, but also by a consistent devotedness to his professional claims, and by a very respectable degree of industry. In the summer of 1795, one of his friends, writing to another, mentions that "Mackintosh is gone to Ramsgate, to pursue, in retirement, his legal studies. He is to be called to the bar in November. I hope you equal him in his ardour for professional distinction."

In Michaelmas Term, 1795, accordingly, he was called to the Bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and attached himself to the home circuit. He at the same time removed from a house in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, which had been his residence for some time, to what he calls, in a note of invitation to the late Mr. Canning, "his black-letter neighbourhood," and took a house in Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn. He had now fairly entered upon that path which, when traced by the patient steps of genius and industry, so often leads to wealth and distinction, and evidently enjoyed the satisfaction, which accrues from having constantly in view a honourable and valuable object of occupation and pursuit.

Under the somewhat troubled stream, on which his bark had hitherto floated, there had always been an under current of clear, tranquil enjoyment, which he derived, as under all the circumstances of life he continued to do, from study and literature. The subjects, on which we find his thoughts and his pen employed, were sufficiently various. About this time we find in "the Monthly Review," then the principal repository of the periodical essays of the day, articles from his pen, among others, on "Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works," the late Mr. Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de Medicis," and Mr. Burke's "Letter to the Duke of Bedford," and also on his "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*." This last†, which appeared in the numbers for November and December, 1796, excited much attention; and Mr. Burke soon suspected, and with reason, that the author was no

* Monthly Review, Vols. xix. xx. xxi.

† "This publication is the best exposition and defence of Mr. Burke's system on the war with France. The critique on them in the Monthly Review for November and December 1796, attributed to Sir James Mackintosh (aut Erasmi aut Diaboli), is the ablest exposition of the opposite system of Mr. Fox."—*Reminiscences of Charles Butler*, i. 172.

other than his old opponent, upon the former fervour of whose opinions the succession of terrible events in France, which had intervened since their last literary encounter, had not been lost; although he still found his favourite doctrine, "that there was something in the character of the French government inherently dangerous to the peace of all other nations," powerfully impugned, but with the same polite air of personal courtesy and respect. Mr. Burke's very flattering expressions, in which he did justice to the honest candour, as well as the acknowledged powers of mind of his reviewer, were not concealed from the object of them; and the communication led to a correspondence, and what the short remaining period of that great man's life only allows, unfortunately, to be called an acquaintance.

In one of these letters Mr. Mackintosh, addressing him, observes,—"From the earliest moment of reflection your writings were my chief study and delight. The instruction which they contained is endeared to me by being entwined and interwoven with the freshest and liveliest feelings of youth. The enthusiasm with which I once embraced it is now ripened into solid conviction by the experience and meditation of more mature age. For a time, indeed, seduced by the love of what I thought liberty, I ventured to oppose, without ever ceasing to venerate, that writer who had nourished my understanding with the most wholesome principles of political wisdom. I speak to state facts, not to flatter: you are above flattery; and, permit me to say, I am too proud to flatter even you.

"Since that time a melancholy experience has undeceived me on many subjects in which I was then the dupe of my own enthusiasm. I cannot say (and you would despise me if I dissembled) that I can even now assent

to all your opinions on the present politics of Europe. But I can with truth affirm that I subscribe to your general principles, and am prepared to shed my blood in defence of the laws and constitution of my country. Even this much, Sir, I should not have said to you, if you had been possessed of power."

To which the following reply was made by the hand of another, the disease, under which Mr. Burke was so soon to sink, already incapacitating him for all such exertion:

Beaconsfield, Dec. 23, 1796.

SIR,—The very obliging letter with which you have honoured me, is well calculated to stir up those remains of vanity that I had hoped had been nearly extinguished in a frame approaching to the dissolution of every thing that can feed that passion. But, in truth, it afforded me a more solid and a more sensible consolation. The view of a vigorous mind subduing by its own constitutional force the maladies, which that very force of constitution had produced, is in itself a spectacle very pleasing and very instructive. It is not proper to say anything more about myself, who *have been*, but rather to turn to you who *are*, and who probably will be, and from whom the world is yet to expect a great deal of instruction and a great deal of service. You have begun your opposition by obtaining a great victory over yourself; and it shows how much your own sagacity, operating on your own experience, is capable of adding to your own extraordinary natural talents, and to your early erudition. It was the show of virtue, and the semblance of public happiness, that could alone mislead a mind like yours; and it is a better knowledge of their substance, which alone has put you again in the way that leads the most securely and most certainly to your end. As it is on all hands allowed that

you were the most able advocate of the cause which you supported, your sacrifice to truth and mature reflection adds much to your glory. For my own part (if that were anything) I am infinitely more pleased to find that you agrée with me in several capital points, than surprised to find that I have the misfortune to differ with you on some. When I myself differ with persons I so much respect, of all names and parties, it is but just (indeed it costs me nothing to do it) that I should bear in others that disagreement in sentiment and opinions, which at any rate is so natural, and which, perhaps, arises from a better view of things.

"Though I see very few persons, and have, since my misfortune *, studiously declined all new acquaintances, and never dine out of my own family, nor live at all in any of my usual societies, not even in those with which I was most closely connected, I shall certainly be as happy, as I shall feel myself honoured by a visit from a distinguished person like you, whom I shall consider as an exception to my rule. I have no habitation in London, nor ever go to that place but with great reluctance, and without suffering a great deal. Nothing but necessity calls me thither; but though I hardly dare to ask you to come so far, whenever it may suit you to visit this abode of sickness and infirmity, I shall be glad to see you. I don't know whether my friend, Dr. Lawrence †, and you

* The loss of his son.

† "I forgot to speak to you about Mackintosh's supposed conversion. I suspect, by his letter, that it does not extend beyond the interior politics of this island; but that with regard to France and many other countries he remains as frank a Jacobin as ever. This conversion is none at all; but we must nurse up these nothings, and think these negative advantages as we can have them; such as he is, I shall not be displeased if you bring him down; bad as he may be, he has not yet declared war, along with his poor friend Wilde, against the Pope."—*Burke to Dr. Lawrence.*

have the happiness of being acquainted with each other; if not, I could wish it to be brought about. You might come together, and this might secure to you some entertainment; as my infirmity, that leaves me but a few easy hours in my best days, will not afford me the means of giving you any of those attentions that are your due.

"I have the honour to be,
"With great respect and regard,
"Your most obedient,
"And very much obliged humble servant,
"EDMUND BURKE."

The visit to Beaconsfield, which immediately followed, was, probably on account of the infirm state of Mr. Burke's health, confined to a few days; but they were days which his visiter often recalled to memory as amongst the most interesting of his life. General respect for Mr. Burke's character and talents he had always felt and expressed; these were now merged into something of a feeling of affection towards the man. There unfortunately remains no memorial of this meeting, offered by the Hannibal of political wisdom to his youthful competitor after their warfare. Thoughts worthy of record must have been struck out by the collision of such minds, so differently circumstanced. The younger, who had the world all before him, disappointed in his lofty expectations, still with the buoyancy of spirit natural to youth clinging to hope, though with less confidence than heretofore—the elder going down to his place of rest, the darkness all round the horizon only confirming his foreboding—whilst a generous confidence in enlarged principles, and an ardent desire for the future happiness of the race, were common to both.

A few shreds of Mr. Burke's conversation have been,

however, preserved. The following is an extract from the diary of a lover of literature *.

["June 13th, 1799. Had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Mackintosh, turning principally on Burke and Fox. Of Burke he spoke with rapture, declaring that he was, in his estimation, without any parallel, in any age or country, except, perhaps, Lord Bacon and Cicero; that his works contained an ampler store of political and moral wisdom than could be found in any other writer whatever;' and that he was only not esteemed the most severe and sagacious of reasoners, because he was the most eloquent of men, the perpetual force and vigour of his arguments being hid from vulgar observation by the dazzling glories in which they were enshrined. In taste alone he thought him deficient; but to have possessed that quality in addition to his other, would have been too much for man.—Passed the last Christmas [of Mr. Burke's Life] with Burke at Beaconsfield, and described, in glowing terms, the astonishing effusions of his mind in conversation: perfectly free from all taint of affectation; would enter, with cordial glee, into the sports of children, rolling about with them on the carpet, and pouring out, in his gambols, the sublimest images, mingled with the most wretched puns.—Anticipated his approaching dissolution with due solemnity but perfect composure;—minutely and accurately informed, to a wonderful exactness, with respect to every fact relative to the French Revolution. Burke said of Fox, with a deep sigh, 'He is made to be loved.' Fox said of Burke, that Mackintosh would have praised him too highly, had that been possible, but that it was not in the power of man to do justice to his various and tran-

* Now generally known to be the late Thos. Green, Esq., of Ipswich.

scendent merits;—declared he would set his hand to every part of the 'Preliminary Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' except the account of Liberty, a subject which he considered as purely practical, and incapable of strict definition.

"Of Gibbon, Mackintosh neatly remarked, that he might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it.—Spoke highly of Johnson's prompt and vigorous powers in conversation; and, on this ground, of Boswell's 'Life' of him. Burke, he said, agreed with him, and affirmed that this work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame, than all his writings put together.—Condemned democracy as the most monstrous of all governments, because it is impossible at once to act and to controul, and, consequently, the sovereign power, in such a constitution, must be left without any check whatever;—regarded that form of government as best, which placed the efficient sovereignty in the hands of the natural aristocracy of a country, subjecting them, in its exercise, to the controul of the people at large.—Descanted largely in praise of our plan of representation, by which, uncouth and anomalous as it may in many instances appear, and indeed, on that very account, such various and diversified interests became proxied in the House of Commons*. Our democracy, he acutely remarked, was powerful, but concealed, to prevent popular violence; our monarchy, prominent and ostensible, to provoke perpetual jealousy. Extolled, in warm terms—which he thought, as a foreigner (a Scotchman), he might do without the imputation of partiality, for he did not mean to include his own countrymen in the praise—the charac-

* This, it is scarcely necessary to remark, was then the orthodox opinion of almost *all* parties in Parliament.

teristic *bon naturel*—the good temper and sound sense of the English people; qualities, in which he deliberately thought us without a rival in any other nation on the globe.—Strongly defended Burke's paradoxical position, that vice loses its malignancy with its grossness*, on the principle, that all disguise is a limitation upon vice.—Stated, with much earnestness, that the grand object of his political labours should be, first and above all, to extinguish a false, wretched, and fanatical philosophy, which, if we did not destroy, would assuredly destroy us, and then to revive and rekindle that ancient genuine spirit of British liberty, which an alarm, partly just, and partly abused, had smothered for the present; but which, combined with a providential succession of fortunate occurrences, had rendered us, in better times, incomparably the freest, wisest, and happiest nation under heaven."]

[" Talking of the anti-moral paradoxes of certain philosophers of the new school, he (Burke) observed, with indignation, ' They deserve no refutation but those of the common hangman, ' *carnifice potius quam argumentis egent.*' Their arguments are, at best, miserable logomachies, base prostitutions of the gifts of reason and discourse, which God gave to man for the purpose of exalting, not brutalising, his species. The wretches have not the doubtful merit of sincerity; for, if they really believed what they published, we should know how to work with them, by treating them as lunatics. No, sir, these opinions are put forth in the shape of books, for the sordid purpose of deriving a paltry gain from the natural fondness of mankind for pernicious novelties. As to the opinions themselves, they are those of pure

* Quoted rather too broadly, " under which (sensibility of principle) vice itself lost *half* its evil, by losing *all* its grossness."

defecated Atheism. Their object is to corrupt all that is good in man,—to eradicate his immortal soul—to dethrone God from the universe. They are the brood of that putrid carcass, that mother of all evil, the French Revolution. I never think of that plague-spot in the history of mankind, without shuddering. It is an evil spirit that is always before me. There is not a mischief, by which the moral world can be afflicted, that it has not let loose upon it. It reminds me of the accursed things that crawled in and out of the mouth of the vile hag in Spenser's Cave of Error. Here he repeated that sublime but nauseous stanza. You, Mr. Mackintosh, are in vigorous manhood; your intellect is in its freshest prime, and you are a powerful writer; you shall be the faithful knight of the romance; the brightness of your sword will flash destruction on the filthy progeny.'

"The conversation turning upon the late Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. B. continued: 'You, Mr. Mackintosh, knew my departed son well. He was, in all respects, a finished man, a scholar, a philosopher, a gentleman, and, with a little practice, he would have become a consummate statesman: All the graces of the heart, all the endowments of the mind, were his in perfection. But human sorrowing is too limited, too hedged in by the interruptions of society, and the calls of life, for the greatness of such a loss. I could almost exclaim with Cornelia, when she bewailed Pompey, (you know that fine passage in Lucan) 'Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore*.'"]

The shadows of sickness were meanwhile falling on Mr. Mackintosh's own home; and, soon after his return from Beaconsfield, his affections were tried by the severest domestic calamity that could befal them. While

* Clubs of London, vol. ii. 271.

slowly recovering from the birth of a child, Mrs. Mackintosh was attacked by a fever, to which she soon fell a victim, leaving three daughters*. The amount of his loss, and his immediate feelings upon it, will be best seen from the following extract from a letter to Dr. Parr, written while the infliction was still recent, dated Brighton, April, 1797.

"I use the first moment of composure to return my thanks to you for having thought of me in my affliction. It was impossible for you to know the bitterness of that affliction, for I myself scarcely knew the greatness of my calamity till it had fallen upon me; nor did I know the acuteness of my own feelings till they had been subjected to this trial. Alas! it is only now that I feel the value of what I have lost. In this state of deep, but quiet melancholy, which has succeeded to the first violent agitations of my sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look

* Mrs. Mackintosh died April 8. The following inscription appears on her monument in the Church of St. Clement Danes. It was from the classical pen of Dr. Parr.

CATHARINÆ · MACKINTOSH,
FŒMINÆ · PUDICÆ · FRUGI · PIÆ,
MATRIFAMILIAS
VIRI · TRIUMQUE · FILIARUM,
QUOS · SUPERSTITES · SUI · RELIQUIT
AMANTISSIMÆ
VIXIT · ANN · XXXII · MENS XI · DIES · XXI.
DECESSIT · SEXTO · ID · APRIL · ANNO · SACRO,
M.DCC.XCVII.
JACOBUS MACKINTOSH,
H. M. CON. B. M. P.
SPERANS · HAUD · LONGINQUUM
INTER · SE · ET · CATHARINAM · SUAM
DIGRESSUM · FORE
SIQUIDEM · VITAM · NOBIS · COMMORANDI · DIVERSORIUM
NON · HABITANDI
DEUS · IMMORTALIS · DEDIT.

back with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife, and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me in justice to her memory to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings, or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recal those moments), she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other,—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour,—I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes)

at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

"This is, my dear sir, a calamity which the prosperities of the world cannot repair. To expect that anything on this side the grave can make it up, would be vain and delusive expectation. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being, under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground.

"The philosophy which I have learnt only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a Benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity. I shall not offend your rational piety by saying that modes and

opinions appear to me matters of secondary importance, but I can sincerely declare, that Christianity, in its genuine purity and spirit, appears to me the most amiable and venerable of all the forms in which the homage of man has ever been offered to the Author of his being."

CHAPTER III.

LECTURES ON THE LAW OF NATURE AND NATIONS — PUBLICATION OF AN INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE—CRITICISMS OF MR. PITT—LORD LOUGHBOROUGH —DR. PARR—LETTER TO MR. MOORE—EXTRACTS—LETTERS TO MR. MOORE —MR. ROBERT HALL—MR. SHARP.

THE science of public or international law,—a study so congenial to the generalising and philosophical turn of Mr. Mackintosh's thoughts,—was a department of jurisprudence, which had long peculiarly attracted his attention. His mind, in all its investigations, loved to rise to general principles. Circumscribed as it ordinarily was by the studies and profession of an individual system of municipal law, with all its necessary technicalities, it the more eagerly sought to relieve itself by making excursions on every side, especially for the purpose of examining those principles which lie at the foundation of all duty, and are equally applicable to all its forms. Though the study of natural law and its deductions forms a part of the continental system of education, and even of that of Scotland, still, no assistance could be received from that course of study which is pointed out to the student of English law. This seemed to him to be a defect, and he believed that he should be conferring a benefit on the liberal profession to which he belonged, could he enable such as devoted themselves to it to extend their views of jurisprudence, and its objects (especially of its origin and foundation, and its application to the interests and differences of independent states) to a wider range than is generally taken by the mere

English student. These considerations led him to form the plan of his "Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations."

To the difficulties attending such a novel attempt were added others of a personal, or temporary kind. In England lawyers have been reproached with an inveterate jealousy of any semblance of innovation; never, perhaps, more justly than at that period. Some were alarmed at the idea of lectures on the principles of law (necessarily involving, in a certain degree, the principles of politics) being delivered by the author of some of the sentiments of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." To quiet this alarm, which would have been fatal to his views, and to indicate precisely his plan, and the manner in which it was his intention to treat it, he published an "Introductory Discourse," which met with instant and brilliant success. It was read and applauded by men of all parties. Lord Loughborough, then Lord Chancellor, spoke loudly in its praise*. The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn, after a little demur on the part of one or two of the more elderly, which the Chancellor's opinion assisted in overturning, conceded the use of their Hall for the delivery of the Lectures, and gave by this liberal permission all the moral sanction which their influence could bestow. This opening lecture exhibits the general scope of the undertaking, and unfolds with great clearness the feelings under which it was commenced.

"I have always been unwilling to waste in unprofitable inactivity that leisure which the first years of my profession usually allow, and which diligent men, even with moderate talents, might often employ in a manner neither discreditable to themselves,

* Mr. Canning, aware of the political prejudices which were entertained in the ministerial circles with which he was connected, exerted his influence with the utmost zeal and success to remove those unfavourable apprehensions.

nor wholly useless to others. Being thus desirous that my own leisure should not be consumed in sloth, I anxiously looked about for some way of filling it up, which might enable me, according to the measure of my humble abilities, to contribute somewhat to general usefulness. It appeared to me that a Course of Lectures on a science closely connected with all liberal professional studies, and which had long been the subject of my own reading and reflection, might not only prove a most useful introduction to the law of England, but might also become an interesting part of general studies."

After an eloquent vindication of the term "Law of Nature," and a review of the works of the different masters of the science exhibiting its progress, in which there appears a character of Grotius, worthy his genius and virtue *, the vast subject is marked out into six great divisions.

* ["So great is the uncertainty of posthumous reputation, and so liable is the fame, even of the greatest men, to be obscured by those new fashions of thinking and writing, which succeed each other so rapidly among polished nations, that Grotius, who filled so large a space in the eyes of his contemporaries, is now, perhaps, known to some of my readers only by name. Yet, if we fairly estimate both his endowments and his virtues, we may justly consider him as one of the most memorable men who have done honour to modern times. He combined the discharge of the most important duties of active and public life with the attainment of that exact and various learning which is generally the portion only of the recluse student. He was distinguished as an advocate and a magistrate, and he composed the most valuable works on the law of his own country; he was almost equally celebrated as a historian, a scholar, a poet, and a divine; a disinterested statesman, a philosophical lawyer, a patriot who united moderation with firmness, and a theologian who was taught candour by his learning. Unmerited exile did not damp his patriotism; the bitterness of controversy did not extinguish his charity. The sagacity of his numerous and fierce adversaries could not discover a blot on his character; and in the midst of all the hard trials and galling provocations of a turbulent political life, he never once deserted his friends, when they were unfortunate, nor insulted his enemies when they were weak. In times of the most furious civil and

1. An analysis of the nature and operations of the human mind, as the medium through which all knowledge passes, naturally precedes every thing. After dismissing the selfish system, the distinction is drawn which allots its proper place to utility as a test of, and not a motive to, virtuous actions, and the fundamental principles of morality are defended against "the brood of abominable and pestilential paradoxes," which were then assailing them.

2. The relative duties of private life follow, arising almost all from the two great institutions of property and marriage*, in which an endeavour is made "to strengthen some parts of the fortifications of morality which have hitherto been neglected, only because no man had ever been hardy enough to attack them."

3. He proposed next to consider men under the relations of subject and sovereign, citizen and magistrate, the foundation of political liberty and political rights; he placed the duties that arise therefrom, "not upon supposed compacts, which are altogether chimerical," but upon the solid basis of general convenience. Here, in the consideration of government in the abstract, occurs that definition of liberty, in which he makes it a security against wrong; a definition in which he had the misfortune to differ both from Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, who thought it a matter purely practical, and incapable of

religious faction he preserved his name unspotted, and he knew how to reconcile fidelity to his own party with moderation towards his opponents."]

* Lord Kenyon, in a charge about this time to a jury, in an action for a breach of promise of marriage, observed, that "all moralists had stated the great importance and peculiar sacredness of that subject, from the earliest writers down to a gentleman who was from day to day informing the world by lectures, which he had heard were most admirable, and whose prospectus he had read with infinite pleasure."

definition. Liberty is, therefore, the subject of all governments, "Men are more free under every government, even the most imperfect, than they would be if it were possible for them to exist without any government at all. They are more secure from wrong, more undisturbed in the exercise of their natural powers, and therefore more free, even in the most obvious and grossest sense of the word, than if they were altogether unprotected against injury from eaah other." This, the political part of his subject, he concluded with a view of the English constitution.

The municipal law, civil and criminal, forms the 4th division, which he proposed to exemplify by the progress of the two greatest codes that ever had been formed—those of Rome and England. The whole system of natural jurisprudence having been gone through, there remains,

5. The law of nations, strictly and properly so called, or the science which regulates the application of the dictates and sanctions of individual morality to the great commonwealth of nations, and in which the great laws of nature being reflected, govern the moral equally with the physical world.

6. As, from the complicated intercourse between nations in late times, the perfect and natural obligations have been much modified, where not superseded by positive treaties, "a survey of the diplomatic and conventional law of Europe, containing the principal stipulations of those treaties, and the means of giving effect to rights arising out of them, forming the really practical part of the law of nations, concludes the whole.

"Though the course, of which I have now sketched the outline," he concludes, "may seem to comprehend a great variety of miscellaneous subjects, yet they are all, in reality, closely and

inseparably interwoven. The duties of men, of subjects, of princes, of lawgivers, of magistrates, and of states, are all of them parts of one consistent system of universal morality. Between the most abstract and elementary maxim of moral philosophy, and the most complicated controversies of civil or public law, there subsists a connection, which it will be the main object of these lectures to trace. The principle of justice, deeply rooted in the nature and interest of man, pervades the whole system, and is discoverable in every part of it, even to its minutest ramification in a legal formality, or in the construction of an article in a treaty.

"I know not whether a philosopher ought to confess, that in his inquiries after truth, he is biassed by any consideration, even by the love of virtue; but I, who conceive that a real philosopher ought to regard truth itself, chiefly on account of its subserviency to the happiness of mankind, am not ashamed to confess, that I shall feel a great consolation at the conclusion of these lectures, if, by a wide survey and an exact examination of the conditions and relations of human nature, I shall have confirmed but one individual in the conviction that justice is the permanent interest of all men, and of all commonwealths. To discover one new link of that eternal chain, by which the Author of the universe has bound together the happiness and the duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened their interests to each other, would fill my heart with more pleasure than all the fame with which the most ingenious paradox ever crowned the most ingenious sophist."

No sooner did the pamphlet issue from the press, than commendations of the undertaking poured in upon him from every quarter. Mr. Pitt's opinion was highly flattering: [January 3rd, 1799.] "I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of assuring you, that the plan that you have marked out appears to me to promise more useful instruction and just reasoning on the principles of government, than I have ever met with in any treatise on that subject. The manner in which that preliminary part is executed, leaves me no doubt that the whole work

will prove an equally valuable acquisition in literature and politics."

"A lecture in the spirit of that discourse," writes Lord Loughborough, "would at all times be of great utility, and of much ornament to the profession of the law. In times like the present, it is capable of rendering great service to the cause of religion, morality, and civil policy."

A copy of the discourse had probably been sent to Dr. Parr, whose reply, at once amusing and characteristic, shows the degree of familiarity which had sprung out of common tastes and pursuits.

"DEAR JEMMY.—On Thursday morning a learned and sensible man called upon me, and, with raptures, I put the pamphlet into his hand. * * Now comes a secret. A most abominable imputation of Jacobinism lately induced me to prepare for the press a most animated letter. I defy you, and I defy Burke and Johnson, with all the advantages they have gained in another life, to go beyond one passage which I have written; and before I write so well again, the darkness of death will overshadow me. Oh, Jemmy! how would you puff over your two hands, and pull down your waistcoat, and forget all the meanness and all the malignity of rivalry, and say, as I myself say, of what I myself have written in this one passage—that it seldom has been equalled, and never has been surpassed. Mackintosh, if there is upon earth a man who is anxious for your fame, I am that man—not exclusively, but equal with all other men, and even myself. Oh, Scotchman! can I do more than this? Jemmy, I will look at my old musty folios in the library; I will look out the passage in Aristotle, and will do any thing you wish, you dog. I have something to tell you about the simplification of principles, or rather the simpleton-

jargon about R-r-r-eason, and let us do the business well. I don't mean us, but you; and, you dog, nobody can do it better; nobody, I say—not Hume, not Adam Smith, not Burke, not Dugald Stuart; and the only exception I can think of is Lord Bacon. Yet, you dog, I hate you, for you want decision. * * Oh, Jemmy! feel your own powers; assert your dignity: out upon vanity, and cherish pride. * * I shall return to eat a good dinner, with good company; and, you dog, I wish you were here to quaff my good port, and scent my good tobacco.

"Farewell!

"S. PARR.

"What do you mean by talking about petty critics? Jemmy, don't affect this nonsense.

"The favourite passages of one, certainly not a petty critic, were, 'the Critiques on Grotius and Montesquieu,' and the whole of the third division, on the relation of citizen and magistrate. The last is a very masterly piece of exposition."

But, to pass from individual opinion, the almost universal estimate of the merit of this "Discourse," and of the powers of mind which displayed themselves, would appear amply to justify the vivid illustration of Campbell. "If Mackintosh had published nothing else than his 'Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' he would have left a perfect monument of his intellectual strength and symmetry; and even supposing that that essay had been recovered, only imperfect and mutilated; if but a score of its consecutive sentences could be shown, they would bear a testimony to his genius, as decided as the bust of Theseus bears to Grecian art among the Elgin marbles."

This course, which began in February, and continued

till June 24th, 1799, occupied thirty-nine lectures, and was repeated, with some variations, the following year, part of the intervening autumn being spent at Cambridge, for the purpose of consulting, in the course of further researches, some works in the noble libraries of that place.

The novelty of the undertaking, the acknowledged abilities of the author, and his early fame, acquired by the powerful support of opinions, which it was known that the course of public events had induced him to modify, threw an interest over the execution of the design, that daily filled the hall of Lincoln's Inn with an auditory such as never before was seen on a similar occasion. All classes were there represented — lawyers, members of Parliament, men of letters, and country gentlemen, crowded to hear him.

On looking abroad over the Continent, the moment seemed to be well-timed for a public appeal in behalf of laws which regulate the rights and intercourse of nations, in the only country where the voice of reason could be heard amid the storm of conquest, which, after the hollow peace of Campo Formio, was again too successfully to be directed against all recognised rights by him, who was fitly qualifying himself as a successor to the "iron crown." The practical nature of much of the knowledge conveyed, and the mode in which the stores of the great continental jurists were made available for more superficial politicians to apply to the present posture of the country, accounted for the presence of many who were able, in different spheres of public exertion, to carry into practice the dictates of justice and freedom, which they there heard so eloquently explained, and ardently enforced; while all seemed to recognise, as the lecturer was tracing out through their mighty maze the minutest paths of

public and private duty, the affectionate earnestness of a domestic instructor *.

His own account of the composition of his audience, and of some of the difficulties which he experienced in the execution of his plan, is contained in a letter to his friend, G. Moore, Esq. of Moore Hall, in the County Mayo, Ireland, April 25th, 1799. The following is an extract. "When I confess that indolence has been the cause of my late silence, it is not because I want other pretexts: my lectures might serve me well for that purpose. I trusted more than I ought to have done to my general habits of reflection on the subject. When I came to the execution of my plan, I found it more toilsome than I imagined. I have, however, on the whole, been more successful than I had any right to expect. The number of my pupils amounted to about one hundred and fifty, among whom are six peers, a dozen members of the House of Commons, not one of either sort from my own friends in opposition, except Lord Holland and Brogden. I own this piqued me not a little; but I owe duties to my own character, which their ingratitude shall not provoke me to violate. The other party have shown great patronage of the undertaking. Grant, Lord Minto, S. Douglas, Canning, &c. have attended most of them regularly. I was obliged to suspend the lectures by the assizes and quarter sessions: before that interruption, I had gone through, in six lectures, the general philosophy of human nature and morality. On Monday, the 8th April, I resumed the lectures on the

* One day, when hurrying to the Hall, he was detained by rendering assistance to a man who had fallen down in a fit in the street. Upon arriving in the room, he found that the audience had been kept waiting some time for him. He apologised to them, and mentioned the cause of his delay, adding, "After all, gentlemen, practice is better than precept."

great questions of property and marriage. On both these subjects I really find very scanty assistance in the works of the best writers. As to publication, that is a matter which, if it ever takes place, must wait a long time; several years will be necessary to digest and improve the work; and before it can be finished, perhaps even this last asylum of civilisation (for it would be trifling now to speak of liberty) will be invaded by the spoilers of the world. The report of the day is, that Jourdan has again been beaten by his old conqueror, the arch-duke. God grant that it may be so. But you know that I am a very desponding politician*."

It would be vain, in the narrow limits assigned to these pages, to attempt to give any idea of the minuter divisions of the extensive subjects which he treated, or

* ["June 20, 1800.—Had a long conference with Mr. Mackintosh. He maintains pretty nearly the same political sentiments as when I last saw him (June 13th, 1799), except that he spoke more despondingly of the revival of the spirit of freedom in this country. Of ——— he observed, with all his wisdom he was foolish enough to be factious, and from an aversion to the present administration (in common with himself) as enemies to freedom, to lend his countenance and support to a party who were prepared to introduce a domination ten times more formidable. Expressed a vehement disgust at the intolerance of these bigots for pretended liberality. Exhibited, in a very striking point of view, the difficulty of the return of order, combined with liberty, in France, in consequence of the enormous confiscations which had taken place there, and which he computed at not much less than nine-tenths of the whole landed property of the country; and remarked on this subject, that a similar proceeding was felt to this very hour, in producing a fund of discontent and disaffection in Ireland:—mentioned that, upon asking Fox's opinion of what he had observed, of the necessary complexity of all free governments, from the various elements out of which they must arise, and the various interests with which they must be charged, Fox said that nothing certainly could be more true, nor any thing more foolish than the doctrines of the advocates for simpler forms of government."—*Diary of a Lover of Literature.*

the wide range of knowledge and talent by which it was illustrated. But it may on various accounts, be proper to give that part of his first lecture, in which his views are explained. It will be seen from it, that his immediate object was indeed different from that of the Vindiciæ Gallicæ, and his other early works, but that his principles were the same, and his love of practicable liberty and free inquiry unchanged. In the first he rose up to defend freedom against the attacks of high aristocratic and despotic principles; he now came forward to defend the very foundations of society against the fury of a wild enthusiasm, which usurped the name of reason. His aim was to draw, from the armoury of Philosophy herself, weapons, wherewith to repel a phantom that had assumed her name. In executing these intentions, the ardour of extempore composition may at times have hurried him beyond the line which he had laid down to himself, and given to individuals, whom he respected, some cause to complain. But a certain unmeasured wildness, which had infested the moral reasonings of the period, naturally led to a corresponding excess in the combatant who attacked them*. That such had

* [In these lectures he showed greater confidence, was more at home. The effect was more electrical and instantaneous, and this elicited a prouder display of intellectual riches, and a more animated and imposing mode of delivery. He grew wanton with success. Dazzling others with the brilliancy of his acquirements, dazzled himself by the admiration they excited, he lost fear as well as prudence—dared every thing—carried every thing before him. The modern philosophy, counterscarp, outworks, citadel, and all, fell without a blow, by "the whiff and wind of his fell *doctrine*," as if it had been a pack of cards. The volcano of the French Revolution was seen expiring in its own flames, like a bonfire made of straw. The principles of reform were scattered in all directions, like chaff before the keen northern blast. He laid about him like one inspired—nothing could withstand his envenomed tooth. Like

been the case in one instance—in his Observations on the Principles of the author of the celebrated Political Justice—he himself, as will be seen, with the candour that so pre-eminently distinguished him, afterwards acknowledged.

"In laying open this plan, I am aware that men of finished judgment and experience will feel an unwillingness, not altogether unmingled with disgust, at being called back to the first rudiments of their knowledge. I know with what contempt they look down on the sophistical controversies of the schools. I own that their disgust is always natural, and their contempt often just. Something has already been said in vindication of myself on this subject in my published discourse, but perhaps not enough. I entreat such men to consider the circumstances of the times in which we live. A body of writers has arisen in all the countries of Europe, who represent all the ancient usages, all the received opinions, all the fundamental principles, all the most revered institutions of mankind, as founded in absurdity, requiring the aid both of oppression and imposture, and leading to the degradation and misery of the human race. This attack is conducted upon principles which are said to be philosophical, and such is the state of Europe, that I will venture to affirm, that, unless our ancient opinions and establishments can also be vindicated upon philosophical principles, they will not long be able to maintain that place in the affection and

some savage beast got into the garden of the fabled Hesperides, he made clear work of it, root and branch; with white foaming tusks—

"Laid waste the borders, and o'erthrew the bowers."

The havoc was amazing, the desolation was complete. As to our visionary sceptics and philosophers, they stood no chance with our lecturer; he did not "carve them as a dish fit for the gods," but hewed them as a carcass fit for hounds.—*Hazlitt.*"]

veneration of mankind, from which they derive all their strength. In this case, I trust I shall be forgiven if I dig deeply into theory, and explore the solid foundations of practice—if I call in the aid of philosophy, not for the destruction, but for the defence, of experience. Permit me to say, the unnatural separation and, much more, the frequent hostility of speculation and practice, have been fatal to science and fatal to mankind. They are destined to move harmoniously, each in its own orbit, as members of one grand system of universal Wisdom. Guided by one common law, illuminated from one common source, reflecting light on each other, and conspiring, by their movements, to the use and beauty [of one grand] whole. Believe me, gentlemen, when we have examined this question thoroughly, we shall be persuaded that that refined and exquisite good sense, applied to the most important matters, which is called Philosophy, never differs, and never can differ in its dictates, from that other sort of good sense, which is employed in the guidance of human life. There is, indeed, a philosophy, falsely so called, which, on a hasty glance over the surface of human life, condemns all our institutions to destruction, which stigmatises all our most natural and useful feelings as prejudices; and which, in the vain effort to implant in us principles which take no root in human nature, would extirpate all those principles which sweeten and ennoble the life of man. The general character of this system is diametrically opposite to that of true philosophy:—wanting philosophical modesty, it is arrogant—philosophical caution, it is rash—philosophical calmness, it is headstrong and fanatical. Instead of that diffidence, and, if I may so speak, of that scepticism and cowardice, which is the first lesson of philosophy, when we are to treat of the happiness of human beings, we find a system as dog-

matical, boastful, heedless of every thing but its own short-sighted views, and intoxicated with the perpetual and exclusive contemplation of its own system of disorder, and demonstrations of insanity. This is not that philosophy which Cicero calls "philosophiam illam matrem omnium benefactorum beneque dictorum;" for its direct tendency is to wither and blast every amiable and every exalted sentiment, from which either virtue, or eloquence can flow, by holding up to the imagination an ideal picture of I know not what future perfection of human society. The doctors of this system teach their disciples to loathe that state of society in which they must live and act, to despise and abhor what they cannot be virtuous and happy without loving and revering—to consider all our present virtues either as specious vices, or at best but as the inferior and contemptible duties of a degraded condition, from which the human race must and will speedily escape. Of this supposed state of future perfection (though it be utterly irreconcilable with reason, with experience, or with analogy), the masters of this sect speak as confidently, as if it were one of the best authenticated events in history. It is proposed as an object of pursuit and attainment. It is said to be useful to have such a model of a perfect society before our eyes, though we can never reach it. It is said at least to be one of the harmless speculations of benevolent visionaries. But this is not true. The tendency of such a system (I impute no evil intentions to its promulgators) is to make the whole present order of human life appear so loathsome and hideous, that there is nothing in it to justify either warm affection, or zealous exertion, or even serious pursuit. In seeking an unattainable perfection, it tears up by the roots every principle which leads to the substantial and practicable improvement of mankind. It thwarts its own purpose,

and tends to replunge men into depravity and barbarism. Such a philosophy, I acknowledge, must be at perpetual variance with practice, because it must wage eternal war with truth. From such a philosophy I can hope to receive no aid in the attempt, which is the main object of these lectures, to conclude a treaty of peace, if I may venture so to express myself, between the worlds of speculation and practice, which were designed by nature to help each other, but which have been so long arrayed against each other, by the pretended or misguided friends of either. The philosophy from which I shall seek assistance in building up [my theory of] morals, is of another character; better adapted, I trust, to serve as the foundation of that which has been called, with so much truth, and with such majestic simplicity, 'amplissimam omnium artium, bene vivendi disciplinam.' The true philosophy of morality and politics is founded on experience. It never, therefore, can contradict that practical prudence, which is the more direct issue of experience. Guided by the spirit of that philosophy, which is

> 'Not harsh or crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical, as is Apollo's lute,'

I shall, in my inquiries into human nature, only take to pieces the principles of our conduct, that I may the better show the necessity of putting them together—analyse them, that I may display their use and beauty, and that I may furnish new motives to cherish and cultivate them. In the examination of laws, I shall not set out with the assumption, that all the wise men of the world have been hitherto toiling to build up an elaborate system of folly, a stupendous edifice of injustice. As I think the contrary presumption more reasonable as well as more modest, I shall think it my duty to explore the codes of nations, for those treasures of reason which

must have been deposited there by that vast stream of wisdom, which, for so many ages, has been flowing over them.

"Such a philosophy will be terrible to none of my hearers. Empirical statesmen have despised science, and visionary speculators have despised experience; but he who was both a philosopher and a statesman, has told us, 'This is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly conjoined and united than they have hitherto been.' These are the words of Lord Bacon*; and in his spirit I shall, throughout these lectures, labour with all my might to prove, that philosophical truth is, in reality, the foundation of civil and moral prudence. In the execution of this task, I trust I shall be able to avoid all obscurity of language. Jargon is not philosophy—though he who first assumed the name of philosopher, is said by Lucian to have confessed that he made his doctrines wonderful to attract the admiration of the vulgar. You will, I hope, prefer the taste of a greater than Pythagoras, of whom it was said, 'that it was his course to make wonders plain, not plain things wonderful †.'"

* In his copy of Lord Bacon's Works was the following note:—"Jus naturæ et gentium diligentius tractaturus, omne quod in Verulamio ad jurisprudentiam universalem spectat relegit J M apud Broadstairs in agro Rutupiano Cantiæ, anno salutis humanæ 1798, latè tum flagrantè per Europæ felices quondam populos misero fatalique bello, in quo nefarii et scelestissimi latrones infando consilio apertè et audacter, virtutem, libertatem, Dei Immortalis cultum, mores et instituta majorum, hanc denique pulcherrimè et sapientissimè constitutam rempublicam labefactare, et penitùs evertere conantur."—A plan of study, which, some time after he wrote out for a young friend, concludes thus: "And as the result of all study, and the consummation of all wisdom, Bacon's Essays to be read, studied, and converted into part of the substance of your mind."

† MS. Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations.

In the course of his lectures he had opportunities, which he did not neglect, of indulging in many of his favourite metaphysical and moral speculations. The foundation of moral obligation and its tests he examined at great length, and with much acuteness; he entered into a question which, many years after, received from him almost as much elucidation as can be hoped,—the relation of conscience and utility, as the guides of moral conduct; he showed the vanity of every system that would sacrifice the particular affections to general benevolence; the origin and use of rules and of habits to the moral being. The subjects of property and marriage he justly dwelt upon at great length; since, as he observes, "if you look into any system of religious or philosophical morals, or into any civil or criminal code, you will find [almost] all the duties which they prescribe, and all the crimes which they prohibit, relate to these two great institutions." But the Introductory Discourse, which has been published, will give a better idea of the wide range travelled over, and the nature of this vast undertaking, than any enumeration of the general topics could afford.

The following defence of the classical system of education, as pursued in the public schools and colleges of England, is, however, inserted, as admitting of easy separation from the context. There is something exceedingly happy in the development of the connexion between those studies, and one of the leading branches of the inquiry which he was pursuing.

"As a part of general education, I have no intention to insinuate that there is any deficiency in the original plan, or in the present conduct of those noble seminaries of learning where the youth of England are trained up in all the liberal and ingenious arts: far be such petulant, irreverent insinuations from my mind. Though I am in

some measure a foreigner in England, though I am a stranger to their advantages, yet no British heart can be a stranger to their glory.

'Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora.'

I can look with no common feelings on the schools which sent forth a Bacon and a Milton, a Hooker and a Locke. I have often contemplated with mingled sensations of pleasure and awe, those magnificent monuments of the veneration of our ancestors for piety and learning. May they long flourish, and surpass, if that be possible, their ancient glory.

"I am not one of those who think that, in the system of English education, too much time and labour are employed in the study of the languages of Greece and Rome; it is a popular, but, in my humble opinion, a very shallow and vulgar objection. It would be easy, I think, to prove that too much time can be scarcely employed on these languages by any nation which is desirous of preserving either that purity of taste, which is its brightest ornament, or that purity of morals, which is its strongest bulwark.

"You may be sure, gentlemen, that I am not going to waste your time by expanding the common-places of panegyric on classical learning. I shall not speak of the necessity of recurring to the best models for the formation of taste. When any modern poets or orators shall have excelled Homer and Demosthenes; and when any considerable number of unlettered modern writers (for I have no concern with extraordinary exceptions) shall have attained eminence, it will be time enough to discuss the question. But I entreat you to consider the connexion between classical learning and morality, which I think as real and as close as its connexion with taste, although I do not find that it has been so often noticed. If we were to

devise a method for infusing morality into the tender minds of youth, we should certainly not attempt it by arguments and rules, by definition and demonstration. We should certainly endeavour to attain our object by insinuating morals in the disguise of history, of poetry, and of eloquence; by heroic examples, by pathetic incidents, by sentiments that either exalt and fortify, or soften and melt, the human heart. If philosophical ingenuity were to devise a plan of moral instruction, these, I think, would be its outlines. But such a plan already exists. Classical education is that plan; nor can modern history and literature even be substituted in its stead. Modern example can never imprint on the youthful mind the grand and authoritative sentiment, that in the most distant ages, and in states of society the most unlike, the same virtues have been the object of human veneration. Strip virtue of the awful authority which she derives from the general reverence of mankind, and you rob her of half her majesty. Modern character never could animate youth to noble exertions of duty and of genius, by the example of that durable glory which awaits them after death, and which, in the case of the illustrious ancients, they see has survived the subversion of empires, and even the extinction of nations. Modern men are too near and too familiar, to inspire that enthusiasm with which we must view those who are to be our models in virtue. When our fancy would exalt them to the level of our temporary admiration, it is perpetually checked by some trivial circumstance, by some mean association,—perhaps by some ludicrous recollection,—which damps and extinguishes our enthusiasm. They had the same manners which we see every day degraded by ordinary and vicious men; they spoke the language which we hear polluted by the use of the ignorant and the vulgar. But ancient sages and patriots are,

as it were, exalted by difference of language and manners, above every thing that is familiar, and low, and debasing. And if there be something in ancient examples not fit to be imitated, or even to be approved in modern times, yet, let it be recollected, that distance not only adds to their authority, but softens their fierceness. When we contemplate them at such a distance, the ferocity is lost, and the magnanimity only reaches us. These noble studies preserve, and they only can preserve the unbroken chain of learning which unites the most remote generations; the grand catholic communion of wisdom and wise men throughout all ages and nations of the world. 'If,' says Lord Bacon, 'the intention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!' Alas! gentlemen; what can I say that will not seem flat, and tame, and insipid, after this divine wisdom and divine eloquence? But this great commerce between ages will be broken and intercepted; the human race will be reduced to the scanty stock of their own age, unless the latest generations are united to the earliest by an early and intimate knowledge of their language, and their literature. From the experience of former times, I will venture to predict, that no man will ever obtain lasting fame in learning, who is not enlightened by the knowledge, and inspired by the genius, of those who have gone before him. But if this be true in other sciences, it is ten thousand times more evident in the science of morals.

"I have said in my printed Discourse, that morality admits no discoveries; and I shall now give you some

reasons for a position, which may perhaps have startled some, in an age when ancient opinions seem in danger of being so exploded, that when they are produced again, they may appear novelties, and be even suspected of paradox. I do not speak of the theory of morals, but of the rule of life. First examine the fact, and see whether, from the earliest times, any improvement, or even any change, has been made in the practical rules of human conduct. Look at the code of Moses. I speak of it now as a mere human composition, without considering its sacred origin. Considering it merely in that light, it is the most ancient and the most curious memorial of the early history of mankind. More than three thousand years have elapsed since the composition of the Pentateuch; and let any man, if he is able, tell me in what important respects the rule of life has varied since that distant period. Let the Institutes of Menu be explored with the same view; we shall arrive at the same conclusion. Let the books of false religion be opened; it will be found that their moral system is, in all its grand features, the same. The impostors who composed them were compelled to pay this homage to the uniform moral sentiments of the world. Examine the codes of nations, those authentic depositories of the moral judgments of men; you every where find the same rules prescribed, the same duties imposed: even the boldest of these ingenious sceptics who have attacked every other opinion, has spared the sacred and immutable simplicity of the rules of life. In our common duties, Bayle and Hume agree with Bossuet and Barrow. Such as the rule was at the first dawn of history, such it continues till the present day. Ages roll over mankind; mighty nations pass away like a shadow; virtue alone remains the same, immortal and unchangeable.

"The fact is evident, that no improvements have been

made in practical morality. The reasons of this fact it is not difficult to discover. It will be very plain, on the least consideration, that mankind must so completely have formed their rule of life, in the most early times, that no subsequent improvements could change it. The chances of a science being improvable, seem chiefly to depend on two considerations.

"When the facts which are the groundwork of a science are obvious, and when the motive which urges men to the investigation of them is very powerful, we may always expect that such a science will be so quickly perfected, in the most early times, as to leave little for after ages to add. When, on the contrary, the facts are remote and of difficult access, and when the motive which stimulates men to consider them is not urgent, we may expect that such a science will be neglected by the first generations of mankind; and that there will be, therefore, a boundless field for its improvement left open to succeeding times. This is the grand distinction between morality, and all other sciences. This is the principle which explains its peculiar history and singular fortune. It is for this reason that it has remained for thirty centuries unchanged, and that we have no ground to expect that it will be materially improved, if this globe should continue inhabited by men for twice thirty centuries more. The facts which lead to the formation of moral rules are as accessible, and must be as obvious, to the simplest barbarian, as to the most enlightened philosopher. It requires no telescope to discover that undistinguishing and perpetual slaughter will *terminate* in the destruction of his race. The motive that leads him to consider them is the most powerful that can be imagined. It is the care of preserving his own existence. The case of the physical and speculative sciences is directly opposite. There the facts are remote, and scarcely acces-

sible; and the motive that induces us to explore them is comparatively weak. It is only curiosity; or, at most, only a desire to multiply the conveniences and ornaments of life. It is not, therefore, till very late in the progress of refinement, that these sciences become an object of cultivation. From the countless variety of the facts, with which they are conversant, it is impossible to prescribe any bounds to their future improvement. It is otherwise with morals. They have hitherto been stationary; and, in my opinion, they are likely for ever to continue so*."

It is well known that the general tenor of these lectures, but, perhaps, still more the support ostentatiously given to them by the ministers of the day, and their connexions, had a tendency to alienate from him several of his old political friends. That the tone of these lectures was different from that of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," and of his "Letter to Mr. Pitt," cannot be denied. The latter were the production of a generous young man, animated by the hopes of a great political and moral revolution and reformation in human affairs. The glorious cause in which he then contended, had yet been deformed by few excesses; and these, apparently, casual and transitory. A bright career of happiness seemed to be then opening on the world—an expectation likely to excite minds in proportion as they were themselves consciously noble and virtuous—few of which kind, indeed, at that time there were, whose moral vision was not somewhat dazzled and bewildered by the sight of

> "the banner bright that was unfurled
> Before them suddenly."

Seven eventful years had changed the scene; France had been deluged with blood, and Europe overrun by hostile armies. Very wild and irrational opinions, some of them

* MS. Lectures.

destructive of the very foundation of civil society, had, in pretty extensive classes, gained considerable currency. The friends of liberty, though unshaken in their final hopes, saw the wished-for termination removed to a great, and a very uncertain distance. The difficulty now was, not to give an impulse to the torpor of political indifference, but to check the madness of wild and irrational projects of change. Men of feeling turned away from the abused name of liberty, which they were almost tempted to abjure. Men of firmer minds, while they regretted what they could not prevent, still cherished the fire of genuine freedom, kept it alive for better times, and turned their exertions, on the one hand, to moderate the intemperance of those who called themselves lovers of freedom; and, on the other, to sustain the assaults which they believed to be directed against its very existence, by the alarms and terrors of those in power.

Mr. Mackintosh, as he had been one of the first to hail the rise of liberty in Europe, was also among those who felt first and most acutely the momentary disappointment of the glorious hopes which had been excited. Without diminishing one iota of his love of freedom, he felt early a melancholy change in the hopes of seeing it established so quickly and so purely as he had once anticipated. He was too honest and impartial not to acknowledge this change in his feelings. It had now for some years influenced his conversation; and when he resolved to give his lectures on the subject of law, he naturally directed the force of his observations, rather against the errors which he regarded as the dangerous evils of the time, than in favour of those principles of liberty, of which he had formerly been the successful advocate. He did this with greater earnestness in the course which occupied the second year (1800), the event to which he alludes in the first of the two following letters—the erection of

the consular government—having taken place in the interval, wherewith "to point *his* moral" more distinctly. In both of these communications appears a kindly desire to be of service to his friends, especially in furtherance of any literary aim; on which occasion he could become almost laborious.

TO GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.

"*Cote House, near Bristol**,
"*January 6th*, 1800.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I only received your letter of the 26th December, yesterday; but, before I left town, I had taken every means of making my admiration of your pamphlet on the State of Ireland, known to all the world except yourself. Nothing, in my opinion, can be more just than your general principles. I have not sufficient knowledge of the state of Ireland, to decide whether the application of your principles be equally just; but it is certainly very plausible and ingenious. The composition is, I think, always in the best taste, and rises occasionally (which is all that taste allows) into very animated, vigorous and splendid eloquence. I was, indeed, so struck with all these excellences of the pamphlet, that I caused Debrett to reprint a small edition for London; in which I took the liberty of altering a very few phrases. I have reviewed it both in the British Critic and Monthly Review; and I have sent a copy to Canning, that it might get into the hands of ministers. I also intend to send a copy to the Chancellor. I think it impossible that they should fail to admire it; it is such a pamphlet as they very rarely see. * * *. There is nothing in public matters to speak of, except the last extraordinary revolution in France, which has rooted up every principle of democracy in that country, and banished

* The residence of his brother-in-law, John Wedgwood, Esq.

the people from all concern in the government, not for a season, as former usurpers pretended, but for ever, if this accursed revolution be destined to be permanent. Any degree of liberty of election is found to be inconsistent with the security of the grants. The whole power is now openly vested for ever in Buonaparte, and a body of his creatures, the leading sophists and robbers of the revolution; the new nobility of dishonour, the patricians of Jacobinism, of whom the *noblesse de la robe* are doctors of rapine, and the *noblesse de l'epée* are the heroes of the 2nd of September. The virtuous Barrère is recalled to Paris, to sit, no doubt, among those senators whom Brutus, indeed, would have hanged, but whom Spartacus would have chosen for the ringleaders of his gang. I greatly admire your honesty and magnanimity, in openly professing your conversion. I think I shall have the courage to imitate you. I have too long submitted to mean and evasive compromises. It is my intention, in this winter's lectures, to profess publicly and unequivocally, that I abhor, abjure, and for ever renounce the French revolution, with all its sanguinary history, its abominable principles, and for ever execrable leaders. I hope I shall be able to wipe off the disgrace of having been once betrayed into an approbation of that conspiracy against God and man, the greatest scourge of the world, and the chief stain upon human annals. But I feel that I am transported by my subject to the borders of rant.

"Mrs. M. and I have been here a fortnight. We return to town, with Allen, in a week, where we shall hope soon to see you. If ——— be a man of talents, I hope he will prepare for you the triumph of a reply. We both entreat that you will assure Byrne *, that we often

* Patrick Byrne, Esq., of Wilderwick, in the county of Surry.

speak, and still oftener think of him, with that affectionate friendship, that is nothing but his due. I have known few men of so much taste and sense; none of more warmth, or more thoroughly amiable. I can say for myself, and I believe Mrs. M. will agree with me, that if I were to choose my neighbours for life, I should fix on you and him. *Adieu, jusqu' au revoir.*

"Ever affectionately yours,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO THE REVEREND ROBERT HALL.

"*Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, 26th March,* 1800.

"DEAR HALL,—From the enclosed letter you will see the opinion which the Bishop of London* has formed of your sermon†; and you will observe that he does some justice to your merit. Mr. Archdeacon Eaton, to whom the letter was written, has allowed me to send it to you; and I thought it might not be disagreeable to you to have it as the opinion of a man, not, indeed, of very vigorous understanding, but an elegant writer, a man of taste and virtue—not to mention his high station in the church.

"I last night had a conversation about the sermon with a man of much greater talents, at a place where theological, or even literary discussions are seldom heard. It was with Mr. Windham, at the Duchess of Gordon's rout. I asked him whether he had read it. He told me that he had; that he recommended it to every body, and among others, on that very day, to the new Bishop of Bangor‡, who had dined with him. He said that he was exceedingly struck with the style, but still more with the matter. He particularly praised the passage on vanity as an admirable commentary on Mr. Burke's observations

*Dr. Porteus. † "On Modern Infidelity."

‡ Dr. Cleaver.

on vanity, in his character of Rousseau. He did not like it the worse, he said, for being taken from the source of all good, as he considered Mr. Burke's works to be. He thought, however, that you had carried your attack on vanity rather too far. He had recommended the sermon to Lord Grenville, who seemed sceptical about anything good coming from the pastor of a Baptist congregation, especially at Cambridge.

"This, you see, is the unhappy impression which Priestley has made, and which, if you proceed as you have so nobly begun, you will assuredly efface. But you will never do all the good which it is in your power to do, unless you assert your own importance, and call to mind that, as the Dissenters have no man comparable to you, it is your province to guide them, and not to be guided by their ignorance and bigotry. I am almost sorry you thought any apology due to those senseless bigots who blamed you for compassion [towards] the clergy of France, as innocent sufferers, and as martyrs of the Christian faith during the most barbarous persecution that has fallen upon Christianity, perhaps, since its origin, but certainly, since its establishment by Constantine. * * I own, I thought well of Horsley when I found him, in his charge, calling these unhappy men, 'our Christian brethren—the bishops and clergy of the persecuted church of France!' This is the language of truth. This is the spirit of Christianity.

"I met with a combination in Ovid the other day, which would have suited your sermon. Speaking of the human descendants of the giants, he says—

'Sed et illa propago
'Contemptrix superûm, sævæque avidissima cœdis,
'Et violenta fuit. Scires è sanguine natos.'—MET. i., 160.

"The union of ferocity with irreligion is agreeable to your reasoning.

'I am going to send copies of my third edition * to Paley and Watson, to Fox and the Lord Chancellor †. I should like to send copies of your sermon with them. If you will direct six copies to be sent here, I shall distribute them in such a manner as will, I think, not be hurtful.

"Mrs. Mackintosh joins me in the most kind and respectful remembrance. Believe me ever,

"Dear Hall,

"Your affectionate friend,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

No narration, however, of the gradual change which his political sentiments had undergone, and which he had thus unreservedly announced, can be so satisfactory, as one which is conveyed in the following extract of a letter to Mr. Sharp, — a friend whose good opinion he always considered a sufficient counterbalance to almost any amount of general misrepresentation — written at Bombay some time afterwards, [December 9, 1804,] when he found the misconception to which the exercise of the right of reviewing his opinions, as a philosopher, had exposed him. Prefixed to it is only a summary, in his own words, of what he conceived to be the errors of *both* parties, so far as they arose from error of judgment. "The opposition mistook the moral character of the revolution; the ministers mistook its force: and both parties, from pique, resentment, pride, habit, and obstinacy, persisted in acting on these mistakes after they were disabused by experience. Mr. Burke alone avoided both these fatal mistakes. He saw both the malignity and the strength of the revolution. But where there was

* Of the Discourse on the Study of the Law of Nature and Nations.

† The Earl of Rosslyn.

wisdom to discover the truth, there was not power, and perhaps there was not practical skill, to make that wisdom available for the salvation of Europe—*Diis aliter visum!*

"My fortune has been in some respects very singular. I have lately read the lives, and private correspondence of some of the most memorable men in different countries of Europe who are lately dead. Klopstock, Kant, Lavater, Alfieri—they were all filled with joy and hope by the French revolution—they clung to it for a longer or shorter time—they were all compelled to relinquish their illusions. The disappointment of all was bitter, but it showed itself in various modes, according to the variety of their characters. The series of passions growing out of that disappointment was the not very remote cause of the death of Lavater. In the midst of society, Alfieri buried himself in misanthropic solitude; and the shock, which awakened him from the dreams of enthusiasm, darkened and shortened his days. In the mean time the multitude,—comprehending not only those who have neither ardour of sensibility, nor compass of understanding to give weight to their suffrage, but those, also, whom accident had not brought into close and perpetual contact with the events,—were insensibly detached from the revolution; and before they were well aware that they had quitted their old position, they found themselves at the antipodes. As they moved in a body, they were not conscious of moving at all. They thought themselves in the same place, because they were in the same company. Their place was unchanged relatively to each other. The same names, the same colours, the same order of battle, the same camp in one sense, seemed to be the same camp in every other. Unfortunately for me I was neither in the one nor the other class. I do not speak of the genius of the persons I have named, all pretension to which it

would be arrogance in me even to disclaim. I speak merely of their enviable privilege, as private men of letters, to listen to the dictates of experience, and to change their opinions without any other penalty than the disappointment of their own too sanguine hopes. This privilege was not mine.

"Filled with enthusiasm, in very early youth, by the promise of a better order of society, I most unwarily ventured on publication, when my judgment and taste were equally immature. It is the nature of a political publication, in a free country, to associate the author, however obscurely and humbly, with practical politics. He will generally be more sure to feel the restraints than the advantages of the connexion. However little he may be aware of it, he is in a new world. He has left the world where truth and falsehood were the great objects of desire and aversion, and come into that where convenience and mischief are the grand contending powers. Opinions are no longer considered but as their prevalence will forward or defeat measures; and measures neither can be, nor ought to be, separated from the men, who are to execute them. But in the changing state of human affairs, the man who is constant to his opinions will be sometimes thought inconstant to his politics. Now leaders of parties, and men of the world in general, regard practical pursuits as of such paramount importance, and mere opinions as so flimsy and frivolous, that they can hardly believe in the sincerity of the poor speculator, who has not quite thrown off his scholastic habits. This disposition is in general useful, for measures and not opinions are their business; and a man will do more good by overvaluing his own objects, (without which he will commonly not pursue them ardently enough,) than he can do harm by undervaluing and unjustly depreciating the objects of others. But it is a hard operation on the

unfortunate speculator, who is very apt to be suspected of insincerity from a mere fanatical excess of that zeal for what appears to him to be truth, which is a sort of honesty.

"I brought this disposition with me into that narrow and dark corner of the political world, where my activity was exerted. At the same time warm personal attachments, I might almost call them affections, which I had felt from my youth, which I thought, and still think, upon strict principles of reason, to be necessary parts of all practical politics in a free state, blended themselves with mine. Those only who had irrevocably attached their early hopes, their little reputation, which they might be pardoned for exaggerating, and even, as they conceived, their moral character, to the success or failure of the French revolution, can conceive the succession of feelings, most of them very painful, which agitated my mind during its progress. They alone knew my feelings from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the 10th of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king, are now no more. But the memory of what it is no hyperbole to call my sufferings, is at this instant fresh. As often as I call to mind these proofs of deep and most unaffected interest in the fortunes of mankind, the indignation, the grief, the shame, which were not on my lips, but at the bottom of my heart, I feel an assured confidence of my own honesty of which no calumniator shall ever rob me.

"The revolution continued so much to occupy my thoughts, that I could not help constantly exercising my judgment on it. I could not forget it, nor shut my eyes on its events. It had grown to such a size, in my conception, that I could not quite consider it in that subordination to domestic politics which was natural to those

who had great objects of domestic ambition. My mind was so fixed on it, that I could not but be most distinctly conscious of every modification that my opinions respecting it underwent. My changes were slow, and were still more slowly avowed. But they were not insensible, and I could not hope to persuade myself that I remained unchanged. I was restrained from making these changes known, by the common motives, good, bad, and indifferent, which act in these cases. My situation was too private to give me many opportunities of doing so. The attachments of party, which I consider as justifiable on principle, restrained me also very considerably. Like most other men, I was not very fond of owning that I had been mistaken, or of contradicting the opinion of those with whom I lived, or of adopting any part of the doctrines of those, whom I had been accustomed to oppose. Still less was I willing to incur the lash of that vulgar propensity in human nature, which refers everything to plain and gross motives. I often reproached myself for being prevented from speaking, as I thought, by false honour and false shame. I sometimes lamented the peculiarities of my condition, which seemed to make concealment a virtue. But on reviewing these things calmly, I find no fault in general with the state of things which makes the avowal of supposed political error a difficult act. I do not complain of the laws of nature, nor do I wish the moral order of society changed for my convenience. In general, I think, these impediments have a beneficial tendency, as a prevention of levity, and an antidote to corruption, and as rendering deliberation more probable, before an opinion is either adopted or abandoned.

"You, I know, will bear with me when I speak with some particularity of things important only to myself. My lectures gave me an opportunity of speaking my opinion. I have examined myself pretty severely with

respect to the manner, in which I availed myself of that opportunity. As the adherent of a party, (for such I professed myself to be, and as such, therefore, my conduct may doubtless be tried,) I cannot, on the most rigorous scrutiny, find the least reason for blame. Personal attachment, as well as general (though not undistinguishing) preference of the same party, to whom I had from childhood been attached, secured me perfectly from any intentional, and from any considerable deviation.

"As a political philosopher I will not say that I now entirely approve the very shades and tones of political doctrine which distinguished these lectures. I can easily see that I rebounded from my original opinions too far towards the opposite extreme. I was carried too far by anxiety to atone for my former errors. In opposing revolutionary principles, the natural heat of controversy led to excess. It was very difficult to preserve the calm scientific temper of academical lectures, for a person agitated by so many feelings, in the year of the conquest of Switzerland, in the heart of London, to an audience, the very appearance of many among whom was sufficient to suggest trains of thought unfavourable to perfect impartiality, and, indeed, to rekindle many of the passions of active political contest. I will not affect to say that I preserved it. The exaggeration incident to all popular speaking, certainly affected even those statements of general principles which ought to have been the most anxiously preserved from its influence.

"But is this confession very important? Have I stated anything more than a part of those inevitable frailties for which allowance is always made by rational men, and which are always understood whether they be enumerated or not? At this moment, it is true, I suppose myself in a better position for impartiality. I therefore take it upon me to rejudge my past judgments.

But can I be quite certain that the establishment of monarchical despotism in France, and the horrible effects of tyranny and imposture around me in this country, may not have driven my understanding once more to a point a little on the democratic side of the centre? I own I rather suspect myself of this; and though I labour to correct the deviation, and am convinced that it is much less than ever it was before, yet I am so sensible of the difficulty of discerning the middle point in politics, and of the still greater difficulty of resting near it, in the midst of so many disturbing powers, that I cannot but feel some distrust of my present judgment, and some disposition not to refuse to my own past errors that toleration, which I never withheld from those of other men. I am the more inclined to suppose that I may, without injustice, exercise this toleration towards myself, because I am confident that I never fell into any slavish principles—any doctrines adverse to the free exercise of reason, to the liberty and the improvement of mankind. Such doctrines, I admit, lower even the moral dignity of the mind which holds them.

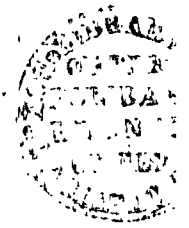
"If I committed any fault which approaches to immorality, I think it was towards Mr. Godwin. I condemn myself for contributing to any clamour against philosophical speculations; and I allow that, both from his talents and character, he was entitled to be treated with respect. Better men than I am, have still more wronged their antagonists in controversy, on subjects, and at times in which they might easily have been dispassionate, and without the temptation and excuse of popular harangues. But I do not seek shelter from their example. I acknowledge my fault; and if I had not been withheld by blind usage, from listening to the voice of my own reason, I should long ago have made the acknowledgment to

Mr. G., from whom I have no wish that it should now be concealed.

"In the mean time, I had no reason to complain of the manner in which I was treated by all those, for whose opinion I had any value. The character of openness and disinterestedness, which I thought had been acknowledged by all who thought me important enough to be the subject of any opinion, did, at that time, seem to protect me from harsh imputations. A slight rumour or two, soon dispelled—a buzz among some very obscure partisans;—the attacks of the more extravagant republicans, and of the small sect of Godwinians, were all the petty inconveniences which I experienced. I was in this manner lulled into a more entire confidence, and flattered into a notion that I needed no policy to guard me against the suspicion of dispositions, which I was perfectly conscious had no place in my breast. Being without malice, I thought myself without enemies. I never supposed my conduct to be either important or ambiguous enough to require dexterity in its management; and I did not think that the arts of this sort of equivocal prudence would have been a good proof of probity. I was not then so simple as not to be perfectly aware, that with a little adroitness it is very easy to give a superficial colour of consistency to the grossest inconsistencies; but I really thought myself so perfectly safe, that I might abandon myself, without scruple, to the unthinking and incautious frankness which had been my usual habit. And, indeed, if I had thought otherwise, I am not sure whether I should have succeeded in a scheme for which my nature was not adapted. I did not then foresee that this very frankness might raise up as many enemies as malice itself, especially if an opportunity of attack were well chosen by a dexterous enemy, or, what was worse, a credulous, capricious, or

wrongheaded friend. And I certainly did not think that my little reputation, and still more trifling preferment, could have excited jealousy enough to be an auxiliary worth naming in such an attack.

"After having disburdened my mind in my lectures, two or three years passed in which literature, professional pursuits, and political questions, then first arising, unconnected with the revolutionary controversies, began to divert my attention from these painful subjects of reflection."



CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE — VISITS CRESSELLY—LETTER TO MR. MOORE — PROFESSIONAL AVOCATIONS — LETTER FROM MR. MONTAGU TO THE EDITOR—LITERARY OCCUPATIONS—VISIT TO SCOTLAND—EXTRACT FROM MR. MOORE'S JOURNAL —VISIT TO PARIS—LETTER TO MR. DUGALD STEWART—TRIAL OF PELTIER —APPOINTMENT AS RECORDER OF BOMBAY — FAREWELL LETTERS TO M. GENTZ—MR. SHARP—MR. PHILIPS—FROM MR. HORNER—MR. HALL—EMBARKS AT RYDE.

MR. MACKINTOSH had now been, for the second time, married (April 10th, 1798). The object of his present choice was Catherine, the second daughter of John Allen, Esq., of Cresselly, in the county of Pembroke, who, like his own father, had, in early life, served in Germany during some campaigns of the "seven years' war." To her warm affection, displayed first in the care of his three orphan daughters, and afterwards as the companion of a long life, and the mother of a rising family, he owed, for many years, that "happiness, for which," in his own words, "nothing beyond the threshold can offer any equivalent." During the few years which immediately followed, his life passed on—happily, as would appear from an observation which once fell from him, "that they were perhaps the most agreeable of his life"—in the uniform exercise of his profession, and in the enjoyment of the refined and intellectual society in which he so much delighted. As an agreeable rallying point, in addition to the ordinary meetings of a social circle, a dinner-club (christened "The King of Clubs" by Mr. Robert Smith) was founded by a party at his

house, consisting of himself and the five following gentlemen, and all of whom still survive:—Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Scarlett, and Mr. John Allen. To these original members were afterwards added, the names of many of the most distinguished men of the time *; and it was with parental pride and satisfaction that he received intelligence, some time after, of their "being compelled to exclude strangers, and to limit their numbers; so that in what way 'The King of Clubs' eats, by what secret rites and institutions it is conducted, must be matter of conjecture to the ingenious antiquary, but can never be regularly transmitted to posterity by the faithful historian †."

"In the spring of 1800," writes one of the new relatives his marriage had given him, "I was a good deal at M.'s, in Serle Street. Dr. Parr was also very much there at that time, making commonly one of our family party every evening. I wish my memory had retained any thing of the conversations that then passed, but the strongest impression that remains with me of this time is the accustomed goodnature and unceasing desire of M. to oblige and to give to others the most prominent place in society. I recollect one day, which, if it had happened when I was better able to judge of the loss we suffered, would have vexed me much. This was when Robert Hall and the Abbé Delille both dined in Serle Street. The Abbé repeated his verses all the

* Amongst others, Lords Lansdowne, Holland, Brougham, Cowper, King, and Selkirk; Messrs. Porson, Romilly, Payne Knight, Horner, Bryan Edwards, Sydney Smith, Dumont, Jeffrey, Smithson Tennant, Whishaw, Alexander Baring, Luttrell, Blake, Hallam, Ricardo, Hoppner. Mr. Windham was to be ballotted for on the Saturday succeeding his lamented death.

† It passed, by a sudden dissolution, into the province of one or other of these functionaries, in the year 1824.

time I was present, and I did not hear Mr. Hall even speak. M. put in a few words of approbation, now and then, and our day was marred; but the Abbé was gratified, and M. was pleased for that reason.

"I heard M. at this time deliver one of his lectures at Lincoln's Inn. I did not find the subject dry, for he had a great talent for presenting truths of universal interest, and I felt sorry when the lecture closed. What makes me notice this, is the difference that strikes me in the superior ease and fluency of his delivery then, to what it was when I heard him afterwards in Parliament. This might partly have been owing to the nature of a lecture being different from a speech, as well as the disposition of the minds of the hearers; but with allowance for these two causes, I think the great change was, that the hope and the confidence of M.'s nature had been, by the latter period, roughly checked.

"He passed the autumn of the same year with us at Cresselly. I shall never forget that time; he delighted every one who saw him, by the readiness and pleasantness of his conversation. His good spirits prevented the constraint and awe that superior understandings so often excite. His mornings were occupied in reading with us (E—— and myself) French, being our companion in our rides and walks; and I can now feel over again the solitude that he left with us, and the desolate look of the house the morning he departed to return to town."

On his way to pay the visit here alluded to, he enjoyed, during a couple of days, the society of his friend Mr. Moore.

["August 24th.—Mackintosh came to me yesterday, at Clifton, where I then was. We set out together for

Mr. Green's * house, in Monmouthshire. We talked a good deal in the chaise, chiefly on religious subjects. At the end, the conversation turned upon myself. He cautioned me against allowing myself to sink into that languor and listlessness, which is generally the result of exercising too severe a scrutiny into human life, and the value of its pursuits. This he called, after a French author (I believe Chamfort) '*la maladie des desabusés.*' He mentioned the example of a friend of his, who, from this only cause, was completely miserable, though possessed of a large fortune. His friend would say, he found the day twelve hours too long. We could get no farther than Usk, where we slept.

"25th.—We proceeded this morning to the house of Mr. Green † about nine o'clock. We met at dinner (which was a very good one, with plenty of champagne) Dr. Parr, whom I had often seen before with Mackintosh. 'Jemmy' was the way he used always to call him. I have no note of the conversation at dinner, only that Parr talked very wild politics, which Mackintosh listened to with a leer of assent, which, to those who knew his complaisant manners, sufficiently indicated his sentiments. M. set out for Pembrokeshire about seven o'clock."] From thence, some weeks afterwards, Mr. Moore received the following letter.

Cresselly, Pembrokeshire, 27th September, 1800.

"MY DEAR MOORE. The retirement of the country furnishes no amusing subject of correspondence, and the public affairs of the world do not, at present, afford any prospect very agreeable. If, however, my letters can

* The late James Green, Esq. M.P.

† Llansanfrede, near Abergavenny, now the residence of the Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

afford you any amusement, I shall endeavour to conquer both my barren invention, and my obstinate laziness. I shall really try to be a better correspondent in future, though I sincerely wish that you may not try my new-born virtue severely, by a very long stay in Ireland. This wish is not merely selfish; it does not arise entirely either from my dread of being obliged to be an industrious correspondent, or from my desire for the pleasure of your society; though I must own that, on selfish principles, I do very much long for your conversation. There is nobody to whom I speak with such unreserved agreeable liberty, because we so much sympathise and (to borrow Parr's new-coined word) *syllogise*. To dispute with people of different opinions is well enough; but to converse intimately with them is not pleasant. One feels a constant restraint, a fear of shocking their opinions too strongly, which one may do in the warmth of debate, but which one is anxious to avoid in continued intercourse. It is a restraint which either turns conversation on insipid, neutral subjects, or makes one insensibly become hypocritical on those which are important; at last, by constantly weighing and softening your opinions, you, by degrees, lose a considerable part of your zeal, and perhaps even some degree of the confidence of your conviction. But I assure you that my wish for your return to England does not solely arise from the importance of your society to my personal enjoyment; I have more disinterested reasons. I told you very honestly my apprehensions, that, if you indulged your taste for quiet too much, it might insensibly lead you into the '*maladie des desabusés*.' Voltaire somewhere says, '*Le repos est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère*.' This is the only family, with which I am apprehensive of your forming an imprudent connexion. One great remedy is marriage, which, if it were only

good for stirring the mind, would by that alone make up for all the noise of the nursery; the other is the exertion of your powers, not to amuse the listlessness of solitude, but to command the applause of societies of men worthy of exciting you to a rivalship of talents. Nature has given you a heart for domestic tenderness, and a head for the conversation of men of understanding and taste. Let neither of them waste at Moore Hall. Your fortune does not require retirement; and I will venture to affirm that your health, both of body and mind, requires the contrary.

"I have been charmed by the Abbé Delille's poem *; and, in order to promote the subscriptions, I have sent a long critique to the British Critic †, which will be inserted next month. There are some as fine passages in it, I think, as any in French poetry. The following couplet pleases me much. It is on the appearance of rocks and mountains, suggesting an idea of the great antiquity of the globe, from the length of time necessary to their formation.

> "'Vers l'antique chaos notre ame est repoussée,
> Et des siècles sans fin pesent sur la pensée.'

The thought in the last line strikes me particularly. It is very natural, though, as far as I know, new in poetry, and I think it very happily expressed. I do not think it easy to convey, with more force, the impression made on the mind by the contemplation of a dark and unmeasurable antiquity. There is a sort of gloomy and oppressive grandeur in the sentiment, which is unlike any other human emotion.

"If you have not got Currie's edition of Burns, you will thank me for telling you of it. The life of the poor

* "L'Homme des Champs." † Vol. XVII., p. 9.

peasant is interesting. His letters are very extraordinary. Some of his songs are much more perfect than his compositions published during his life; and there are two martial songs, which I cannot help numbering amongst the happiest productions of human genius *. After you find that I relish Burns and the Abbé Delille, I hope you will acknowledge that my taste is comprehensive enough. No two sorts of excellence can be more unlike each other.

"If the present negociations do not terminate in peace, I dare say the French will attempt invasion, when the winter drives our fleet into port. As to my own feelings, I have no zeal for anything, but the destruction of the French revolution; and where I have zeal, I have no hopes. I have no zeal to spare, either for the conclusion of an ignominious and treacherous peace, or for the continuance of a war without vigour, and without an object. The late retreat of our army, before a handful of your countrymen, the Spaniards, fills me with shame †. Our generals seemed to have neither skill nor spirit; and our politicians seem not to understand a very simple truth—that the reputation of the national arms is the most important part of every enterprise. On his part, the emperor renews an interneciary war against the most terrible of enemies, by a proclamation, full of canting professions of his humble desire for peace; and he no sooner arrives at his army, than he animates them by begging General Moreau to grant him a respite for ten days, to make applications to the mercy of Buonaparte. It is vain to expect any good from such leaders and from such a war. Such Syrian and Egyptian kings are born to be the slaves of the great robbing republic, and her

* Probably "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?"

† Alluding to Sir James Pulteney's unsuccessful attack on Ferrol.

proconsuls. I see a moth just burned to death at one of my candles. Perhaps some superior being is looking down with the same feelings on those states, who are rushing into the embraces of death in the hug of French fraternity. If pity be any part of his feelings, it is an inactive pity. I know you think the reign of sophistry is destroyed by the generals; but consider the example of successful rapine and usurpation, and reflect on the popular forms and names of the French tyranny, and on the irreconcilable war to which difference of manners and institutions have condemned it, with all that remains of the ancient system of Europe.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

The reputation which his lectures conferred, was incidentally of much use to his general professional advancement. It more particularly made his talents be often called for in cases, which occurred in committees of the House of Commons, regarding constitutional law and contested elections, and in those before the privy council, arising out of the confused relations of the belligerent and neutral powers at that time.

One of the most elaborate of the latter class of arguments, was in the case of the "Maria," which, under the convoy of a ship of war of her own country (Sweden), had resisted the search of the British cruizers. Being one of general principle, it afforded a subject well adapted for the indulgence of the peculiar line of reasoning which seemed most natural to his mind. Mr. Pitt attended the hearing as one of the Lord Commissioners.

Nor was he less successful in the more ordinary channels of business. On the Norfolk circuit, to which he had now become attached, he found himself, though still but a very young member, in possession of a considerable

share of the little business it supplies. One or two notices of trials in which he was engaged, as given in his own unreserved words to his wife, will be excused.

Thetford, March 18th, 1801.

"You must now allow me to make a Pindaric transition from ——— to my briefs. I believe I succeeded yesterday in a cause of great expectation. Almost the whole county of Norfolk were assembled to hear it. The parties were both gentlemen of considerable station; and the singularity of a clergyman indicted for sending a challenge to an officer increased the interest. The cause of the quarrel was scurrilous language, used by the officer against my client's father. I spoke for an hour and three quarters with great volubility and vehemence; and I introduced, I am afraid, a common place on filial piety. There were several parts of the speech, which my own taste did not approve; but very few, I think, which my audience did not more than approve. My client made the warmest acknowledgments, and told me that half the court were drowned in tears. *This*, I suspect, *was* rather rhetorical. What is more material is, that ———, the chief attorney of this great county, is fool enough to think me a better speaker than Erskine. I wish the folly were universal. Another attorney came to me in the evening with two briefs in the Criminal Court, and told me of his prodigious admiration. He said, 'You are quite a new sort of man among us. We had very sound men, but no man of great eloquence, like you.' * * * I have had a long walk with Wilson, who was counsel against me yesterday, and who made a cold and dry, but very sensible reply, to my declamation. He told me my speech must produce a great effect, as it would certainly be the principal topic of conversation in the county for

some time; that it was, in his own opinion, such a speech as very few men in the kingdom could have made; and that my success was now absolutely certain.—This, from so guarded a man, is a great deal."

Another of these alludes to a cause, which may be mentioned, involving, as it did, circumstances of a very deep interest. This was in the case, tried at the Bury summer assizes of the year 1802, of the Rev. Morgan James against the Rev. William Finley, for libel. The plaintiff and defendant were the curate and incumbent of the parish of St. Peters and St. Gregory, Sudbury. Mr. Mackintosh was concerned for the defendant, who had written letters, and, as the result showed, properly, cautioning different parties against the plaintiff, as a man of notorious profligacy. The trial derived its peculiar interest from the presence in court of a young lady who, notwithstanding the opprobrium under which he laboured, was desirous of fulfilling a contract of marriage with the plaintiff. The part of Mr. Mackintosh's speech, in which he expatiated upon the degradation of moral character and of modesty effected by his alleged artifices, as evidenced in her consenting to be present, is reported to have been very pathetic. Though it has shared the common fate of efforts of forensic eloquence, in being unrecorded, it is still fresh in the recollection of Mr. Montagu.

Bury.

"I was in court till four o'clock in the morning, engaged in the cause of the Sudbury parson, which turned out the most interesting that I ever witnessed in a court of justice. I spoke from two till three for the defendant; and, I believe, I may venture to say, with more effect and applause, than I have done on any other occasion. Montagu, who was with me in the cause, says it was one of the finest speeches he ever heard; and even the cautious

accuracy of Wilson did not prevent him from saying, that it was '*most* powerful and eloquent.' So you see,

"'Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays.'

Pepper Arden*, who tried the cause, paid me the highest compliments. I hear from all quarters, this morning, that it is the general opinion there never was such a speech spoken in Bury. What crowned the business was success. The cause was so very interesting, that, if I had either nerves or time, I should write you an account of it," &c. &c.

The occasion of the assizes afforded an opportunity of which he gladly availed himself, of joining a small circle of literary friends in the city of Norwich, consisting of Dr. Sayers, who had been an old Edinburgh acquaintance, Mr. William Taylor, the author of the "Survey of German Poetry," Mrs. Opie, Mrs. John Taylor, and some others. The meetings too, which the intermissions of business allowed, with his more intimate friends, who travelled the same circuit, were always looked forward to with pleasure. Amongst the chief of these was Mr. George Wilson, one whose esteem and regard he always thought amongst the most honourable acquisitions of his life; and Mr. Basil Montagu, who was his companion in occasional extra-professional excursions, such as the following "pilgrimages to the shrine" of Cowper, whose, country the Norfolk circuit may be said to be; which contains Huntingdon, Weston, and Olney—where he passed the greater part of his dreary existence—and Dereham, where he died.

"*Bedford, July* 16, 1801.

"We stopped at the village — Weston, where he

* Lord Alvanley.

(Cowper) lived twenty years. We went into the room where the "Task" was written, which is now a village school. We rambled round the village, and at last found out the hair-dresser, whom he had employed for many years, who told us some most affecting anecdotes of the most amiable and unhappy of men. We saw his handwriting in a copy of his poems, which he presented to this hair-dresser. I hope you will believe me, when I say I could not look at the writing without tears. So pure in his life!—so meek!—so tender!—so pious!—he surely never had his rival in virtue and misfortune. He had few superiors in genius. I think better of myself for having felt so much in such a scene, and I hope I shall be the better all my life for the feeling."

And again, writing from Cromer, he says, "Montagu and I, wishing not to waste two days, went last night to Dereham, where poor Cowper passed the last five years of his life, and where his remains lie. We introduced ourselves to Mr. Johnson, a young clergyman, a relation of the poet's, with whom he lived, and who seems to have showed him a degree of tenderness very uncommon. We were well received by him, and breakfasted with him this morning. He showed us Cowper's bed-room, in which he breathed his last, his study, and, last of all—the grave, where,

"Beneath a rude and nameless stone,"

this great poet lies. We saw a great many of his books and manuscripts, and we were particularly interested by many anecdotes of his blameless and miserable life, all which you shall hear when we meet. Upon the whole the morning was interesting; it not only amused from its dissimilarity to the stupid routine of ordinary life, but it has, I hope, made some impressions likely to soften and improve the heart. None but fools and

fanatics can expect such scenes are of themselves sufficient to work a change in the character, but it is one of the superstitions of shrewdness and worldliness to deny that such impressions may contribute something towards virtue. However this may be, I rejoice that my heart is not yet so old and hard, as to have all its romance dried up."

The following letter, with which the Editor has been favoured by Mr. Montagu, contains that gentleman's pleasurable recollections of these visits, as well as other passages of much value, in illustrating the warmth and sweetness of his early friend's feelings:—

"My dear Mackintosh,—It is not possible for me to do any justice to my grateful recollection of your father, without saying a few, and (aware of Hume's admonition) only a few words about myself.

"Cradled in aristocracy, yet devoted, from my childhood, to the acquisition of knowledge, I went to Cambridge with a total indifference to University distinction, and a sort of contempt for the intellectual gladiatorship, by which its honours could alone be attained. I lived much in the libraries, amidst the works of the 'mighty dead,' with whom I was more familiar than with the mighty living. In this romance I passed my time till the beginning of the year 1795, when I went to the great city, supposing, of course, that it was paved with emeralds, that the learning and silver-elocution, of which I was enamoured, was to be found in every assembly in London. At this time the wild opinions which prevailed at the commencement of the French revolution misled most of us, who were not as wise as your father, and he did not wholly escape their fascinating influence. The prevalent doctrines were, that man was so benevolent as to wish only the happiness of his fellow-creatures; so intellectual, as to be able readily to discover what was best, and so

far above the power of temptation, as never to be drawn by any allurement from the paths of virtue. Gratitude was said to be a vice—marriage an improper restraint—law an imposition—and lawyers aiders of the fraud. It is scarcely possible to conceive the extensive influence which these visions had upon society. I well remember having been introduced to Mr. Sheridan, as a gentleman, who was taught by a modern publication that 'gratitude was a vice.' 'I always thought,' said Sheridan, 'that *reading* was a vice, and I am now convinced of it.' I had till this period studied law with great intensity, but these doctrines paralysed me; I closed my books, and almost relinquished my professional pursuits, appropriating only a small portion of each day to law. I resolved to seek the society of all persons, who could explain to me these opinions, confirm me in them, if right, or expose their errors, if wrong. I fortunately learnt that Mr. Mackintosh had meditated deeply upon these subjects; that he was very communicative, and that he had great pleasure in assisting young men who were desirous of improvement. It was an easy and delightful task to him, as I afterwards found out, to 'serve,' in his own words, 'a young man who was servable.'

"The first time I ever saw your father, was when he was counsel, upon a trial at the Old Bailey, for a prisoner, who was tried for high treason, in having attempted to shoot the king at the theatre. When the trial was over, I ventured to introduce myself, but there was a coldness in his manner, which I then misunderstood. It repelled me, and I did not persevere. I afterwards fortunately learnt that he was to be at the house * of Mr. John Wedgwood, with whom I was well acquainted. I met him there, and I spoke of my favourite philosophy

* Cote House, near Bristol.

without any reserve. He opposed me with great acuteness and vigour, and a parental feeling for a young man likely, at his entrance into life, to be so misled; he attacked the principles without measure and without mercy, but with a delicacy to me, which endeared the reproof, and a wisdom which ended in a total decomposition of my errors; when he had so far succeeded as to be conscious of the delight which I experienced from his lessons, I well remember that he frequently, in playfulness, used to say, 'Shall we *bait the philosopher* this evening, or shall we amuse ourselves with less agreeable occupation?" I remained a week or two under the roof of this virtuous family, many of whom are now alive, and will, I dare say, recollect the wholesome chastisement which I received. To this interview, and his parental conduct, I ascribe many of the blessings of my life. I have always gratefully acknowledged this kindness, and it is a satisfaction to me to feel that to the moment of his death, and beyond it (for the grave has no victory over our best sympathies), I looked up to him as a son loves to respect his parent. The time arrived when I was to return to London. Your father was ill—he desired to see me. I sat down by his bed-side—he took me by the hand and said, 'My dear Montagu, you are a young man just entering into life; let me advise you not to act till you have gained information from the works which abound with disquisitions upon the opinions by which, forgive me for saying, you have been misled; let me advise you to look into Hooker, Bishop Taylor, and Lord Bacon, but do not rely upon *reading* only;—make your own impartial and careful observations upon men as they exist, not in your imagination, but in reality. You will act with greater vigour, if, from the result of your inquiries, you find you are right; if you are in error you will discover it.' He pressed my hand earnestly, and said, 'Remember,' and 'God bless you.' I cannot, at this

distant period, recollect his kindness but with great emotion.

" It was not thrown away. Upon the morning after my arrival in London, at day-break, I opened the ' Advancement of Learning,' and never rose till seven in the evening, when I had finished it. I saw in a moment that if Bacon and Mackintosh were right, I was wrong. The modern philosophers say man is benevolent and wise; each labouring to promote the happiness of the other. How different is this from the doctrine of Bacon, teeming, as it does in every line, with benevolence. Again and again did I read and ruminate upon this splendid passage,—' In Orpheus's theatre all beasts and birds assembled, and forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening to the airs and accords of the harp, the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit—of lust—of revenge; which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence, and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.'

" About this period an event occurred which, following and illustrating the instructions of your father, at once opened my eyes. A friend of mine Mr. Felix Vaughan, a barrister, requested me to obtain an interview with a prisoner, who was to be tried next day, and would probably be convicted of a capital offence, of which he had good reason to think he was innocent. I immediately proceeded to Newgate. It was after dusk in the evening. The door-keeper refused to admit me. I persisted

and obtained admission. I was left with the felons, who instantly surrounded me, and importuned me for money. 'I came for a few moments' conversation,' I said, 'with your fellow-prisoner, who will be tried to-morrow, and whose life depends upon my knowing one fact, which he alone can communicate.' 'Damn you, you scoundrel, you will be hanged yourself in a week,' was the answer I received. Desirous to insure some protection, I addressed one of the prisoners, who appeared less ferocious than his companions, and in the mildest tone I asked him, 'Why he was confined?' Putting his hands to his sides, with a malignant smile, he replied, 'I am here for murder.' I began to be very sceptical upon the soundness of the modern philosophy.

"In the University Library at Cambridge, I soon after this discovered, in Bishop Taylor's Essay on Friendship, the beautiful and luminous exposition of the whole of these errors. I immediately communicated my discovery to your father. He had, I rather think, never before seen the Essay. In after life we again and again conversed upon it. The modern philosophy, I need not add, I had, in the mean time, finally renounced.

"I have always thought—but how far I was right in this surmise I know not—that the consciousness of the good, which had resulted from the 'lectures' to me, was the cause, the seed, of the valuable lectures to the public, delivered afterwards by him in Lincoln's Inn Hall. The obligation of society for his anxiety to oppose the erroneous opinions, which then prevailed, never will be forgotten. He invited me to attend them; and I can remember at this moment the delight which they gave to all his many pupils.

"From that time I attached myself as a son to your father; he admitted me to his intimacy, and enjoyed, I

suspect, parental pleasure, in seeing that he had reclaimed from error a child, I had almost said, a favourite child.

"Having observed that on the Norfolk circuit there was a dearth of leading counsel, I intimated to your father, that if he would quit the home circuit, where, although he might be counted in the day of battle, it might be many years before he shared in the division of the spoil, he could instantly command the small portion of business on the Norfolk circuit; he followed my advice. Never was any thing more fortunate, both for profit to him and pleasure to me. We commonly travelled together. What information did he communicate! what instruction did he give! what happy, happy hours did I pass for a fortnight, with my dear fellow-traveller, twice every year! I saw him, as in travelling, we do see each other, in all moods. How delightful was he in each and in all! With what sweet recollections do I think of his cheerfulness, and how gratefully remember his instruction!

"In our first journey a circumstance occurred, which was at the time a source of some annoyance to your father, but of great joy to me. When we changed horses at Edgeware, on our way to Buckingham, the first assize town, we did not observe that the postillion had mistaken the road, and driven us to St. Albans. 'Why this,' I exclaimed, 'is the place where Lord Bacon is buried! To his grave I must go;' —and, notwithstanding your father's remonstrances, to his tomb I went, which I reluctantly quitted, regardless of the admonition, 'that we should lose all the briefs.' At Buckingham, however, we in due time arrived, where my briefs (for I had been some time on the circuit) were ready for me. Your father was at this time, and only at this time, a looker-on.

"Having attended diligently at the Old Bailey, I was

generally employed at Buckingham as counsel in criminal cases; and I happened once to be retained there against a prisoner, who was convicted and executed for horse-stealing.

"We rose early, I remember, in our journey to Bedford, the next assize town, that we might visit Olney, the village where Cowper had passed so many of his sad years. Our conversation naturally turned upon the fate of the prisoner, who had been left for execution. My opinions upon the punishment of death were very unsettled; how humanely did your father explain to me the whole doctrine of punishment! 'Observe,' he said, 'the different objects of horror in different countries, and, indeed, amongst different persons in the same country. The Mahometans recoil from alcohol; the Jew from swine's flesh; the women prefer death, as you may see beautifully stated in the noble conduct of the mother, in the Book of Maccabees, to submission to the supposed abomination; so, too, the Hindoo widow recoils from the thought of not burning herself to death with the dead body of her husband. How is this horror generated? is the question for consideration of the philosophic legislator: and the answer is easy—it is generated by the union of law, of morals, and of religion. When they unite, they are omnipotent. The course of nature may be stopped, and we may recoil from our most exquisite enjoyments. When these forces oppose each other, their power is proportionately diminished. Law, morals, and religion, may unite in shedding the blood of him, by whose hand blood hath been shed; but for horse-stealing, for which yon prisoner is to be executed, and for many other crimes without violence, it is easy to foresee that the punishment must and will be mitigated. Knowledge (and humanity, ever in its train) is advancing; and the mild doctrine, which desires not the death

of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live, will at last be heard.' This piece of gold I worked into various forms, to circulate it through society; I published it again and again; I heard from him on the subject afterwards when he was in India: I published his address to the grand jury at Bombay, and I witnessed with delight his exertions in parliament upon his return.

"His instruction had not ended, when we found ourselves upon the long bridge* over the Ouse, at Olney. The most communicative person in a country town is generally the barber; and I fortunately discovered the man who had attended Cowper for twenty years. He spoke of him with rapture. He took us to the house, where he had lived. We saw his room. We stood at the window, from which he watched the post-boy bringing his letters—the slight link which connected him with a busy world—saw the room in which he had sheltered his tame hares, and walked across the field to the summer-house, Cowper's favourite retreat. We listened to our communicative guide, describing the poet in his large hat, walking in his garden, and seldom beyond it.

"He related many anecdotes, with one of which (I know not whether it is published) we were much affected. Poor Cowper was deluded by the imagination that he was a wicked sinner, and that it was his duty, by severe penance, to atone for his guilt. In one of these delusions he had sat six days as still and silent as death. Nothing could excite him; his only food was a small piece of bread dipped in wine and water: the loss of his faculties seemed inevitable. The medical attendant suggested that there was one hope, one motive by which he might

* "That with its wearisome, but needful length,
Bestrides the wintry flood."

possibly be called into existence, 'Could Mrs. Unwin (who had lost the use of one side by paralysis) be induced to say, that it would be agreeable to her to walk?' 'It is a fine morning,' Mrs. Unwin said; 'I should like to attempt to walk.' Cowper rose instantly, took her by the arm, and the reverie was dissipated. I could relate many more anecdotes, but time is on the wing.

"After breakfast we proceeded to the village of Weston, where Cowper had once lived, and to many of his favourite walks, where, by the assistance of our friendly guide, and the poet's description in the Task, we easily traced the rustic bridge, the peasant's nest, and, never-to-be-forgotten, his favourite elm trees. We wandered so long, that we were in danger of experiencing the same loss to which your father imagined, by my admiration of Lord Bacon, he had been exposed at Buckingham. However, to Bedford we reluctantly proceeded. With Cowper's sad fate your father was deeply impressed: his conversation turned upon the temperament of genius, 'soft as the air to receive impressions,' and its liability to derangement: a subject which, from his medical and metaphysical knowledge, he was of all men the most competent to explain. I think he told me that he had once intended to write a treatise on insanity*. I, at that time, had a sort of morbid wish to seclude myself from public life. 'Never indulge it,' earnestly exclaimed your father, 'it is the most fatal of all delusions; the sad delusion by which Cowper was wrecked. Our happiness depends not upon torpor, not upon sentimentality, but upon the due exercise of our various faculties: it is not acquired by sighing for wretchedness and shunning the wretched, but by vigorously discharging our duty to society. Remember what Bacon says, with whom you

* Suggested by the late occasion of the king's illness.

seem as much delighted as I am, that, "in this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers-on." Let me implore you never to yield to this longing for seclusion. This sensibility,' he added, 'if rightly directed, leads to what is great and good; wrongly directed, to vice and crime; but, if indulged in mewling puling sentimentality, it is to me most loathsome.' I never can forget the earnestness with which he spoke. 'If Cowper,' he said, 'had attended to Bacon's admonition, that "torpid minds cannot engage too soon in active life, but that sensibility should stand back until it has passed the meridian of its years," instead of having been one of the most wretched, he might have been one of the happiest of men.'—His conversation had not ended when we reached Bedford.—As we once entered Huntingdon, 'this is the town,' said he, 'where Cowper unfortunately met the Unwins.'

"In the way from Bedford to Huntingdon, we were accustomed to dine with our friend, Dr. Maltby, the present Bishop of Chichester, 'whose happiness,' your father said, 'depended wholly upon the faithful and virtuous discharge of his duties.'

"On one of the circuits—I think it was in 1800—we happened to be at Cambridge on the very day* appointed for a fast, on the cessation of hostilities with France, and we fortunately went to St. Mary's, the University Church, where we heard Dr. Ramsden preach a sermon (since published) abounding with deep thought and the most splendid imagination. It began—

"'The calamity of war has been often, and with good reason, deplored. It is a great calamity; a calamity made for tears and wringing of hands. It is justly classed with the other two scourges

* Wednesday, March 12, 1800.

of the earth—famine and pestilence. Sometimes of the three, one comes alone—and it is enough, when separate, for woe—but the two are sometimes to be seen riding together in war's chariot. We have it upon judgment's record, that before a marching army a land has been as the garden of Eden—behind it, a desolate wilderness *.

"'Yet, in our laments for such a calamity, as in other cases, where our tears do, or are ready to fall, it will be necessary, after yielding for awhile to the heart's movement, to call our reason to our aid, to save the honour of our reason. We then suffer no disparagement or loss; our pity shall then not be our weakness; it shall have its purgation by this tragic scene. True pity is ever, after its exercise, grave and thoughtful; it braces the mind, not to complaint, but to acquiescence; it ever leads to sober, humble meditation.

"'That pity, which terminates in querulous invective, is but hypocrisy's pity. In this instance, if we sigh over war's miseries, let our compassion be the true—let it lead us to serious reflection on the ways of Providence, who has appointed no umpire in nations' quarrels but the sword; no decision of the wrong but the battles.'

"After describing the nature and evils of war, he said—

"'A truce between nations will not be thought a cessation from hostility. It is as the breathing of the lion and tiger after weariness in fight. They still lie facing each other. Though the tumult be hushed, yet the menace and the song of war are still heard. Even the parley of words on these occasions is exceeding fierce. Have they ceased from hostility, whose spears meet in the midst, though, for weariness, they do not strike?'

* * * *

"He thus proceeded:—

"'We will venture to say, how, in the mercy of God to man, this heart comes to a nation, and how its exercise or affection appears.

* Joel ii. 3.

"'It comes by priests, by lawgivers, by philosophers, by schools, by education, by the nurse's care, the mother's anxiety, the father's severe brow. It comes by letters, by science, by every art, by sculpture, painting, and poetry; by the song on war, on peace, on domestic virtue, on a beloved and magnanimous king; by the Iliad, by the Odyssey, by tragedy, by comedy. It comes by sympathy, by love, by the marriage union, by friendship, generosity, meekness, temperance; by every virtue and example of virtue. It comes by sentiments of chivalry, by romance, by music, by decorations, and magnificence of buildings; by the culture of the body, by comfortable clothing, by fashions in dress, by luxury and commerce. It comes by the severity, the melancholy, and benignity of the countenance; by rules of politeness, ceremonies, formalities, solemnities. It comes by the rites attendant on law and religion; by the oath of office, by the venerable assembly, by the judge's procession and trumpet, by the disgrace and punishment of crimes; by public prayer, public fasts; by meditation, by the Bible, by the consecration of churches, by the sacred festival, by the cathedral's gloom and choir; by catechising, by confirmation, by the burial of the dead, by the observance of the Sabbath, by the sacraments, by the preaching of the Gospel, by faith in the atonement of the Cross, by the patience and martyrdom of the Saints, by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost.'

* * * *

"'It is worthy of Bishop Taylor,' whispers your father. He concluded thus:—

"'Whence the heart of a nation comes, we have, perhaps, sufficiently explained: and it must appear to what most awful obligations and duty are held those, from whom this heart takes its texture and shape;—our king, our princes, our nobles—all who wear the badge of office or honour; all priests, judges, senators, pleaders, interpreters of law; all instructers of youth, all seminaries of education, all parents, all learned men, all professors of science and art, all teachers of manners. Upon them depend the fashions of a nation's heart; by them it is to be chastised, refined, and purified; by them is the state to lose the character, and title of the beast of prey; by them are the iron

scales to fall off, and a skin of youth, beauty, freshness, and polish to come upon it; by them it is to be made so tame and gentle, as that a child may lead it.'

"This eloquent discourse made a great and deep impression upon your father, although a little interrupted by the effect upon the minds of the different hearers.

'Some deemed him wondrous wise,
And some believed him mad.'

"Your father was much amused by the astonishment of a deaf Unitarian printer, who with his trumpet to his ear, occasionally caught a word or two; 'and the judge himself,' your father said, 'will not be much pleased by being thus mentioned with the symbol of his office.' 'The judge and his trumpet,' was a sort of watch-word with us during my many future happy journeys.

"The next assize-town is Bury, where, either at this or a subsequent circuit, your father was retained with me, as junior counsel, on behalf of a gentleman against whom an action had been commenced by a clergyman, for having said, that he had misled and seduced the affections of a young lady, who as a pupil, was entrusted to his care. The defence was, '*that the charge was true.*' The cause excited great interest. The court was crowded to excess. I at this moment see the splendour and virtue by which we were surrounded, all deeply interested by this interruption of the charities of life by one or other of the litigant parties. The cause was last in the paper, and came on late after dark in the evening. Lord Alvanley was the judge. The plaintiff's case was easily proved. About ten at night your father rose agitated, as I well knew, in mind, but in manner most tranquil. The outline of his address I well remember. You must consider it as a mere skeleton. He began by

an explanation of the nature of power, the means to obtain an end, and of knowledge, the most irresistible of all powers. He described its use in preserving ourselves, and in promoting the happiness of society, which he illustrated by the instances of many of the noble patriots by whom England has ever been distinguished. He then described the abuse of the power of knowledge for the gratification of passion, misleading ignorance and innocence, which he illustrated by various characters—the swindler, the libeller, the seducer. 'The abuse of power,' he added, 'which we have this night to consider, is the abuse of it, by a preceptor, over his pupil; by a Christian clergyman, over a young woman, whose parents had confided her to his care and instruction.' The court was as still as the grave. The plaintiff stood nearly opposite to us. Your father, mistaking the silence of the court for want of interest, and thinking (as he afterwards informed me) that he had wandered too much into philosophy, hesitated. I saw his embarrassment. I was deeply affected. The sight of my tears convinced him of his error. I earnestly said, 'For God's sake, go on.' In a strain of eloquence never exceeded, he proceeded. The whole court was carried away; I never saw such emotion; the opposite counsel and the judge were manifestly agitated.

"At this moment I was told that the father of the young woman was with his daughter, sitting near to Lord Alvanley. I hinted it to my friend; he turned instantly from the jury to the bench. He called upon the father, by all the sweet love of a parent for his child, to protect her from the tutor, in whom he had misplaced his confidence. He appealed to the daughter—as a father he appealed to her. He besought her not to err by the only mode by which she could be misled, her piety, her love of knowledge and of virtue. He turned instantly

to the plaintiff, old enough to be the father of the young women, who stood unmoved before us. I will not attempt to describe his appeal.

"'"The substance of it was, 'that the honest and just bounds of observation by one person upon another, extend no farther but to understand him sufficiently, whereby not to give him offence, or whereby to be able to give him faithful counsel, or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution with respect to a man's self; but to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous.'

"It is my belief that such an effect was never produced in any court of justice. The judge reluctantly endeavoured to counteract the impression which had been produced, by putting his weight in the opposite scale, but it was vain. A verdict was pronounced for the defendant.

"I walked home with your father through the Abbey church-yard (it was moonlight), on the borders of which the court stands, to his lodging, which was at the Abbey gate. He was much affected. He took me by the hand, and said, 'Be with me early in the morning.'

"In the morning I was with him soon after seven. 'We have,' he said, 'two days before us; shall we in, or rather out, of our way to Norwich, visit Dereham, where Cowper died?' The carriage was soon at the door. His conversation turned upon the probable result of the trial. 'If the parent has any sense,' he said, 'he will instantly aliene the child from this wolf; but I fear it. There is not a greater mistake than the supposition that knowledge immediately generates virtue. My speech of last night will, whatever you may think, for a time

increase, rather than diminish, the evil. It will call all the antagonist feelings into action. Her sympathies with him, under this result of the trial, will make her rebel the more certainly against the justice of the contempt and disgrace, which will overwhelm him; she will cling closer to the object, in proportion as the storm which assails it lowers darker and darker. Such are the affections of our nature, and she will yield to them. We *think* according to our opinions, we *act* according to our habits. Never, I repeat, was there a greater error than the supposition that knowledge immediately generates virtue. This father ought to, but he will not, remember the lesson of Fenelon, when Mentor threw his pupil from the rock into the ocean: he ought to remember, that, although the shores of the Syrens were covered with the bones of the victims to pleasure, they passed over these dry bones to the gratification of their desires. But I have done my best, and, although grateful for the past, I lament that I cannot do more.' By such conversations was I instructed.

"We reached Dereham about mid-day, and wrote to Mr. Johnson, the clergyman, who had protected Cowper in the last years of his life, and in whose house he died. He instantly called upon us, and we accompanied him to his house. In the Hall we were introduced to a little red and white spaniel in a glass case—the little dog Beau, who, seeing the water-lily which Cowper could not reach, 'plunging left the shore.'

> 'I saw him with that lily cropped,
> Impatient swim to meet
> My quick approach, and soon he dropped
> The treasure at my feet.'

We saw the room where Cowper died, and the bell which he last touched. We went to his grave, and to Mrs.

Unwin's, who is buried at some distance. I lamented this. 'Do not live in the visible, but the invisible,' said your father, — 'his attainments, his tenderness, his affections, his sufferings, and his hardships, will live long after both their graves are no more.' Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Johnson. This was the last of our pilgrimages to the memory of Cowper, except that, on a future circuit, we stopped at Berkhampstead, to see the house where he passed his childhood, and where his mother died. It is a parsonage, at the end of a lane, bordered on each side by a walk, down which he saw,

'The hearse that bore her slow away.'

"We proceeded from Cromer to Norwich. Norwich was always a haven of rest to us, from the literary society with which that city abounded; — There was Dr. Sayers whom we used to visit, and I well remember the high-minded, intelligent William Taylor; but our chief delight was in the society of Mrs. John Taylor, a most intelligent, excellent woman. She was the wife of an eminent manufacturer in that city. Mild and unassuming, quiet and meek, sitting amidst her large family, occupied with her needle and domestic occupations, but always assisting, by her great knowledge, the advancement of kind and dignified sentiment and conduct. Manly wisdom and feminine gentleness were in her united with such attractive manners, that she was universally loved and respected. 'In high thoughts and gentle deeds' she greatly resembled the admirable Lucy Hutchinson, and in troubled times would have been equally distinguished for firmness in what she thought right.

"In her society we passed every moment we could rescue from the court. We at last escaped from the

'judge and his trumpet,' and returned to the '*fumum et opes.*'

"If I had time, I could recollect many other conversations with which you might be interested.

"When your father went to Bombay, I quitted the circuit; it had lost its attractions. He kindly wrote to me from India, with an intimation that the office of Advocate-General might be acceptable to me; but I had twice before been tempted by similar offers, which, after careful examination, I declined:—these were, the office of Recorder of Prince of Wales's Island, and of Advocate-General at Ceylon, for which the ardent, affectionate, intelligent Lady Sandwich applied, without my knowledge, to her relation, Lord Castlereagh; but I was satisfied that there was not any pleasure in India which could be a pleasure to me, except the society of your father; but he had introduced me to Lord Bacon, by whom I was taught the error of attempting to found happiness upon the life of any man—'Heri vidi fragilem frangi, hodie vidi mortalem mori;' and I had been taught that 'the logical part of some men's minds is good, but the mathematical part nothing worth; that is, they can judge well of the mode of attaining the end, but ill of the value of the end itself.'

"Such are a few of the recollections which, hurrying me as you do, I am able to communicate. I shall ever think my intercourse with your father one of the most fortunate, if not the most fortunate event of my life. I loved him living; I respect him dead.

'Superstitis cultor, defuncti admirator.'

"With every affectionate wish for your welfare,
"I am, my dear Mackintosh,
"Your friend,'
"BASIL MONTAGU."

To the continental reputation which his lectures had prepared for Mr. Mackintosh, he probably owed an invitation, made about this time, to assist in a project, then under consideration of the Emperor Alexander, of digesting the Ukases which governed Russia into something of a code of law. The Russian Minister in this country was instructed to apply, with that view, to "Jurisconsults Anglais qui, comme Mackintosh, jouissent d'une reputation distinguée." Family ties forbade, what otherwise he confessed that he should not have been averse from—the means "of giving more effectual aid, by a personal residence for some time in Russia." It was an odd coincidence, illustrating, in some degree, the versatility of his talents, that an opportunity should now offer of going, as a jurist, to the same country for which he was once destined as a physician. "It is impossible," he observed further in reply, "for any man, who has any interest in the welfare of mankind, to read them (the papers transmitted) without emotion, or to reflect without pleasure, that plans of such solid utility and magnificent benevolence are entertained by a prince on whom the happiness of the greatest empire in the world depends. I will not affect to conceal the pleasure, which I have received from the proposal that I should concur, in the smallest degree, in so noble a work. I feel the most ardent zeal to exert my humble talents for so great a purpose. I have studied the science of legislation enough to be penetrated with the deepest sense of its difficulties, without which no man ever learnt to conquer them; and the plan itself proves that his Imperial Majesty and his counsellors are superior to the superstitious dread of improvement, and the experience of the present age is sufficient to guard them against the fanatical pursuit of novelty. These two great obstacles to legislation being removed, there will still remain many difficulties inherent

in the nature of the subject itself, but not insuperable by that union of ardent benevolence and cautious prudence, which forms the character of the lawgiver."

Literary pursuits, meanwhile, continued to steal away many hours from harsher studies. It was in reading that he was principally occupied, occasionally interrupted by contributions (of which one or two have been mentioned in his own words) to the British Critic and Monthly Review, then the only literary miscellanies of note. It was about this time also that he was invited, by a body of London booksellers, to superintend a new edition of Johnson's Poets. "It is intended," he writes to a literary friend, while the scheme was as yet not abandoned, "to be a *corpus poetarum* from Chaucer to Cowper, for which I am to write lives and criticisms for all the poets before Cowley, with whom Johnson begins, and since Gray, with whom he ends. The ancient poets will be very troublesome, especially Chaucer and Spenser; but I console myself for my ignorance of our ancient literature by the reflection, that criticism, in such a work as this, ought not to be very learned or recondite, but such as every man of good taste can feel. Johnson's own criticism is popular. Is this a sufficient excuse for my undertaking to criticise writers, whom it requires a vast portion of all such reading as was never read thoroughly to understand? May I presume to judge Chaucer without the *viginti annorum lucubrationes* of Warton and Tyrwhitt? It must be owned, that the sort of talents and studies, which best qualifies men for minutely understanding those ancient writers, does not, in an equal degree, qualify them to make ancient poetry popular; and perhaps a man, very deeply learned in these old poets, could scarcely refrain from making an unseasonable display of his erudition."

Another literary project, which the departure of the

first of the following intended coadjutors from this country contributed to defeat, was the establishment, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Sharp, of a periodical paper, to be published twice a week, devoted to literature, and which would probably have imitated the aim, if not equalled the execution, of the essayists of the reign of Queen Anne. It was proposed to call it the "Batchelor."

In the course of the summer of the same year (1801), he paid a visit, after some years of absence, to his native Highlands, connected with the sale of his paternal property;—never of any great extent, its returns had been pretty generally anticipated, and it became consequently burdened with a debt of which its proprietor was becoming impatient. So easy an escape out of this difficulty, as its entire alienation offered, was too tempting an opportunity to be withstood by one, who probably never had indulged much in those feudal prejudices, stronger even at that time than now, which link, in the absence of entails, so many Highland families to their lands. It was a step hastily determined upon, under a momentary pressure, and consequently, as may be supposed, the arrangements were very disadvantageously concluded. But its worst effect was, perhaps, in withdrawing an inducement to accumulation (with a view to its improvement), which such a possession generally successfully holds out. All over the Highlands of Scotland may be observed, here and there, the effects of a little stream of East or West Indian gold, running side by side with the mountain torrent, spreading cultivation, and fertility, and plenty along its narrow valley, and carrying away before it silently all those signs of rocky sterility, over which its elder companion has tumbled "brawling" since "creation's morn."

After embracing, in his journey, visits to some friends

in different parts of England and Scotland, one of which was to Dr. Paley, at Bishop's Wearmouth, where he passed a few days very agreeably in the delightful society of that eminent person, whose biographer commemorates* that the pleasure was mutual, he returned to London; and we find him shortly after at Bath, in company with Mr. Moore, whose diary has supplied the following notes of their meeting.

["Nov. 13th.—I arrived in Bath from Ireland. On the 27th, Mackintosh came there. We dined together at an inn. We had a good deal of conversation on a variety of subjects. He told me that, in the course of the summer, he has spent two days on a visit at the house of Mr. Henry Dundas, late Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Melville. Mr. Dundas said that, from his experience in affairs, he had been taught to have very little faith in historians. 'For instance,' insisted he, 'the motives I and my colleagues have assigned for our resignation, drawn from the popery question, no historian will believe; and, if any mentions it, he will treat it as a mere pretext to cover the real motive; and he will support his representation by very plausible arguments; yet nothing can be more true than that the reason we assigned was the real one. The king was prepared to oppose us on the popery question. As early as the time of the union I had a conversation with him on the subject.' 'I hope,' said the king, 'government is not pledged to anything in favour of the *Romanists* (that was his expression).' 'No,' was my answer, 'but it will be a matter for future consideration, whether, to render the measure the more efficient, it will not be proper to embrace them in some liberal plan of policy.' 'What say you to my coronation oath,' asked the king? 'That can only apply to your

* Meadley's Life of Paley.

majesty, I conceive, in your executive capacity. It does not refer to you as part of the legislature.' 'None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr. Dundas,' replied the king.

"Mackintosh and I agreed that, in explaining human conduct, we should very seldom indeed proceed on the supposition of continued systematic hypocrisy. It is much more probable that men are blinded by the prejudices of the time, or were otherwise deceived, than that they advanced one thing, and thought another; and that during the whole course of their lives. If hypocrisy to this extent ever existed, it must be deemed a monster, which is not to be taken into account in laying down rules or general principles of action.

"Jan. 10th, 1802.—I saw Mackintosh at his house in London*. In the course of our conversation, he said that Fenelon appeared to him 'la plus belle ame qui fût jamais.' I would not give up my favourite Cicero. He said of Burke, 'qu'il connoissait l'homme, mais non pas les hommes.'

"April 5th.—I happened to ask Mackintosh what was the reason, in his opinion, why mythological subjects, and subjects taken from the Grecian story, which are often so full of interest and effect in the hands of French dramatic writers, were generally so cold and devoid of interest in an English dress. The reason he thought was, that we read or see our English play with a taste formed by the English stage; and those ancient subjects are usually accompanied by something of the simplicity and tone of the ancient drama, to which such a taste does not easily accommodate itself.

"I consulted him on the principle of self-mortification,

* Situated in Guilford Street, Russell Square, According to all precedent in professional advancement, he had left his small house in Serle Street, for a more commodious one in the above neighbourhood.

why it had been so prevalent among mankind, and esteemed of such value in the eyes of the Deity, forming a part of almost all systems of religion—distinguishable to a certain degree, even in the ancient Pagan religions, which had such an air of gaiety and festivity, and seemed most alien from it. He suggested two different accounts or explanations of the thing. One sufficiently reasonable, and therefore, probably, not the true reason; namely, that as most of the vices, and many of the crimes, among men, proceeded from the excess of sensual gratification, the line of virtue and acceptance to the Deity would come to be regarded in a direction the farthest from this extreme. The other explanation was likely to be the true one, as more analogous to the general cast of the human mind. Men regarded self-mortification in the light of a sacrifice.

"May 4th.—I spent this evening with M. We had a good deal of conversation. He observed, 'that the genius of Lord Bacon, as a philosopher, seems to have taken some of its bent and colour from his situation in life, as a lawyer and statesman. He exercised a sort of magistracy, laying down the laws to be followed, and pointing out the ways of reform and improvement. His characteristic was not dialectical acuteness, but this grave, presiding, regulating faculty.'

"I happened to say that I thought that the generals, and other leaders, who had acquired large fortunes amidst the storms of the French revolution, would, after the strife, and contention, and ferment, they had been accustomed to, find little relish in the enjoyments of peaceable, or even voluptuous life; but, in a state of peace and idleness, be consumed with ennui. 'No,' answered M., 'you have to remark, they are not persons familiarised in early life with such enjoyments. Their relish has not been destroyed by custom and use. They will revel in

these luxuries, which are all new to them; and even peace, and the calm enjoyment of them, will be an additional luxury.'

"16th.—I dined with M. He had met, at dinner, the day before, Monsieur Fievée, author of two French novels, '*Frederic*,' and '*Le Dot de Suzette*,' and several other publications. He mentioned some remarks which fell from him. 'On entering a public place in England, you observe,' said he, 'a settled melancholy in many faces about you, to a degree that, if you were in any other country, you would be tempted to go up to the persons and ask them what was the matter with them. In other persons you trace the image of domestic happiness.' He went so far as to declare that he could distinguish, in an English crowd, the good husband and the good father. I treated all this as the effect of the heated imagination of a French novelist, who saw everything through the prism of romance. Fievée, and two or three other persons at dinner, had been in Paris during the whole continuance of the revolution. M. thought he saw the impression of all the terrible events they had witnessed in a peculiar grave, and somewhat melancholy and severe turn, their countenances had assumed. When some profane allusion was hazarded, they all testified a strong dislike of it. Fievée, remarking on the spirit of philosophy in France, said it could have been subdued only by the revolution. Some anecdotes, relating to Buonaparte, were thrown out. He was, in a curious degree, ignorant of the early circumstances of the revolution. When in Egypt, he learned many of them in conversation with his fellow general, Desaix. He was particularly struck and affected by the events which led to the downfal of the unfortunate Louis XVI. 'Oh! that he had had me near him,' would he often exclaim. He happened one day to ask a person whether it was true that Talleyrand had ever been a

bishop. The person questioned, afraid of being discovered by his master in a falsehood, yet, conscious of the offence which he might give to so powerful a minister as Talleyrand, framed his answer with a ludicrous circumspection: '*Tout le monde le dit, et moi, je le crois.*'

"Buonapàrte is fond of writing, himself, in the Moniteur. The wits of Paris know his style; and have further discovered, that most of his paragraphs commence with the words 'le gouvèrnement a vu avec plaisir.' With all his philosophy, he has never been able entirely to shake off the religion of his childhood. The Manifestoes, published in his name in Egypt, in which he disclaimed the Christian faith, are known to have been composed for him by the 'savans,' who attended him.

"25th.—I spent the evening with M. He told me a story of Sheridan and Fox. Fox found out in a scholiast upon Aristophanes, a passage which he thought extremely applicable to Addington's coming in, as successor to Pitt; but, for some reason or other, did not wish to make use of it himself in the House of Commons, but mentioned it as what might very well be made use of. Sheridan heard of it, got it translated for him, and introduced it with great effect in his speech in the debate which arose on the definitive treaty of peace with France. M. heard a member of the house say, that the house was so delighted with it, Sheridan might have gone up to the speaker and pulled off his wig—they could not have brought themselves to testify any displeasure.

"Jan. 15th, 1803—M. and I were speaking on what the French call *caractère*, and which has no name in our language. He expressed his inability to distinguish that particular quality of mind, which confers the superiority over others, which is always the result of *caractère*. *Caractère* does not seem necessarily to involve a supe-

riority of understanding; neither is it absolutely courage. Men have been known to possess it, who were not personally brave. Whatever it is, or whatever confers it, it raises the man who is gifted with it, by an irresistible necessity, to dominion and sovereignty over those who have it not. We see its effects on all assemblies of men. It designates a man for command with almost as much certainty as birth in some countries. All feel its dominion; all, however unwillingly, pay homage to it. Equals meet, but the equality lasts no longer than till the man 'de caractère' makes his appearance.

"M. mentioned an observation he heard made by Madame de Souza. 'Strange,' said she, 'that there is no word in the English language for *ennui*, when the thing so much prevails.' 'It is perhaps for that very reason,' M. remarked to her: 'the feeling is so general, and so considered, that it is taken as a thing of course and unavoidable, and not calling for a particular name to designate it.' He from that instance drew a general philological principle, that it is not always the presence of a thing or idea which adds a word to a language. The thing must stand in certain relations, so as to press on the observation of the people of a country. I would not agree to the fact that ennui prevailed more in England than in France. I thought I could prove the contrary.

"M. spoke of what he thought the happy substitution of a word by a French lady, in some company in which he was. They were speaking of different styles of writing —that of Buffon was talked of: 'Il est bien froid,' said some one. 'Non pas froid,' observed the lady; 'mais calme.'

"To some Frenchmen who had complimented him at Paris on his Vindiciæ Gallicæ, he answered, '*Messieurs, vous m'avez si bien refuté!*'

"He told us of some one in Paris who had made a collection of all the rebellious, antisocial, blasphemous, obscene books and tracts, published during the hottest days of the Revolution, which he offered for sale; he understood for about 1500*l.* He observed, this would be a valuable collection for a future historian; and he believed it would soon disappear, as he was informed the French government was doing every thing to destroy all such works *."

These latter passages allude to a visit which, in the preceding autumn (availing himself of the recent peace of Amiens), Mr. Mackintosh paid to Paris, accompanied by Mrs. Mackintosh. They spent a month in that city. He was among the crowds of English who were introduced to Buonaparte. Rather an amusing incident occurred on that occasion. The first consul was furnished by his nomenclator with some circumstance of the life or character of the most eminent of the persons introduced, on which to found a compliment. As Mr. M. advanced to be presented to "the Head of the French government," a friend who passed him, returning from the ceremony, whispered him, "I have got your

* "I have reason to think that this work of destruction went on with an accelerated pace after the Restoration, and even reached La Bibliothèque du Roi. The Abbé Morellet, in his very interesting Memoirs, refers to a periodical work published by Garat, La Clef du Cabinet des Souverains, of the date of the 1st March, 1797, in which there was a particular and detailed account of all the sums of money contributed by different persons, at the beginning and early days of the Revolution, to forward the course of events, chiefly by the Duke of Orleans. I went, when I was at Paris, at the end of 1829, to the Bibliothèque du Roi, in search of this curious Tract. The chief librarian, was a friend of mine, and went himself to look for it for me; but it was not to be found, though all the other numbers of the work were there. It had probably been destroyed by some friend of the Orleans' family, and I suppose now is nowhere in existence."—G. M.

compliment." The first consul, from some mistake on his part, or from some change in the order of presentation of the two gentlemen, had addressed him who was first introduced with an assurance that somewhat surprised him, "that he was the person who wrote the unanswerable answer to Burke."

At the same time that he renewed his acquaintance with many distinguished Frenchmen, whom he had known before, either at Paris or in England, he visited all the spots which had been rendered memorable by the events of the Revolution; and had an opportunity of marking the effects which the events that had taken place had produced on the national character, and on science and literature.

"The sight of the places," he writes to a friend, "and the men, of which I had read, and thought, and felt so much, revived my intense interest. A very minute acquaintance with revolutionary history, made inquiry easy and successful."

Amongst his correspondence on his return, there is a letter to the late Professor Stewart, in which the impressions, which such a rapid glance into the state of the country left, are further adverted to.

TO DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.

"60, *Upper Guildford-street, Dec.* 14*th*, 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I avail myself of the politeness of our friend, Mr. Sydney Smith, to offer you my most respectful remembrances. I felt great mortification that your absence from Edinburgh deprived me of an opportunity of personally paying my respects to you in the autumn of 1801. But though I could not *see* you, I *felt* your influence, in the taste, the knowledge, and the

eager and enlightened curiosity, which you had diffused among the ingenious young men with whom I had the pleasure of conversing. Since that time I have to thank you for the pleasure I have received from your Life of Robertson. I own I read it with regret that you had not added Hume to your Scottish Biography. A life of Hume by you, could not fail to be a history of modern metaphysics. His predecessors and masters, Hobbes and Berkeley; his contemporaries, Hartley and Condillac; and his antagonist, Dr. Reid (not to mention the philosophy of Kant, which professedly took its rise in his Essay on Causation), would furnish very ample materials for a good chapter in a philosophical history of philosophy. I had the pleasure of yesterday sending to Paris two copies of your Elements *; one to the Abbé Morellet, whom I suppose you knew in France, the gayest old man of seventy-five, I presume, in Europe, the only survivor of the economists and encyclopedists, a fellow-student of Turgot at the Sorbonne, who transported me a century back in imagination, by talking of his dining at the Baron d'Holbach's with Hume, the day before his journey to England with Rousseau;—the other copy I sent to Degerando, with whom I spoke often of you. I frequently saw him with his friend, Camille Jourdan, with whom he lives. They are the most amiable men I saw in France. I have not read D.'s book, but his conversation did not give me a high opinion of his metaphysical acuteness. In general it appeared to me, that one might give a just account of the state of learning at Paris, by saying that the mathematical and physical sciences were very actively and successfully cultivated, polite literature neglected, erudition extinct, and that moral and political speculation were discoun-

* Of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

tenanced by the government, and had ceased to interest the public.'

"It would be ridiculous to pretend to have observed much of so vast a subject as the political state of France in four weeks' residence at Paris. The little that I either observed, or supposed myself to observe; the opinions, or rather tendencies to opinion, which I have ventured to entertain, Mr. Smith has heard me so often state, that if you should have the slightest curiosity about anything so insignificant, he can perfectly gratify it.

"It appeared to me, that all the elements of a free, or even of a civil government, have been broken and dispersed in the course of the Revolution. Nothing, I own, would surprise me more than to see any authority in France not resting chiefly on military force; the Revolution unanimously condemned; a dread of change greater than the passion for change was in 1789; a broken-spirited people, and a few virtuous and well-informed men, without adherents, without concert, without extraordinary talents, breathing vain wishes for liberty:—these were the features which most struck me in the political state of France. Frenchmen seem destined to be the slaves of a military chief, and the terror of their neighbours for a time; beyond which, I can pretend to see nothing.

"Even the Syllabus of your Lectures on Political Economy would be very acceptable to myself and many of my friends in London, till we could hope to see the lectures themselves published. May I venture to indulge a hope, that the octavo edition of the Elements is the precursor of a second volume?

"Germany is metaphysically mad. France has made some poor efforts, which have ended in little more than the substitution of the word Ideology for Metaphysics. In England, such speculations have been long out of

fashion, and Scotland has nobody to rely on but you for the maintenance of her character.

"I am ashamed at having written so much and said so little. If you will have the goodness to give me another opportunity of corresponding with you, perhaps I may be more fortunate. In the mean time I am, with great sincerity,

"Dear Sir,

"Your faithful, humble servant,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

After Mr. Mackintosh's return from Paris, his time and thoughts were, for some time, a good deal occupied in the preparation for an impending trial, which excited much interest,—that of M. Peltier, an emigrant-royalist, for a libel on the First Consul of France. The sensitiveness of the latter personage, as to the abuse showered on him by the English press of that day, was long before known; but the peace, (such as it was,) of Amiens, which recognised him as the head of a friendly government, first gave him the opportunity, of which he was not slow to avail himself, of bringing, by means of a remonstrance on the subject, through his minister at this court, his assailants before a tribunal of their country. M. Peltier had left France in 1792, "when our shores were covered, as with the wreck of a great tempest," and had supported himself, during the interval, by the fruit of his literary labour; he was now amongst those devoted adherents of the exiled family who refused to avail themselves of the permission to return to France and resume their property, which was accorded by the new government. It was not unnatural that such devotion should have been accompanied by a heedless warmth of expression which exposed him to be the first victim of the law. In the first numbers of a journal, "*L'Ambigu*," there appeared some articles, amongst

which was an Ode, put into the mouth of Chenier, which were selected for prosecution, and which, if they were thought of sufficient importance to be adverted to at all, could scarcely have been passed over. They contained allusions, one to the death of Cæsar, and another to the speedy apotheosis of the First Consul, in connection with the fate of Romulus, which pretty plainly hinted at the termination to his tyranny, which the author recommended. The crowded appearance of the court on the day of the trial, the 21st of February *, which was such as to call forth the notice of the Attorney General, Mr. Perceval, was only a symptom of the general excitement which these proceedings occasioned. The disparity of station of the parties, one, "the real prosecutor," the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw, the other a friendless outcast—the novelty of an appeal to any laws by the first—the importance which was in many minds attached to the verdict, as being conducive, whether conciliatory or the contrary, to the prospects either of war or peace,—and in some degree, no doubt, the expectation of some such display of reason and eloquence, as was so amply realised, sufficiently accounts for the general interest which attended this proceeding. The address which Mr. Mackintosh delivered upon this occasion will probably maintain its place amongst the few efforts of forensic oratory which are preserved as models for the artist, as might have been expected from its effect on those who were fortunate enough to be present. In addressing the Jury in reply to it, Mr. Perceval could not help expressing his fear, "after the attention of the Jury had been so long rivetted to one of the most splendid displays of eloquence he ever had occasion to hear—after

* The same day on which Colonel Despard and his associates were executed for high treason.

their understandings had been so long dazzled by the contemplation of that most splendid exhibition—that, whatever the feeble light of such understandings as his could present to them, he could scarcely feel a hope of making any impression on their senses." From another, and a still greater authority—"nostræ eloquentiæ forensis facile princeps *," he received the following note, dated the same evening.

"DEAR MACKINTOSH.—I cannot shake off from my nerves the effect of your most powerful and wonderful speech, which so completely disqualifies you for Trinidad or India. I could not help saying to myself as you were speaking—'*O terram illam beatam, quæ hunc versum acceperit, hanc ingratam, si ejecerit, miseram, si amiserit.*' I perfectly approve of the verdict; but the manner in which you opposed it, I shall always consider as one of the most splendid monuments of genius, learning, and eloquence.

"Yours, ever,

"T. ERSKINE.

"Monday evening."

M. Peltier himself published the report of the trial, and the defence † was revised by the speaker, probably with much care, the result of which appears in the rounded style and sustained tenor, which offer the ground for the remark which has been often made—that it reads

* Inscription on the base of Lord Erskine's statue at Holland House.

† A translation was made by Madame de Stael, which contributed to spread the admiration of it throughout Europe. Mr. Mackintosh was highly honoured in the rank of his translators. In addition to the present instance, "The Vindiciæ Gallicæ" had, it is believed, been partly translated into French by his present Majesty the King of the French, as was a subsequent speech for Poland by the patriotic Princess Iablonowska.

more like a brilliant essay than a speech to conciliate a verdict. The address, however, even as delivered, was more deeply imbued with the colouring of his own previous meditations than he was probably conscious of; and it may, especially the latter part, be cited as an instance of that turn of mind towards generalisation, which he himself confessed to, adding, "that his talent (if he had any) was of that kind." The mode of the defence, nevertheless, even with this defect, is not likely to be copied in future instances by any number of practitioners that would make the example dangerous. Lord Erskine, however, understood the scope and merit of his art better than to have received such pleasure from any exhibition of it which was manifestly wide of its legitimate aim, the safety of a client; and that his was the pretty general opinion of the surrounding bar, may be inferred from the following communication from one whose own moral sensibility, under the unfortunate circumstances of the client, would have been sure to have been outraged even more than his oratorical taste by an unseasonable self-display.

"*Lincoln's Inn, Tuesday.*

"DEAR MACKINTOSH,—It gives me very sincere pleasure to hear from all quarters such applauses of your speech. As to eloquence and ability nobody had any doubt, though their expectations might not go so far; but I am particularly glad to hear mingled the humbler praise of judgment and discretion, and that no interests were sacrificed. I long to see a good edition of it; and as this was the best theatre you ever had, I am convinced you will soon feel important effects from this event.

"Yours, affectionately,

"GEORGE WILSON."

The defence may be divided into two parts; the first was occupied by the suggestion of all the hypotheses which ingenuity could supply, consistent with M. Peltier's innocence of actual participation in the authorship of these alleged libels, and by pointing out many ambiguities, which a friendly eye could discover in the writings themselves—such as reminding the jury, by some examples from ancient history, of heroes deified in their own life-time, and thus that the apotheosis of Buonaparte, for which the wish was expressed in the libel, did not necessarily presuppose his sudden death. It was to these eminently practical and apposite observations that Lord Ellenborough referred, when expressing his own opinion of the criminal aim of the writings; adding that it was formed, "notwithstanding the very ingenious gloss and colour by eloquence, almost unparalleled, by which they were defended." There was another course to a verdict, upon which, indeed (for the writer's purpose was, after all, too apparent), the Advocate more relied, and it lay through the national prejudices and common sympathies of the jury. The suitable topics were applied with no ordinary vigour; these were arrayed to rouse their pity for "the voluntary victim of loyalty and conscience"—to recal to their indignant memory the success with which the voice of truth and reason was already silenced over Europe by the French ruler. Their patriotism was reminded that there was but one vent of public opinion which he had not yet been able to close; they felt they might indulge pride, in being told that "they might consider themselves as the advanced guard of liberty, as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered;" and they were lastly reminded of the deeds of an English jury, when appealed to by one of somewhat similar character, under like circumstances.

"One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society—where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire.

"It is an awful consideration, Gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our forefathers, still stands: it stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire; but it stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins *."

* * * *

"In the Court where we are now met, Cromwell twice sent a satirist on his tyranny to be convicted and punished as a libeller; and in this Court, almost in sight of the scaffold streaming with the blood of his sovereign; within hearing of the clash of his bayonets, which drove out parliaments with contumely, two successive juries rescued the intrepid satirist † from his fangs, and sent out, with defeat and disgrace, the Usurper's Attorney-General from what he had the insolence to call *his* Court! Even then, Gentlemen, when all law and liberty were trampled under the feet of a military banditti; when those great crimes were perpetrated in a high place, and with a high hand, against those who were the objects of public veneration, which, more than any-

*. C'est dans ces jours orageux que je reçus le plaidoyer de M. Mackintosh, là je lus ces pages ou il fait le portrait d'un Jacobin, que s'est montré terrible dans la revolution contre les enfans, les vieillards, et les femmes, et qui se plie sur la berge du corse, qui lui ravit jusqu' à la moindre part de cette liberté pour laquelle il se pretendoit armé. Ce morçeau de la plus belle eloquence m'emut jusqu' au fond de l'âme. Les ecrivains superieurs peuvent quelquefois, a leur insçu, soulager les infortunés, dans tous les pays, et dans tous les temps. La France se taisait si profondement autour de moi, que cette voix, que tout a coup repondoit à mon âme, me sembloit descendue du ciel—elle venoit d'un pays libre.—Madame de Stael, Dix Années d'Exile, Œuv. Inéd. iii. 62, 3.

† Lilburne

thing else upon earth, overwhelm the minds of men, break their spirits and confound their moral sentiments, obliterate the distinctions between right and wrong in their understanding, and teach the multitude to feel no longer any reverence for that justice which they thus see triumphantly dragged at the chariot wheels of a tyrant; even then, when this unhappy country, triumphant indeed abroad, but enslaved at home, had no prospect but that of a long succession of tyrants, wading through slaughter to the throne—even then, I say, when all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors. That spirit is, I trust in God, not extinct; and if any modern tyrant were, in the drunkenness of his insolence, to hope to overawe an English jury, I trust, and I believe that they would tell him—our ancestors braved the bayonets of Cromwell, we bid defiance to yours. 'Contempsi Catalinæ gladios—non pertimescam tuos!'

"What could be such a tyrant's means of overawing a jury? As long as their country exists they are girt round with impenetrable armour. Till the destruction of their country, no danger can fall upon them for the performance of their duty; and I do trust that there is no Englishman so unworthy of life, as to desire to outlive England. But if any of us are condemned to the cruel punishment of surviving our country—if, in the inscrutable counsels of Providence, this favoured seat of justice and liberty, this noblest work of human wisdom and virtue, be destined to destruction,—which I shall not be charged with national prejudice for saying, would be the most dangerous wound ever inflicted on civilisation—at least let us carry with us into our sad exile the consolation that we ourselves have not violated the rights of hospitality to exiles—that we have not torn from the altar the suppliant who claimed protection as the voluntary victim of loyalty and conscience!"

It will have been seen from one of the preceding notes, that Mr. Mackintosh's thoughts had been directed towards a professional situation in either the East or West Indies. Such, indeed, had for some time been the object of his wishes, and occasions had offered when these seemed on the point of being gratified. At the erection of two

Vice Admiralty Courts in the West Indies, in the year 1800—jurisdictions which the state of war then made of much consequence—he had been offered, and had almost determined to accept, the office of Judge at Trinidad; but, on reflection, had preferred remaining, to push his fortunes at the bar in this country. Still earlier, Lord Wellesley had wished him to become the head of a college at Calcutta, which he proposed to establish on a large scale, a proposal which happened to fall in singularly with the fondness which Mr. Mackintosh always expressed for an academical situation, and the life of a professor. This plan was, however, defeated by the alarm which the Court of Directors felt as to its probable expense. He had also become a candidate for the office of Advocate-General in Bengal, which had lately become vacant, and to obtain which, his friend, Mr. Robert Smith, was already in the field. This rivalship never, for a moment, disturbed their mutual regard; and when it appeared that Mr. Smith had the best prospect of success, his friend at once gave up the contest in his favour.

It is not a little surprising that his late successful appearance, which could not have failed to have extended his reputation, and increased what was already a very considerable practice in particular branches at the bar*, does not seem to have arrested his determination; but he could not help seeing before him, in the prospect that was opening upon him at home, a whole life of unremitting labour, which otherwise, by compounding

* As the most significant measure of professional success, it may be mentioned that the returns from that source, during the last year of his practice at the bar, somewhat exceeded 1200*l*. This, considering his comparatively short (seven years) standing, and that his present was the second profession to which he had applied himself, was no mean testimony equally to the vigour, and the varied nature of his capacity.

for somewhat less brilliant results, he might escape. On the arrival, in the spring 1803, of the intelligence of the death of Sir William Syer, the Recorder of Bombay, he was named to fill the vacancy. Mr. Addington, the first minister of the crown, had been made acquainted, before his elevation to that exalted office, with Mr. Mackintosh's wishes in relation to an appointment in India; these were now seconded by the friendly zeal of Mr. Canning and Mr. (now the Right Honourable) William Adam, to whose exertions the appointment must in a great degree be attributed.

In taking this step, in addition to the comparative ease to which it immediately admitted him, he was, no doubt, much influenced by the largeness of the salary, which, he believed, in a few years might enable him (as it would, if prudence had been part of his nature) to accumulate a sum that, in addition to the retiring pension, would render him independent, give him the absolute command of his time, and enable him to pursue such a course of life as circumstances or his wishes might direct. He also believed that the command of that portion of his leisure which his official duties left to him, would enable him, during his residence in the East, to enter upon, and to complete, some philosophical and literary projects which had long been floating in his imagination, and the execution of which, he thought, were easily within his reach. Had either of these objects been attained, they might have counterbalanced the sacrifice, of which he had not as yet calculated the extent, implied in his leaving London—its society, literary and political, and his numerous friends.

One effect of this appointment he might have been excused in not foreseeing;—that the acceptance of a strictly professional situation, of such modest pretensions, would have exposed him to any observations, from minds

of whatever vulgarity, levelled at the independence of his political opinions—him who, if he had been willing to join Mr. Pitt's party (which, from a coincidence of opinion on some points, would by no means have been a violent outrage upon conscience), need not have gone across the globe for station and emolument *—who lived, as we shall see, voluntarily to forego both, when offered from the representatives of Mr. Pitt's politics, and to illustrate in his life, perhaps as much as anybody, the virtue of political fidelity, and the measure of party gratitude. On this occasion, it was his success that was probably most in fault. "Many good party men," one of his friends observed to him, "who are in professions, and do not rise, find a pleasant mode of accounting for their failure by their political principles; and it is allowable for such men, who lay the flattering unction to their soul, that their political importance, and not their professional incapacity, stands in the way of their promotion, to vent their spleen on those who, in their judgment, *ought* to be in the same predicament." Many excellent friends, also, both private and political, were, as was natural, disposed to regret any appointment, which, although they allowed it to be professional, necessarily deprived them, for a long prospective period, of the enjoyment and advantage of abilities which were so uncommon; and, under this point of view, his removal to India, while it was a loss to the opposition, was certainly incidentally desirable to the Government.

* ["Jane, Duchess of Gordon, who, at that time, had considerable influence in Scottish affairs, and was intimate with Pitt and Dundas, told me that she had in vain tried all her persuasive powers, and they were not small, to detach him (Mr. M.) from his party. I took the liberty to observe to her Grace, that I was well acquainted with him, and knew that his *politics* were his *principles*."—*Major Gordon to the Editor.*]

In the novelty of the prospect which now opened upon him, he discovered much that promised interest for the future, while the present moment was sufficiently engaged in making preparations for his departure. He collected all the books that he could find relating to every part of India, and completed, as far as lay in his power, his philosophical collection, which was very curious, and, among other articles, contained nearly a complete set of the schoolmen.

The interval before his departure, which the untimely illness of his wife occasioned to be delayed, was devoted to visiting and receiving the visits of his numerous friends and relations, who were all anxious to show him the last marks of respect before he set out for his distant residence. Some months were spent at Tenby, on the Pembrokeshire coast, near which is Cresselly, Mr. Allen's residence. "We were a large family party," says one who formed part of it, "collected to pass as much of our time together, before the departure of Mackintosh and his family for India, as circumstances would allow of. It was a delightful autumn. A little memorandum of M.'s, that I saw many years afterwards, mentions this time as one of the happiest of his life. He made the delight and joy of our circle; his spirits were gay, no care oppressed him, and his anticipations of the future had all the brightness of early hope. I returned with them to their house in Guildford Street, and remained with them till they sailed for India; and this portion of his life I might note down as the happiest of mine. I cannot conceive any society superior to that which I partook of under his roof. He collected generally, twice a week, small evening parties, consisting of his particular friends; and the same society met also another evening at Mr. Sydney Smith's. The regular members were, Mr. Horner, Mr. Rogers, the Rev. Sydney Smith,

Sir James Scarlett, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Sharp, Colonel Sloper and his daughter* — the kindest and best of his friends. These social meetings left so delightful an impression on the minds of all those who composed them, that many plans were formed, even some years afterwards, to renew them on his return to England; but, alas! no pleasure is renewed."

It was not till the beginning of the next year (1804), that Sir James (he had on his appointment received the honour of Knighthood) found himself and family at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, from whence he was to embark. From this place he wrote to many of his friends, renewing his adieus. Of these letters, one addressed to M. Gentz—with whom he kept as regular a correspondence as the state of war would allow—enters at some length into the state of his own feelings, and of his opinions upon the prospects, at that eventful period, of the country which he was quitting;—one or two others follow it to familiar friends.

"*Ryde, Isle of Wight, Feb. 5th*, 1804.

"You will see, my excellent friend, that you are in my thoughts in the last moments of my European existence. I am now waiting at this village, which is opposite to Portsmouth, in hourly expectation of the ship which is to convey me far from those scenes of civilisation and literature, in which I once, in the fond ambition of youth, dreamt that I might perhaps have acted a considerable part. Experience has repressed my ambition; the cares and duties of a family oblige me to seek the means of providing for them in other climates—

—— 'subiit deserta Creusa,
Et direpta domus, et parvi casus Juli.'

* Since Mrs. Charles Warren.

and reason informs me that there is no country in which I may not discharge a part of the debt which I owe to mankind. I do not, however, affect to leave my country without pain; but I find an honourable and substantial consolation in the recollection of those honourable and distinguished persons, who have honoured me with their friendship. Among these you very deservedly hold a very high place. Your letter of the 12th of October I have frequently read with instruction, with admiration, and, as far as it relates to myself, with pride *. I thought it my duty that so important a document should be put into the hands of those who have the power of converting the valuable suggestions which it contains to national use. I believe that all the Ministers have read it; I know that A—— has, for he spoke of it with the admiration which every man must feel on the perusal, and with the gratitude which every Englishman must feel for the author. Whether they will profit by your counsel, is

* ["Mais je n'en suis pas moins douloureusement affecté de l'idée de vous voir, pour ainsi dire, disparoitre de la sphère dans laquelle je vous ai vu opérer si bien jusqu'ici, qui a un si grand besoin d'hommes de votre trempe, et qui a si avantageusement eprouvé dans plus d'une occasion essentielle l'influence bienfaisante de vos rares lumières et de vos talens distingués. Il seroit très-déplacé et très ridicule de ma part de vous encenser de quelques stériles hommages, si ce que je vous dis ici ne sortait pas du fond de mon âme, et de la conviction la plus intime et la plus complète. J'ai vu en Angleterre un assez grand nombre d'hommes parfaitement estimables; j'en ai vu quelques uns de très supérieurs; mais je vous avoue franchement que je n'en ai trouvé aucun, qui réunisse à des connoissances aussi étendues et aussi variées que les votres, un coup d'œil général également vaste et également remarquable par sa justesse. Je n'oublierai de ma vie, deux ou trois conversations que j'ai eues avec vous, et qui m'ont donné sur plusieurs objêts de la plus haute importance, et entr'autres sur la place que votre nation occupe proprement dans l'ordre moral et politique, des apperçus plus lumineux, et des renseignemens plus satisfaisans, que sont ce que j'ai jamais trouvé dans aucun livre, ni dans aucune source d'instruction quelconque."—*Extract from the Letter of M. Gentz.*

a question which I am unable to answer, and with respect to which I am fearful, even in encouraging hopes, that the decision will be what I am convinced it ought to be.

"Respecting the present and future danger of my country, and of all Europe, I have gone through precisely the same revolution of sentiment with you. The immediate result of invasion I certainly dread much less than I did in summer. Of the volunteer system, as a means of defence, I do not think highly. Considering that it is calculated to call out into service the most wealthy, respectable, and unwarlike classes, and to leave unemployed the idle, the profligate, the needy, and the robust, it seems to me that it may shortly be described as an unfortunate contrivance for taking the maximum of pacific industry, for the sake of adding the minimum to military strength. Under its operation, London now exhibits a spectacle which is a real inversion of the order of society. Lawyers *, physicians, merchants, and manufacturers are serving as private soldiers, while hackney-coachmen and porters are pursuing their ordinary occupations. At the same time I am bound in candour to add, that when I transport myself back to the month of July, I can neither wonder nor blame the adoption of the system; nor do I even know of any immediate substitute for it, though I cannot but wish that such a substitute were found. But of this system, compared as a test and symptom of the general sentiment, I think with unmixed pleasure; and perhaps no other measure could have so forcibly shown the perfect soundness of men's affections towards their country. The state of public feeling is, I trust, a sufficient security against present

* Mr. Mackintosh himself had been enrolled in the "Loyal North Britons," a volunteer corps of Scottish residents in the Metropolis.

danger; but from the contemplation of the future, I own I shrink with terror. He must be much wiser, or much more foolish than I am who does not. I see no escape for Europe, unless the powers of the Continent are roused by the course of circumstances to a spontaneous coalition in their own defence. I see no prospect of such an union, and, alas! I see no certainty of its success. I always believed our ignorance of continental politics to be as gross as you represent it to be: but you must not judge from newspapers or from speeches in Parliament. Newswriters know too little, and Ministers know, or ought to know, too much to speak the truth. But this country is no soil for diplomatic talents; our virtues and our vices are equally unfavourable to the growth of that sort of skill, and our popular constitution attracts all our rising genius to the cultivation of eloquence, and of those abilities which shine in great assemblies, leaving only the secondary minds to the obscure and inglorious intrigues and details of diplomacy. I wish that we were less arrogant, and less shy, if there were no danger of our becoming, by the same process, less honest. I cannot wish that we were less free, and I ought not to forget that wishing is not the occupation of wise men.

"I do not go to India with much expectation of approving the policy recently adopted for our ill-gotten, but well-governed, Asiatic empire. That empire, acquired not by any plan of ambition conceived at home, but by the accidents of fortune, the courage, the fears, the vigour, the despair, and the crimes of individual adventurers, is certainly better administered than any other territory in Asia (I really know not whether I ought or ought not to except China). The conquest arose from the character of the adventurers, and the tempting anarchy of Hindostan. The administration flows from the character of the

government and people of England. With the close of Hastings' Government, the revolutionary period of our Indian Government naturally closed. The moderate temper of Lord Cornwallis answered the purpose of wisdom, and we adopted those maxims of justice which are the obvious interest of every permanently established government.

* * * * *

"I feel an extraordinary eagerness to read your Dissertation on the Sovereignty of the People; it is a subject on which I have thought a great deal, and which will be a principal part of my intended work on Morals and Politics, which I consider as the final cause of my existence. For God's sake do not deprive me of the lights which must issue from such an understanding as yours.

"I hope you read the Edinburgh Review: it is far the best of our periodical publications. It is charged with severity: but the accusation is most loudly made by bad writers and their stupid admirers. For my part, I am not displeased to see the laws of the republic of letters enforced with some vigour against delinquents, who have too long enjoyed a scandalous impunity.

"After having written so long a letter, I am afraid to trust myself with the subject of Burke. Of all human beings, the joint praise of wisdom and genius seems to me most to belong to him, in all the force and extent of these two energetic and comprehensive words. In his mind was, I think, united the heroic vigour of a semi-barbarous, with the meditation and compass of a civilised age. 'Multum ille in sapientia civili profecisse se sciat, cui Burkius valde placebit.' In you, my excellent friend, I discover that, as well as every other proof of thorough mastery of the true principles of civil wisdom. Go on to instruct and to animate the world. Serve mankind, if

they are to be served. At all events, discharge your own conscience, and increase your glory. Do not forget

"Your sincere friend,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"I earnestly entreat you to write to me three or four times a year. Such information and reflections as India can afford, you will certainly have. It is a poor return for the treasures of Europe; but India, you know, has always purchased, by her fantastic luxuries, the precious metals of the West."

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

"*Ryde*, 31*st Jan.* 1804.

"MY DEAR SHARP,—I cannot refrain from reminding you again, that you have an opportunity of giving real pleasure to two people, who have as much esteem and affection for you as it is easy to feel for a human being. I must be desirous of the company of one whom I have never quitted without feeling myself better, and in better humour with the world. I owe much to your society: your conversation has not only pleased and instructed me, but it has most materially contributed to refine my taste, to multiply my innocent and independent pleasures, and to make my mind tranquil and reasonable. I think you have produced more effect on my character than any other man with whom I have lived; and I reflect on that circumstance with satisfaction, for I am sure that all the change so produced must be good. It is a gratification to me to have spoken so much from the bottom of my heart. But I am most desirous that my wishes should not induce you to do what might be really inconvenient to yourself. It is only on condition of its proving at least tolerably

convenient, that I feel myself at liberty to indulge the hope of seeing you on Friday or Saturday. It is needless for me to repeat, that I shall be very glad if you can prevail on Sydney Smith or Horner to accompany you. Adieu.

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO GEORGE PHILIPS, ESQ.*

"*Ryde, Isle of Wight, 3rd Feb.* 1804.

"DEAR PHILIPS,—The motions of the wind, which I observe in a weathercock, placed on a little chapel just opposite to me, admonish me that the ship may soon come here, which is to bear me far from my friends and my country. The same circumstance reminds me that I have still some duties of friendship to perform. Allow me, therefore, without any other apology for delay than what my situation and your good nature will suggest, to thank you, before I go, for all your kindness, and particularly for your communication from London in September. I was delighted to discover a new talent in my friend; and I do assure you I was also pleased, in a very great degree, with many parts of the poem. The description recals Windermere to my fancy, in the Isle of Wight; and the descriptive style is chaste and severe. I read the address to our invaluable friend, with various feelings, sometimes disposed to be fastidious, as if nothing could be good enough for the subject, and at other times willing to think anything excellent in which truth was spoken of him. You must allow me to observe that one verse,

'Free from all vice, though in the *city* bred,'

* Now Sir George Philips, Bart. of Weston, Warwickshire.

might furnish a handle to some wags of the west end of the town to laugh at the city morality. At Manchester, you naturally oppose city to country; but in London, it is more natural to oppose it to Westminster. Excuse me if I add, that the moral and satirical part of the poem might, in my opinion, be abridged with advantage. I do not object to the acrimony with which your Arcadian moralists have, at least since the time of Virgil, abused us men of the town. It may, perhaps, be necessary to relieve the dulness of your pastoral life. But I require from you absolutely, that you atone to us for your abuse by extraordinary excellence, or novelty, or brevity. If I had now more leisure, and above all, if I were by your ear, I should venture many other criticisms of detail, from which I must now abstain.

"If your fancy be inclined to ramble towards the east, I advise you, the first time you come to London, to spend a morning at Daniells' in Howland-street, where you will see a set of pictures, that may well be considered as the representative of all the scenery, architecture, &c., of India, from Thibet to Cape Comorin. The old voyagers are always more picturesque and poetical than the modern: they describe those simple appearances, which we now suppose to be known. Harris, Churchill, and Astley's Collections, will furnish you with great abundance of Indian imagery.

"I hope your heart, as well as your imagination, will sometimes stray eastward. For my part, I shall often think of Manchester. Write to me at Bombay;—an European letter will there be a great luxury (I can honestly say)—especially one from you. Sharp (whom I expect here to-morrow morning) will convey letters to me.

"Catharine joins me in best and most affectionate

remembrances to Mrs. Philips and yourself; and I ever am,

"Dear Philips,

"Yours, most affectionately,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

The sentiments with which his departure was viewed by his more intimate friends, may be judged of by the following expressions, in a letter from Francis Horner to Mr. William Erskine, dated London, 4th Feb. 1804. "Give my respects to Sir James and Lady Mackintosh when you see them. I never pretended to express to either of them my sense of the great kindness they have shown me since I came to London, because I could not express it adequately. I shall ever feel it with gratitude, if I am good for anything. To Mackintosh, indeed, my obligations are of a far higher order than those even of the kindest hospitality: he has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking; I cannot even except Dugald Stewart, to whom I once thought I owed more than I could ever receive from another. Had Mackintosh remained in England, I should have possessed, ten years hence, powers and views which now are beyond my reach. I never left his conversation but I felt a mixed consciousness, as it were, of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with the feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself. I cannot think of all this without being melancholy; 'ostendent tantum fata, neque ultra.'"

From the companion of his early studies, and the friend of his more mature age, he received an expression of that interest in his future fate, which the critical step

he was now taking for advancing his fortunes, naturally suggested.

"*Shefford, near Cambridge, 30th Dec.* 1803.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Understanding by the public papers that you purpose soon to sail for India, I cannot refrain from troubling you with a line, to express my sincere and ardent wishes for you welfare. Though the course of events has directed us into very different paths, and destined me to obscurity and you to eminence, this circumstance has never, in the smallest degree, abated those sentiments of gratitude and esteem, which are indelibly impressed on my heart. You have ever shown me tokens of disinterested friendship; and the favourable manner in which you have spoken of my small publications, I have always imputed, in a great measure, to the partiality arising from early acquaintance. Accept my best thanks for the 'Trial of Peltier,' which I read, as far as your part in it is concerned, with the highest delight and instruction. I speak my sincere sentiments when I say, it is the most extraordinary assemblage of whatever is most refined in address, profound in moral and political speculation, and masterly in eloquence, it has ever been my lot to read in the English language. I am not surprised at the unbounded applause it met with, nor that the government should think it high time to turn their attention to its author; though, I confess, I am surprised that a great empire can furnish no scene of honour and rewards for men of genius (a race always sufficiently rare, and now almost extinct), without sending them to its remotest provinces. It seems to me to betray a narrowness of mind in the persons who compose the administration; as if, while they felt the necessity of rewarding, they were not fond of the vicinity of superior talent. May God Almighty, however, preserve and bless

you wherever you go, and make your way prosperous! You will have an opportunity of contemplating society under a totally different form from that which it wears here, and of tracing the nature and effects of institutions moral and religious, whose origin lies concealed in the remotest antiquity. Allow me to hope that you will tread in the steps of Sir William Jones, and employ talents which, in originality and vigour, are decidedly superior even to his, in tracing the vestiges of divine truth, and confirming the evidence of revelation. You will excuse me if I add, that the praise of great talents results from their use; that the more any one has received from the Lord of all, the greater is his responsibility; and that, as the interests of this world are momentary, it is our truest wisdom to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

"May I take the liberty, before I close, of recommending to your attention a young gentleman of the name of Rich, who is going out in the same fleet with you, as a cadet*, to Bombay. He is of Bristol, where I had the pleasure lately of seeing him. He is a most extraordinary young man. With little or no assistance he has made himself acquainted with many languages, particularly with the languages of the East. Besides Latin, Greek, and many of the modern languages, he has made himself master of the Hebrew, Chaldee, Persian, Arabic, and is not without some knowledge of the Chinese, which he began to decipher when he was but fourteen. He is now seventeen. He has long had a most vehement desire to go to India, with the hope of being able to indulge his passion for eastern literature; and, after many difficulties,

* In consequence of the change from a military to a civil appointment, Mr. R. did not go to India at that time, but was ordered to join, as secretary, Mr. Lock, his Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt, then at Malta, on his way to his post.

has at length succeeded in being appointed to the situation of cadet. He is a young man of good family, and of most engaging person and address. His name, I believe I mentioned before, is Rich. If it is consistent with your views to honour him with your countenance, he will not, I am almost certain, give you any reason to repent of your kindness and condescension.

"May God take you, my dear sir, under his immediate care and keeping, preserve you long, and restore [you] in due time, to be an ornament and blessing to your native country, is the sincere prayer of,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"R. HALL.

"P.S. Please to present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Mackintosh, wishing her and you every possible blessing, for time and eternity."

The wind, for some time adverse, having become fair, and the "Winchelsea," Captain Campbell, in which he was to sail, having come round from the river, on Sunday, February 13th, Sir James and his family embarked on board; and before the close of the following day the shores of England were fast fading from his view.

CHAPTER V.

VOYAGE—ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—STATE OF SOCIETY—LETTERS TO MR. SHARP—MR. JOHN ALLEN—FOUNDS A LITERARY SOCIETY—JOURNAL—LETTERS TO MR. SHARP, MR. HALL, MR. PHILIPS, PROFESSOR STEWART—DEATH OF THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS—LETTER TO MR. FLAXMAN—STATE OF THE RECORDER'S COURT.

BESIDES Sir James's family, which consisted of himself, his wife, his five daughters, a governess and servants, the "Winchelsea" carried several officers and recruits, going to join their regiments in India, and a few cadets. The whole party were fortunate in the captain with whom they sailed. Captain Campbell was a brave and intelligent officer, of a manly independent character, who secured the affection of all under his care, by his unwearied attention to their feelings and their comfort. Sir James was fond of the sea, which always had a favourable effect on his health and spirits. Great as was the change from the tenor of his former life, his delightful flow of spirits never forsook him. His first care, next to his tender and assiduous attention to Lady Mackintosh, who suffered from illness during a part of the passage, was directed to the instruction of his children. He allowed no duty to interfere with this. Besides the more varied instructions which their mother took a pleasure in affording, he regularly read with them some book of English literature, particularly the poetical works of Milton, and the papers of the Spectator, written by Addison,—an author, of whose genius he was a warm admirer, and whom he placed for amenity of style, for easy polite humour, for his delineations of common life

and character, and for his popular disquisitions on taste and morals, at the head of all our English writers. He never intermitted his own readings, which were directed to most subjects of human curiosity, except the mathematical and the natural sciences. He had on board his excellent library, and he employed many hours daily in running over or studying the works he had recently added to it; but always intermingling some classical writers of ancient or modern times; a practice, from which, in no circumstances, did he ever deviate. In the course of the voyage he availed himself of the leisure which he possessed, and of the assistance of his daughters' governess, a young German lady, to study the German tongue, some acquaintance with which he had gained several years before. By vigorous application, he now became a proficient, not only in the poetical, but in the philosophical idiom of that opulent language, a circumstance of the greatest service to him in pursuing his subsequent metaphysical inquiries into the history of German philosophy. He also paid more attention to Italian literature than he ever before had leisure to do; a natural consequence of which was, that it rose considerably in his estimation.

In him, as in many others whose acquirements have been remarkable, was always observable a happy talent of turning conversation with others, upon topics upon which they are most familiar. Thus, by conversing with the officers of the ship during his hours of relaxation, he was observed to acquire a very correct acquaintance with the names and uses of the different parts of the ship and its tackle, as well as of the general principles of sailing and of seamanship. He took his share, with a good-natured readiness, in all the duties allotted to him during the voyage. On Sundays, whenever the weather permitted, a church was rigged out upon the quarter-deck;

and, at Captain Campbell's desire, he read the service from the Book of Common Prayer, to the whole ship's company, in a simple and impressive style. It is a great mistake to suppose that the minds of our sailors (however boisterous and rude their manners may be) have any tendency to irreligion. Indeed, the tendency, naturally generated by their situation, is rather to the opposite extreme of superstition. It will be found that they are always fond of religious services, where they respect, and are not in a state of hostility with, the reader. In this instance, the satisfaction of the lowest sailors was evident, not only from their deportment during the service, but from their eager readiness to fit up the church, and their evident disappointment when any roughness of the weather, or other cause, interfered with it. As the war then raged, and as the French admiral, Linois, and his cruisers infested the Indian seas but too successfully, every person on board had some duty assigned to him, connected with the defence of the ship; and Sir James was placed at the head of a party of pikemen, composed chiefly of passengers, who were to oppose any attempt of the enemy to board. The alarm occasioned by the appearance of suspicious sails, summoned him repeatedly to his post at some periods of the voyage, particularly in running through the Mozambique channel.

Into the few amusements which the limited society of an Indiaman affords, he entered with every appearance of perfect ease and enjoyment; and by his wit, his gaiety, and constant activity of mind, tempered always with an air of dignity, diffused an atmosphere of good-humour around him. He became a particular favourite with the young officers and cadets, as, indeed, with persons of all ranks on board. One of his favourite amusements at table, during his walks on the quarter-deck, and when he repaired to his seat on the poop, to enjoy the great

luxury of the day, the coolness of the evening breeze, consisted in sounding the dispositions and acquirements of those around him, and in exercising his peculiar art in drawing them out, to talk, every one of what he knew best.

A voyage of any great length must, however, in the end, become tiresome to all who are not engaged in the active duties of the ship; and, above all, to such as are earnestly bent upon entering on a new scene of action. He found it impossible to have his books so at his command as to enable him to pursue, with regularity, any course of speculation that required long continued attention, or exact and extensive reference. His reading was consequently general and desultory. Towards the end of the voyage, Lady Mackintosh had a severe attack of illness, so that it was with much satisfaction that, on Saturday, the 26th of May, he landed at Bombay, after a voyage of three months and thirteen days.

At the period of his arrival, Jonathan Duncan, Esq. was Governor, while Sir Benjamin Sullivan, a puisné judge from Madras, held the office of Recorder, in the interval between the death of Sir William Syer, and the arrival of the new judge. Mr. Duncan received Sir James in the most friendly manner at Parell, the official country-house of the Governor, which he insisted on resigning to him, till he could provide himself with a suitable residence. On Monday, the 28th of May, the new Recorder took his place on the Bench, and was sworn into office.

His first impressions on reaching this new scene will be best conveyed in his own words, extracted from an over-land letter (June 29th) to Mr. Sharp.

"We arrived here on the 26th of May, after a voyage, accounted prosperous, and which might have been plea-

sant (if any voyage could be so), of three months and thirteen days. The heat was then the greatest of the year, but it was only *very* unpleasant during calms, and we have borne it in a way that would have been very encouraging, if we were not good-naturedly told that the climate never begins to show hostility in the first year. I should not know how to extract a paragraph out of the voyage, even if paper were less precious than it is in a billet that is to travel over the Great Desert. As I am to write to you at length by the ships, in less than a month, I shall reserve my lounging correspondence till that opportunity, and perhaps, after all, that letter may reach you sooner than this.

"Since my arrival we have lived, and are still living, at the Governor's country house, which he has given up to us during the rains. We found no house ready for our reception; and during the three or four months of the monsoon (three weeks of which are past), it is difficult to remove furniture.

"Our climate may be endured; but I feel that, by its constant, though silent, operation, existence is rendered less joyous, and even less comfortable. I see around me no extraordinary prevalence of disease, but I see no vigorous, cheerful health. What little activity of mind we have, is directed towards Orientalism. Even in this, we are far behind the other settlements. We are but *provincial beaux esprits* even in the Sanscrit literature. The Governor, who has been very civil to us, is an ingenious, intelligent man, not without capacity and disposition to speculate. Four and thirty years' residence in this country have *Braminised* his mind and body. He is good-natured, inclined towards good, and indisposed to violence, but rather submissive to those who are otherwise.

"A few days ago we received, by a packet from

Bussora, the London papers to the 27th of March, and the Frankfort papers to the 8th or 9th of April. Long before this time, if we are to believe our European journals, the Foxes and Grenvilles have coalesced, Pitt still preserving a mysterious neutrality. My wishes were and are for universal coalition. My personal feelings must be with Fox and Windham.

"I have heard a great deal of Bobus*. His fame is greater than that of any pundit since the time of Menu.

"Till I get into my own house, I shall not have the consolations of my library, and of my daily philosophical labour; and I feel it somewhat discouraging to look at all my toil and economy for the two first years, as being little more than enough to clear my expenses in coming out, and establishing myself.

"To turn from these disagreeable and useless topics, let me entreat you to miss no opportunity of writing me very long letters, and sending me very large packets of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, &c., of what you think *trash* in London. No memorial of the world in which we have lived is trifling to us. I am almost ashamed to own, that if I were to receive another Paradise Lost, and a large packet of newspapers by the same conveyance, I should open the last parcel with greater eagerness. Yet why should I be ashamed, since, after all, I ought to feel more interest in my friends and my country than in the most delightful amusements of fancy. Let me remind you, also, of the German and French Journals; and, to the latter, I beg you to add a new one, '*Les Archives de la Litterature par Suard, Morellet, &c.*'" After a long list of books to be sent, he continues,

* The name which, amongst his familiar friends, distinguishes Mr. Robert Smith, then discharging the functions of Advocate-General in Bengal.

"To these you will add what you think proper, erring rather on the side of excess than of defect. While I am on the chapter of books, let me beg of you to tell Horner, that by a ship arrived the other day, I received a letter from my friend Camille Jourdan, at Paris, informing me that the books of political economy, which H. and I had ordered in summer, were ready, and that they waited my orders to know how they were to be sent. I have contrived to write to C. J. through Gentz, at Vienna, by this despatch, begging him to send the books to Dulau, by Holland or Tonningen, and that you will give an order for the price; but as this letter may not reach Paris, let Horner, through Romilly, or somebody else, find a safe opportunity of communicating the same thing to C. J., under cover, to Degerando.

"Is the poet, Campbell, gone to teach political economy to the Lithuanians *? I wrote to George Philips, before I left Ryde, a very stupid letter, with no value but that which it might have as a farewell mark of the warmest esteem and friendship. If this note is spared by the Wahabees and Passwan Oglan †, I presume it will get to London a few days before the King of Clubs re-assembles. In that case, I hope you will 'open the session' by assuring them of my good wishes for the body and its members, Sydney Smith, Scarlett, Boddington, Rogers, Whishaw, and Horner. If Lord Holland be returned, say that I have long meditated, and shall soon accomplish, a letter of thanks to him for his very kind letter from Spain. Best remembrances to Lord Henry Petty and William Smith ‡; and when you see the painters §, men-

* Mr. Campbell had at this time some thoughts of accepting a Professorship at Wilna.

† A predatory chief infesting the roads of Wallachia.

‡ Late M. P. for Norwich.

§ Lawrence, Opie, and Hoppner.

tion me to them. 'Forget me not—forget me not!' Will you get either George Wilson or Romilly to inform Jeremy Bentham, that, very unfortunately, the old very bad prison had been destroyed, and a new one just built, very bad too, but not so intolerable as to give me [a pretext] for a panopticon.

"Remember me most kindly to Erskine, and, if you see them, to Adam, Romilly, George Wilson, and Lens. God bless you!"

In the promised letter by the ships (August 14th), he adds, "We first came to the governor's country-house at Parell (formerly a Jesuit's College), where, as there was some difficulty about finding a house, he invited us to remain during the monsoon, when he resides in town; which invitation we accepted, and are accordingly still at Parell. It is a large, airy, and handsome house, with two noble rooms, situated in the midst of grounds that have much the character of a fine English park. Here we are pretty well lodged; but I am deprived of the luxury of rambling through my books, which I cannot put up till we get into our own house*; and I must delay, till the same period, the beginning of my book†, which, by regularly supplying an agreeable occupation, will, I hope, greatly palliate the evils of my banishment.

"We arrived on the 26th of May, and for the first fortnight the heat was such, that it can be likened to nothing European. Even in the evening, when we were tempted abroad by a sunless sky, we found the whole

* Parell became ultimately, in accordance with the kind offer of the Governor (a bachelor, for whose wants the accommodations were probably needlessly extensive), the Recorder's permanent residence.

† Alluding to the general work which he contemplated, "On the Principles of Morals."

atmosphere like the air of a heated room. In about a fortnight the rains began, and tumbled from the heavens in such floods, that it seemed absurd to call them by the same name with the little sprinkling showers of Europe. Then the air was delightfully cooled, and we all exulted in our deliverance; but we were too quick in our triumph; we soon found that we were to pay in health for what we got in pleasure. The whole frame is here rendered so exquisitely susceptible of the operation of cold and moisture, by so long a continuance of dry heat, that the monsoon is the usual season for the attack of those disorders of the bowels which, when they are neglected or ill-treated, degenerate into an inflammation of the liver, the peculiar and most fatal disease of this country. Dr. Moseley's paradox I now perfectly understand—that the diseases of hot countries arise chiefly from cold. No doubt, cold is the immediate cause of most of them. In the monsoon, heat succeeds so rapidly to damp and comparative cold, and they are so strangely mixed together, that we find it very difficult to adapt our dress and our quantity of air to the state of the weather. We new-comers threw open every window, and put on our thinnest cotton jackets to enjoy the coolness. The experienced Indians clothed themselves thickly, and carefully excluded currents of air. We soon found that they were right. Lady M. has suffered considerably, and I a little, from the *cold* of Bombay. You may judge how troublesome the struggle between damp and heat must be, when I tell you, that I had on yesterday a very thin cotton jacket and vest, but that, having been obliged to take one dose of Madeira, and another of laudanum, I have this day put on an English coat and waistcoat, though the thermometer be (I dare say) at 84°. After the use of medicines, so violent, both

of which continue to be with me equally unusual, you must not wonder that I am somewhat dull this morning; and I cannot adjourn writing till a brighter moment, for the ships are to sail to-morrow. The same reason will excuse the *pharmacopolical* tendencies of my letter.

"Here, however, they shall stop; but I cannot promise that the dulness also is to end here. From whatever place I write, I flatter myself that the letter will be interesting to you. But, indeed, my dear friend, I almost defy your ingenuity and vivacity to extract an amusing letter out of this place. There is a languor and lethargy among the society here, to which I never elsewhere saw any approach. Think of my situation—become (as I once ventured to tell you) too fastidious in society, even in London; and, for the same reason (shall I confess it), not so patient of long-continued solitude as I hoped that I should be. You see the mischief of being spoiled by your society. The King of Clubs ought only to transport its members in very atrocious cases. The Governor, as I told you in my overland despatch, is indeed an ingenious and intelligent man; but every Englishman who resides here very long, has, I fear, his mind either emasculated by submission, or corrupted by despotic power. Mr. Duncan may represent *one genus*, the *Braminised* Englishman; Lord W—— is indisputably at the head of the *other*, the *Sultanised* Englishman.

"There are many things which might look amusing enough to you in a letter, of which the effect is, in truth, soon worn out. I am carried in my palanquin by bearers from Hyderabad. I have seen monkeys and their tricks exhibited by a man from Ougein. I condemn a native of Ahmedabad to the pillory. I have given judgment on a bill for brandy supplied by a man who kept a dram-

shop at Poonah. I have decided the controversies of parties who live in Cutch*; and grant commissions to examine witnesses at Cambay, (I have, in the same morning, received a visit from a Roman Catholic Bishop, of the name of *Ramazzini*, from Modena, a descendant of the celebrated physician, Ramazzini, a relation of Muratori, who wondered that an Englishman should be learned enough to quote Virgil; of an Armenian Archbishop from Mount Ararat; of a Shroff (money dealer) from Benares, who came hither by the way of Jyenagur, and who can draw bills on his correspondents at Cabul; and of the *Dustoor*, or Chief-Priest, of the Parsees at Surat, who is copying out for me the genuine works of Zoroaster.) All this jumble of nations, and usages, and opinions, looks, at a distance, as if it would be very amusing, and for a moment it does entertain; but it is not all worth one afternoon of free and rational conversation at the King of Clubs. If ever I rise again from the dead, I shall be very glad to travel for the sake of seeing clever men, or beautiful countries; but I shall make no tours to see fantastic or singular manners, and uncouth usages. It is all a cheat; at least it is too trifling and short-lived to deserve the pains that must be taken for it. I should rather travel to the Temple, and there try to keep Porson quiet for a week; and make a voyage down the Thames, to force my way into Jeremy Bentham's, in Queen's-Square Place. These are monsters enough for me, and, fierce as one of them is, they suit me much better than Mullahs or Pundits.

"The island of Bombay is beautiful and picturesque; it is of very various surface, well wooded, with bold rocks and fine bays, studded with smaller islands. There is

* It is to be recollected, that at the period when this letter was written, none of those places were in the British dominions; they were all foreign and strange.

scarcely any part of the coast of England where the sea has better neighbours of every kind. But what avails all this, in a cursed country where you cannot ramble amidst these scenes; where, for the far greater part of the day, you are confined to the house, and where, during your short evening walk, you must be constantly on your guard against *cobra capells* and *cobra manills**. The pleasure of scenery is here but little; and so seems to have thought a young artist, whom a strange succession of accidents threw upon our shores, W———, a brother of the Academician, and a young man who seems not destitute of talents. As soon as I heard of his being here, I unearthed him. I offered him a room in my house. I offered to go with him, in two or three months, when the weather is cooler, to all the caves in this neighbourhood (some of them more remarkable than Elephanta), to write a description for his prints, a text for his *Voyage Pittoresque des Cavernes*, which, with my name, might, I thought, more rapidly introduce him to the public after his return. He was proof against all these offers, and returns with the same ship which carries this letter. Love, I understand, prevails over his curiosity and ambition, and he will not go to our cave, because his Dido is not here to enter it with him. I, at least, have done my duty to the arts, for which I have the greatest zeal, though my zeal be not always according to knowledge.—I am very desirous of being kindly remembered by Lawrence, and I beg the favour of your telling him so. I should not wish to be forgotten by Opie or by Hoppner. Tell the fair O——, that if she would address as pretty verses to me, as she did to Ashburner, I think she might almost bring me back from Bombay, though she could not prevent his going

* Two species of snakes.

thither*. I beg that she will have the goodness to convey Lady M.'s kindest compliments, and mine, to her friend, Madame Roland†, of Norwich. * * *

"Among other resources which I am providing against ennui, besides my projected work, the principal are, the reformation of the police, of the administration of penal law, and particularly of the prison; which, as I intend, if possible, to return to Europe with a bloodless ermine, will be my principal instrument of punishment. I am bound to profess my gratitude to Bentham and Dumont, not only for the instruction which I have received from them, but perhaps still more for the bent which they have given to my mind. I have also engaged the Government in a statistical survey of this Island, with bills of births, marriages, deaths, &c. which I shall publish ‡, when it is ready for me, as the first-fruits of economical observation within the tropics. By-the-bye, I wish you would have the goodness to let Malthus know that I have lost his Queries, and that he must send you another copy, which you will convey to me. They may really help us a great deal.

* * * *

* It was probably the delivery of the above message, which produced the elegant impromptu by Mrs. Opie, on being asked whether she had written verses on the absence of Sir J. M. in India.

"No; think not in verse
I his absence deplore,
Who a sorrow can sing,
Till that sorrow is o'er?

And when shall his loss
With such sorrow be class'd?
Oh! when shall his absence
Be *pain that is past?*

LONDON, *March* 29, 1805.

† A playful name for a Norwich friend.

‡ See note on the Discourse on opening the Literary Society of Bombay.—Trans. Lit. Soc. Bom. vol. i. p. 25.

"And now, my dear Sharp, I have forgotten, in the pleasure of imaginary conversation with you, that I have other letters to write, and that the time is very short. For my list of books I shall trust to my two former letters. I will only add, that I believe I have stinted myself too much in Reviews and Magazines—so trifling in London—so invaluable here; and that I beg you to indulge me largely. Besides the regular bound sets of the Reviews, Morning Chronicles, and Cobbett, I beg you to send, by every opportunity, as many loose ones as you can collect. Think of these things; so worthless in the midst of the luxury of London, but to me as delightful as a cup of your filthiest Wapping water might be between Bussora and Aleppo. If I so highly value these things, how shall I represent to you my value for your letters. * * * I shall therefore hope, that no overland despatch will reach Bombay, during my residence here, without a little billet, and that no English ship will enter the harbour without a voluminous epistle from you. If you can prevail on all our friends to take compassion on me, and to write to me, with the same, or with nearly the same regularity, you will deprive exile of half its bitterness. For God's sake, preach as eloquently as you can on the merit of charitable letters to Bombay. As to my answers, *you* do not need charity; and what I have to give would not be relief if you did. Indian topics are very uninteresting in England; not to mention that I am in the most obscure corner of India; but nothing English is trifling, or little, or dull in our eyes at present. I should be very glad to have written to me the refuse of Debrett's* shop, or even Dr. ——'s account of Ptolemy Philopater. '*Forget me not—forget me not!*"

* An eminent publisher of that day.

"I hope I shall write this evening to Scarlett, Sydney Smith, and Horner. But if I should not be able, they must be content for the present with my good intentions, and rely on a letter by the next ship. In that case, I beg Scarlett to let Dr. Currie know, and Horner to inform Dugald Stewart, that I meant also to have written to them, that I shall very soon write to them, and that in the mean time they would very much gratify me by writing to me. I beg to be particularly remembered to Rogers and Boddington. I hope Columbus will soon undertake a new voyage to the East, and that he will animate the dulness of the one Indies more quickly than he conquered the barbarism of the other *. I also beg you to convey my best wishes to Lord Henry Petty, W. Smith, Whishaw, and *tutti quanti*, I shall myself write to Erskine. I did mean to have written a very long letter to Lord Holland, but must delay this also, till the next ship. * * Catharine desires her most affectionate remembrances to you, and begs that if any of her family, brothers or sisters, be accessible to you, you will lend them this letter; and we also both hope that you will give them as much, as frequent, and as seasonable information, as you can collect from Bruce and De Ponthieu, about the over-land despatch.

"I have been obliged to allow Gentz and Camille Jourdan to insert a notice in the German and French Journals, announcing that I am here ready to help the literati of the continent in their inquiries concerning India. I think I am bound to give the same notice to those of my own country. Perhaps the best way will be for you to request Dr. Aikin, with my very best compliments, to insert a *modest* notice of this sort in the Literary Intelligence of the Monthly Magazine. This

* Mr. Rogers's Poem of Columbus was not then published.

reminds me of begging you will not forget my best compliments to the Barbaulds. I read over the whole of Addison's and Dryden's prose, and of Milton's verse, during the voyage. But I have no time to tell you what I felt. I do wonder that it could ever be doubted who was the best prose writer in English.

"Farewell, my dear Sharp. God bless you.

"J. MACKINTOSH."

The enumeration of those to whom he begs to be remembered, has been given nearly entire, to convey some idea of the extent of the sacrifice which he made in leaving England. His sympathy with his distant friends, and, if we may venture to say so, with his country, was extreme. The anxiety to receive letters from distant friends, will seem natural to all; but those only who have visited remote countries, where intercourse with home is limited and uncertain (and such, in consequence of the war, was then the condition of Bombay), can fully enter into his feelings in that respect, or conceive the sinking of the heart that follows the arrival of a fleet with no letters, or with but a few; or, on the contrary, the delight of receiving a voluminous bundle of correspondence, from a wide circle of distant friends. His restlessness on such occasions was quite distressing: "Indian victories cannot affect me personally," says he; "I am very uncertain about their public effect, though I rather hope it may be good. I must own that half-a-dozen of them do not interest me so much as one letter from Mark-lane." On the appearance of a signal for a ship from England or the Persian Gulf, messenger was despatched after messenger, in rapid succession, from his residence in the country, not only to the post-office and to the captain of the expected ship, but to the governor, and to every person who was likely to receive any

particle of European intelligence. It must be recollected, that during the greater part of his residence in India, his patriotism was as much interested in this eagerness as his private affections; that Europe was threatened or overrun by Buonaparte; and that England itself was the professed object of invasion, and of that great conqueror's most deadly hatred. It was no ordinary era. Hardly a vessel arrived that did not, in the few pages of a common journal, bring information of strange and unexpected events; each of which, for ages before, would have been considered as wonderful results even of a long war, and as furnishing materials for many volumes of history; the establishment of the French empire, of the kingdom of Italy, the progress of the French in Germany, the battles of Ulm, Austerlitz, Friedland, Asperne, and all that followed the entrance of the victorious French armies into Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Warsaw; the great events in Spain; our own naval victories; the changes of parties in England; our measures of external defence and internal policy: all possessed the deepest and most intense interest, and made the stronger impression, through the gloomy veil of uncertainty that distance threw over them. This eager anxiety, far from declining, rather, if possible, increased upon him, down to the moment when he embarked on his return to England; as, indeed, the danger of England, from the entire subjugation of all the rest of Europe, was every day increasing down to that time.

It will have been observed, that his disappointment on reaching Bombay was considerable. He at once felt that the sacrifice he had made in quitting England was greater than he had anticipated, and he perhaps found that the benefits he gained, in a pecuniary point of view, did not atone for the privations to which they subjected him.

He found, sensibly, that he had quitted the road of

ambition, when he quitted the English bar. He had there, after many struggles, secured a reputation of the highest class for talent. With the usual proportion of labour and industry, he might have reckoned on immediately sharing in the ordinary advantages of his profession; while the superiority of his information and powers in some particular branches of jurisprudence, seemed to open for him, in those particular lines, a more than common share of professional employment. In the course of the changes to which parties are liable, he possessed a fair, and no very distant prospect of winning his way to a seat in parliament, and of the consideration and hopes that attend distinction there.

In private intercourse, his wide and varied knowledge, at once so refined and so practical, the originality of his views, his delightful manners and uncommon colloquial powers, had secured him a flattering reputation in the circles of the capital, most distinguished for talent, literature, and wit; and the pleasures of elegant society, and of brilliant and enlightened conversation, had become to him almost a necessary of life. An interval of several months between his appointment to India, and his departure for it, during which he intermitted his labours at the bar, and enjoyed comparative leisure for the indulgence of such tastes, had probably contributed to confirm them.

But by mere change of place, he found the thread of his political connections in England snapped; his place was filled, if not by abler men, at least by men nearer at hand. His name was in danger every day of being less and less remembered. In the new scene on which he was thrown, his fine speculations and social accomplishments were nearly useless, or rather only a source of pain and regret. He had few to sympathise with, and not a great many even to understand him. He felt that he was misplaced.

That he should have been disappointed was natural, and may easily be conceived; but, that one of his sagacity and reflection should have been disappointed to the degree which he evidently was, may perhaps be regarded as not a little surprising. He knew that his destination was Bombay, a remote and secluded settlement. And it was hardly worthy of his foresight to have entertained expectations of meeting there with a large or choice circle of men of talent, or men of letters. He seems to have measured the society of a body of colonists, accidentally brought together on a distant island, and devoted to the active pursuits of commerce and war, by that of the 'King of Clubs,' and it was found wanting. He made perhaps, the most polished and refined circle of professional and literary men in the chief capital of Europe,—the standard for judging of a second-rate settlement in a distant quarter of Asia. The conviction flashed on his mind, that he was not at home; and his disappointment was extreme.

On discovering the miscalculation which he had made, a cool and dispassionate consideration of circumstances ought, perhaps, to have led him to avail himself of the leisure he possessed, to retire into his own mind, and perfect some one of those great and useful works which he had meditated, and to one of which allusion has been made. By such a resolution, he might at the same time have benefited mankind, and raised himself higher than ever, not only in the respect of the society which he had left, but in the scale of European estimation. But besides his habitual sin of indolence, perhaps the former habits of his mind were not very favourable to the adoption of a plan of this nature. Like most men nurtured in active life, he found that retirement had much fewer charms for him in the enjoyment, than in the anticipation. The spoiled child of London society required a constant succession of excitements—the want of which

nothing could supply. No succession of amusement or business had ever power to interrupt his studies, his reading and speculations, which constituted, as he himself imagined, the highest pleasure of his life. But when deprived of the excitements of literary and political society, these delights, though never abandoned, lost much of their worth. He felt himself, to a great extent, alone and a prisoner; and, in all his future correspondence, we find him fretting in his captivity, and beating the bars of his prison-door.

But, in spite of this feeling, which must be understood as only occasionally coming over his mind, his natural buoyancy of spirits, and invincible good nature, made him a happy man. In ordinary society, he was still the delight of the company: with his few friends, the flow of his good humour, and the active excursiveness of his imagination, were unimpaired; and, in the bosom of his family, when his mind yielded itself up to all his varied domestic feelings, he seemed to have nothing to desire. The truth is, that he was wonderfully subject to the influence of the objects that surrounded him. He willingly gave himself up entire to the feeling of the moment. The present was then his eternity; and, in this temper, some both of his merits and defects had their origin.

The society of Bombay was not then so extensive as it has since become; and as, to a certain degree, it had become even before he left it. It possessed, however, many able and estimable persons; some extremely intelligent merchants, several of them of uncommon natural powers, some brave military officers, experienced medical practitioners; and, in the civil service, men well versed in the conduct of affairs. Men of talent occasionally visited it from all parts of India; and, in these various classes, he himself found, not only many agreeable acquaintances, but some valuable friends. As for men of

profound learning, of highly cultivated understanding, of philosophical pursuits, they were not to be found, and ought not to have been looked for.

It is not to be forgotten that, at the present day, the extensive sphere of employment afforded to the civil servants by the enlargement of the territories of the presidency, and the excellent course of liberal education which they enjoy at Haileybury, before quitting England, have produced their natural effects on that branch of the service, and filled it with men who would do honour to any country; while the general change in the objects and extent of education among all classes of our countrymen, during the last thirty years, has effected every other portion of the community. The island bears now but a very faint resemblance to what it formerly was.

Sir James arrived at the very crisis of a great revolution in the whole state of society in India. The Company's servants were changing their old habits of traders and brokers, for those of governors. Factories had become provinces. Instead of being guided by the maxims of the natives, as they formerly had necessarily been, when living among them as foreigners and chapmen, they were now the dominant class; and the English principles of honour and morality became the rule. The last dregs of former habits of thinking still lurked among a few of the older members of the community; and, by them, the arrival of an able man, of high reputation, to fill an office which they regarded with no friendly feelings, was not viewed with much complacency. Even such as were themselves raised above all taint or suspicion of corruption, had their apprehensions excited, lest any acts of the few who lingered behind the progress of the others, might bring some discredit on the class.

But, however that may be, the disappointment which Sir James felt, whether well or ill-founded, it was not easy

for him to conceal. Accustomed to all the freedom of thought, and frankness of expression, of a great capital, he found it difficult to adopt the caution that is necessary in a very small settlement. His opinions, where they were not expressed, were soon divined, but they were not soon forgiven. The most perfect good nature and benevolence, on his part, joined to the admiration, felt for his powerful and useful talents, were not able speedily to wear out this primary impression. Supposed contempt is sure to be repaid by real dislike; and such as dread are already prepared to hate.

The business of his Court, his other public and domestic duties, and his books, soon occupied his time. "Our life here is too still, and too uniform," says he, in a letter to the same excellent friend (28th of October), "to afford anything new since I wrote to you by the Elphinstone, since I received yours of the 18th of April, by the St. Vincent, and since I wrote Horner a little billet overland about five weeks ago. But as a mere sign of life made by my friends in Europe is delightful to me, I hope it is not disagreeable to them to see me wave a handkerchief now and then. This is all that I have now to do. But I send you two of our newspapers, which contain my charges to our grand jury. The instant you read them, you will see that I cannot view them with any vanity of authorship. But you will also see, that I do all I can to circulate useful and liberal ideas. A quarterly sermon of this sort, in all the Indian newspapers with an official stamp on it, will be read, and, perhaps, in part adopted, by those who would turn up their nose at any anonymous Essay of ten times the value. I wish the contents, of at least the second, were made generally known. The Governor is an excellent man, and deserves to have his good deeds made public.

"I have not yet begun my regular system of study and

composition, though my library be now established, and splendidly lodged in two very handsome rooms at the end of a saloon, such as is seldom seen in an English house. My first work will be achieved in a fortnight, a Discourse on opening the Literary Society at Bombay *. Lady M. and I will, after that, take a fortnight's excursion to Poonah, which is about ninety miles distant from us. On our return, I shall prepare T. Wedgwood's Metaphysics †, to be sent by the January ships; and when I have despatched them and all my English letters, by that conveyance, I shall seriously and earnestly apply myself to my work. Having nothing to tell you of what has been, I am obliged to say what will be."

"*6th November.*

"Since I wrote the above, we have all been cruelly disappointed by the capture of the Bussora packet, laden with Europe news for us, and with about 100,000*l.* in bullion, for Arab and Persian merchants, which was taken about a month ago in the Gulf of Persia, by a French privateer, Captain Le Mesme. Notwithstanding this capture, I take my chance of sending this by the same conveyance. Indeed, all conveyances are almost equally exposed to danger. Your friend, Lady M., has been a second time indisposed, but has recovered. In consequence of Captain Le Mesme's success, we know nothing English since June, when the new administration, composed of *William and Pitt* was just seated. My political antipathies were nearly worn out before I left England. Distance has completed their destruction. I therefore prefer Pitt's administration to Addington's, for reasons

* See "Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay," vol. i.

† He had undertaken to throw into form and method some philosophical speculations, which infirm health prevented their author himself from completing.

merely public. But my attachments survive my animosities; and I am sorry, for personal and public reasons, that a comprehensive administration was not formed. I hope the murder of the Duc d'Enghien excited as much horror in England as in our minds. Is there a blacker act in history? Write long, write often; miss no opportunity. I often hear from Bobus; always merry; and always kind. Long live Bobus!"

It sometimes happens that an opinion is good, in proportion as it is early arrived at, as in the following case of a comparative judgment of two forms of government as they strike a mind,—fresh from another hemisphere,—before it becomes familiarised with the prejudices in favour of either.

"The Mahratta war," he writes to Mr. George Moore, "undertaken upon grounds of very doubtful policy, has ended in establishing the direct authority, or the uncontrollable influence, of England, from Lahore to Cape Comorin. Your map will help your memory to form some idea of the immensity of this empire.

"A monstrous detail of evil belongs to the nature of such a dominion; and nothing can more show the infernal character of the Asiatic governments, than that the English power really seems to me to be a blessing to the inhabitants of India. Yet the English government, without a community of interest or of feelings with the governed, is undoubtedly very bad, if it be compared with the second rate governments of Europe. But, compared with an Indian government, it is angelic; and I conscientiously affirm that the most impartial philanthropist ought to desire its preservation."

A lively idea of his occupations, and of his manner of passing his time, is presented in the following letters. The first is addressed to his brother-in-law.

TO JOHN ALLEN, ESQ., CRESSELLY.

"*Parell House, Bombay, February* 22, 1805.

"MY DEAR ALLEN,—A year and ten days are now past since I shook hands, on the beach at Ryde, with your three excellent, and, to me, dear sisters.—I shall not tell you how often I have thought of you all since; and how little I ever expect to find a set of friends to replace you. Since I first met you, I have always felt as if I had been born one of you. To the esteem of voluntary friendship was added in my feelings towards you, all the unreserved, undoubting, easy, and, as it were, natural affection, which seems to belong exclusively to the ties of blood. These sentiments I have felt with fearless strength since I left you. They have sometimes derived a sort of sacredness from reflection on the possibility that I may never see you more. They shall be in my heart till its last beat, whenever and wherever that may happen to be.

"But away with whining. We shall all meet and be merry. C——— has so much to do with housekeeping, &c., and we have both so judiciously delayed our English letters till the very last moment, that I mean to give you as full an account as I can of all our condition, to supply the defects which C———'s laziness and hurry may occasion in her correspondence.

"I shall begin with our health. You know that illness made poor C———'s entry into Bombay rather less joyful than became the first lady of the island. We arrived here during the most burning weather, which was not certainly favourable to her. Then followed the monsoon, with unusually abundant rains, which considerably affected her. I must add, that since I have stood at the bed-side, the diseases of Bombay have lost all that mysterious horror in which my fancy had arrayed them;

and that, whenever I get ill here, I shall not be haunted by plagues and yellow fevers, but shall feel less alarm, and look with a clearer foresight, into the progress of my disease, than I should in England. The practitioners of medicine are, I think, quite as good; their command over disease certainly greater. Though there be not so much vigorous health, I think there is very little more mortality. So much for the important chapter of health.

"We live about five miles of excellent road over a flat from our capital. We inhabit, by the Governor's kindness, his official country-house, a noble building, with some magnificent apartments, and with two delightful rooms for my library (overlooking a large garden and fine parkish ground) in which I am now writing. The regular course of our idle and disengaged day is as follows. We often are, and always ought to be, on horseback, before six (very soon it must be five). We return from our ride to breakfast at eight; when, to show the enervating effects of the climate, I eat only two eggs and a large plate of fish and rice, called Kedgeree; not to mention two cups of coffee, and three of tea. During the forenoon there is no exertion, nor going out, except from necessity. We then write, read, &c. At four, when alone, we dine; and from half-past five till seven, walk, which, for the last four months, we could do with great pleasure. At seven we drink tea; and, from tea to bed-time, I read to our whole family party, to the amusement, I hope, of C——, and to the instruction of my three elder children. I have already read out to them, including the voyage, all Addison's papers (delicious!), the whole of Milton, Cowper's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey, Dryden's Virgil, and Potter's Æschylus. C———, who is a much better reader, has read several plays of Shakspeare. In this quiet way four days out of five pass. The forenoon is varied by my days of

business. I have four terms for civil business, and four sessions for criminal. The number of my days of attendance is about 110 in a year; and I commonly sit three or four hours each day. I have found the business very easy; indeed, rather an amusement than toil. The two barristers are gentleman-like men.

"As the Court varies my forenoon, engagements abroad or at home sometimes vary C.'s evening and mine. Dinner is never before seven, and seldom to a less party than thirty, arranged by strict etiquette. I need say little of such evenings; they are not the *noctes cœnæque Deum;* they are not quite so good as our King of Clubs, to which I hope you continue faithful; and you may tell *la chère* F—— that they are not equal even to booksellers' parties. The cold weather (do not smile at the expression, for I have relished my blanket) has varied the scene by a few public and private balls; and we have lately made excursions in the harbour (a most superb bay), and to some of the most beautiful and interesting spots in the island and its neighbourhood. These last have been particularly agreeable. C—— gave one very pleasant breakfast at a beautiful spot, not far from this, called Sion. We dined also once in the cave at Elephanta, a striking scene, made more so by the band of Captain Cockburn*, of the Phaeton, who, with two other captains, dined with us. Cockburn is a gallant, high-spirited officer, lively, and handsome to boot.

* * * *

"One great break in the uniformity of our life arises from the packets from Bussora, with the overland despatches, which usually arrive every month or six weeks. I need not say how great an event, the arrival of the

* Now Admiral Sir George Cockburn, G. C. B.

Europe ships (as we call the Indiamen) is to us. Our last European news was in the *Courrier du Bas Rhin* of the 6th of November, which I read on the beach at Mazagong, about six in the morning, embarking for Elephanta, and which conveyed the monstrous and (at all other times) incredible intelligence of the seizure of Sir G. Rumbold. Whether the Imperial Ruffian will kick any spirit into the powers of Europe, or kick every remaining spark out of them, is now to be seen, or rather has by this time been seen, though not by me.

"I could have told you a good deal of my little judicial history, and something of my literary (for I have founded a Literary Society, though nobody but myself has yet read an essay in it), but I thought a detail of our own situation, and of other things, only as far as they affected us, our feelings, and prospects, would be more acceptable and interesting to our beloved friends at Cresselly.

"I have told enough of horses and sailing for Baugh*, who, by-the-bye, would have been not only in his element, but in his two elements, with Arabs and yachts. Of your two cousins, Joshua (the Admiral†) has been on a voyage to Bussora with a packet since September. We expect his return in a fortnight. Nathaniel (the General†) came here from Goa in the beginning of December, and has lived in this house.

"God grant us a happy meeting—I dare not say soon. Write me soon, and believe me,

"Dear John,

"Most truly and entirely yours,

JAMES MACKINTOSH."

* Lady Mackintosh's youngest brother.

† Brothers in the Naval and Military Service of the Honourable East India Company.

In another letter, written about the same time, he enters more into detail on some part of his occcupations.

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

"*Parell House, Bombay, 24th February*, 1805.

"MY DEAR SHARP,

* * * *

"I have lost all terror of the local diseases. When I came here, I dreaded them as unknown monsters; but since I have known them, I think them more regular, and more manageable, and not more mortal than those of England. I have totally escaped. Whether I owe it to temperance, and not fortune, I think it wisest to act as if I owed it to what depends on myself. I shall therefore stick to water till I hear that you and Rogers are qualified to crack a bottle of Port with the Duke of Norfolk.

"On Court-days, which are about one in four, I go to Bombay*, distant about five miles; on other days read, lounge, sometimes write, and, alas! oftener loiter away the forenoon in the really beautiful apartments that contain my library; dine at four; from half-past five to seven, walk on the terrace and walks of this noble house and gardens, which for the last four months, we have always done with pleasure. Drink tea at seven, and from seven to bed-time, which is ten, read out, with the satisfaction of one hearer full of sensibility, and not without sagacity, and with the comfort that I am endeavouring, as I ought, to raise the minds of my young hearers above

——— 'the common rout;
Herds without name no more remembered.'

* The town or Fort.

"Among our readings, or rather at the head of them, is all Addison and all Milton, the two purest writers in the world, though the one was exalted and the other refined into purity. You may remember that when I used to indulge myself in *jargonising*, I called Milton an idealist; so is Addison, only he lives in a softer imaginary world. Milton throws his own moral sublimity over the mean realities of life, and Addison's fancy clothes all its roughness and harshnesses with moral beauty. Our readings in Milton produced one good effect—a criticism on the Allegro and Penseroso in Lady M.'s journal, less idolatrous than Tom Warton's, less spiteful than Johnson's, better thought, better felt, and better worded than either. I was very much struck with the effect of Dryden's Virgil, read immediately after Cowper's Iliad and Odyssey; the style being gone, it seemed a flat slavish copy of Homer. After the trumpet of the Iliad, I could scarcely keep my audience awake with the adventures of our pious friend Æneas. I do not now recollect any thing remarkable in my readings, but very great admiration of Potter's Æschylus.

"Such is the 'noiseless tenor' of our usual day. It is sometimes varied by the necessity of 'going to Mecca with the caravan.' We are occasional conformists, and sometimes, either abroad or at home, have a ceremonious dinner of thirty persons, arranged according to principles of such cold etiquette as would breathe dulness over the 'King of Clubs.'

"Nature sometimes furnishes a more agreeable variety to our day than these mortal dinners. The harbour presents many fine water-excursions, and we have an elegant yacht, belonging to the Governor, at our command. The island has many beautiful and picturesque spots, where we occasionally have breakfast-parties that are pleasant.

You need not fear that I am going to bore you by a description of Elephanta *; but I own that though I did not go to

'Wonder with a foolish face of praise;'

though I have not an atom of *Jonesian* superstition about the East, I was very much struck with the architecture and sculpture, and somewhat over-awed by the sentiment of their antiquity. One mixed excursion, by land and water, we shall begin this day se'nnight, round and through the adjacent island of Salsette, extremely celebrated for its beauty, and which, as we see it from our windows, must, by its position and its component parts, unite all the elements of the finest scenery. You shall hear and know, not what we saw, but what we felt, in it. Poonah and the grand mountains (Ghauts), which separate us from it, I was hindered from visiting at the proper season by Lady M.'s illness, and shall therefore only see next year.

"Another variety of our life is a monthly meeting of the Literary Society, which I founded and opened by a discourse *de ma façon*, in November. I thought it a sort of *duty* to try something. All that I mean to do is, to tell others what they are to pursue, why they ought to seek, and how they will best attain it. The comparative value of different parts of knowledge, the intrinsic value of each, and the rules for its successful cultivation, are discovered, estimated, and taught by Philosophy. To contemplate Oriental matters in this point of view, is not to be an Orientalist, but a philosopher. Now, philosophy is my trade, though I have hitherto been but a poor workman. I observe that you touch me with the spur once or twice about my book on morals: I felt it gall me, for I

* A neighbouring island, in which are excavations celebrated in Hindu Mythology.

have not yet begun, and I shall not make any promises to you till I can say that it is well begun; but I will tell you what has either really or apparently to myself retarded me: it was the restless desire of thoroughly mastering the *accursed* German philosophy. This I am constantly working at, but I am not satisfied that I have quite accomplished it. I must at least fancy that my book is to be addressed to Europe: but with what colour can I indulge such a fancy, if I do not vindicate my fundamental principles (experience and utility), against that mode of philosophising (for the difference lies deeper than particular doctrines), which prevails among the most numerous and active part of the philosophical world. It is vain to despise them. Their opinions will, on account of their number and novelty, occupy more pages in the History of Philosophy, than those of us humble disciples of Locke and Hartley. Besides, their abilities are not really contemptible. It seems to me, that I am bound not only to combat these new adversaries, but to explain the principle and grounds of their hostility, which is itself a most curious confutation in detail. I only mean such a view of an extensive country as one takes from an elevated spot. With all this preparation, I think I shall begin my book next June, when the rains put an end to exercise for three months. I hope, by the end of the monsoon, to get through my general principles of morals. In reading, with very great pleasure and admiration, ——'s review of Bentham *, I could not help secretly flattering myself, that I stood on ground so high, as to see where and why they were both right and wrong: and yet, in my gloomy moments, I sometimes fear that I never shall communicate this notion to the world.

"I have been very much amused and exercised by

* Ed. Rev. vol. iv. p. 1.

Lord Lauderdale*; but I know not how it is, the principles and distinctions have slipped out of my mind more quickly, than I should care to confess to any body but a friend. Is it that he borders on logomachy, that his speculations are too remote from practice? From this, if it be at all true, I must except the excellent parallel between the industry of England and France, which I think one of the most satisfactory and important pieces of economical history, that I know. I meant to have fixed it in my mind by glancing it over again, and writing a letter on it, for it, or against it, as it might happen, to Horner, by these despatches; but I am hurried. He deserves no letter from me, and shall have none, till he sends a most prolix, expiatory epistle; and, indeed, he must continue such offerings half-yearly for some time, before he appeases my offended honour.

"I have written so much, and to so many, on politics, that I have shot my quiver. I hate Buonaparte: I hope little from continental war: I fear the exertions of Alexander must, from his distance and his personal character, be feeble, and from the panic of Germany, will be unsupported. I think Pitt not the man to rouse them from their consternation. I do not believe that they will again trust their existence to his fortune; and I am convinced he has done more harm by going into place with his creatures, and surrendering the country to the King, or his advisers, than King William did good; or at least as much. This is my present creed on temporary politics.

"I hope you live much with the Cid† and Chimene.—Catharine is, I believe, as much your friend as I am, and she is more worthy of being yours. I will not say she

* Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Edinb. 1804, 8vo.

† A name in use with him for his much-esteemed friend, the Rev. Sydney Smith.

has quite so much understanding, but she has more genius and more heart than I have.

"Remember and love us both, as we do you.

"Farewell. I am very unwilling to close so pleasant an occupation as that of talking to you. God bless you.

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

Before leaving England, Sir James had resolved to do all in his power to promote the progress of knowledge within the future sphere of his influence; and among other means of effecting that purpose, to institute at Bombay, a society for the purpose of investigating the philosophy, sciences, arts, literature, geography, and history of India. He was, perhaps, at first somewhat discouraged by finding many fewer persons at the Presidency who took an interest in such inquiries, than he had expected. From the early period of life, at which all gentlemen, intended for the civil and military services in India, left home, few of them could have received the benefit of a scientific or classical education. Their early studies had had a practical direction; and the bustle and activity in which they had spent their lives after entering the service, had left little leisure for pursuits merely literary, or for historical investigations, that seemed to terminate in mere curiosity. Yet having seen much of a new country and strange manners, they had something to tell, if they had not fallen into that error which is so difficult to be shaken off, even by the most intelligent men—the notion, that what has long been familiar to themselves, cannot be the object of surprise or curiosity to others*. Besides, few of them had any habits of

* There are hardly any volumes in which this difficulty has been better overcome than in the writings of Captain Basil Hall; and to his

writing, except on official concerns, and they were in general unwilling to commit themselves on what to them seemed new and dangerous ground. Even the medical gentlemen, whose education was necessarily more complete, had in general left Europe at the earliest practicable period, when they had finished the studies strictly necessary for their admission into the service, in order that they might not lose rank, which depended solely on seniority; and in consequence few of them had possessed leisure or opportunity to enter deeply into those important collateral branches of study, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, natural history, &c., for an acquaintance with which we generally look to the members of that profession. Sir James, from the commanding view which he took of the varied subjects of human knowledge, and of their comparative value, from his frank, open character, his candour, and indulgence for every, the most imperfect effort to please or instruct, was admirably fitted to urge forward and direct such an institution. But, perhaps, the very splendour of the reputation which had preceded him to India, had its evils, and partially obstructed his designs. Convinced, however, that to bring together men who were engaged in the same pursuit was the best mode of kindling their zeal, and of enabling them mutually to verify the extent of their acquirements,— after some previous communication, he had called a meeting of several of the leading men of the island at his house at Parell, on the 26th day of November, when the Literary Society of Bombay was formed, of which he was elected President, Mr. (now Sir Charles) Forbes, Treasurer, and Mr. William Erskine, Secretary. The discourse by which

success in giving the first fresh impressions which even ordinary objects and situations excite, is due no inconsiderable part of that uncommon interest which they possess.

he opened the proceedings has been printed in the Transactions of the Society. It contains a lucid and comprehensive view of the objects, literary, scientific, and moral, of the institution, stated with great beauty and without exaggeration. The character of Sir William Jones is a piece of very fine writing.

Of the original members of the Society, Governor Duncan was a proficient in the Persian tongue, and intimately acquainted with the character and manners of the natives of India; Major Edward Moor was the author of an interesting narrative of the proceedings of Lieutenant Little's detachment, which threw much light on the habits of the natives of the interior of India, and on the geography of parts of the country then little known; Dr. Robert Drummond had published a grammar of the language of Malabar; Major David Price, who has since been distinguished by his Memoirs of Mohammedan History, and other valuable works on Oriental subjects, was already known for his acquaintance with Persian literature; Colonel Boden, who has since founded the Sanscrit professorship at Oxford, had made some progress in Mahratta learning; Captain (the present Major-General Sir Jasper) Nicolls was one of the first to promote the views of the society by his remarks on the temperature of the island of Bombay; and Dr. Helenus Scott was known as a physician by various chemical speculations. Lord Valentia (now Earl of Mountnorris), and Mr. Salt (afterwards Consul-General in Egypt), being then in Bombay, were present at this meeting, and became members of the Society. A proposal made to appoint the Governor Patron of the Society was, after some conversation, set aside, on the ground that, as a literary body, it should preserve a character of perfect independence; an opinion in which Mr. Duncan himself warmly concurred; con-

ceiving it to be sufficient honour for any man to be allowed to forward such objects, as an associate, on terms of perfect equality.

The Society soon after, on the suggestion of the President, published an advertisement*, intimating an intention to offer annually a gold medal, as a prize for the best essays on subjects to be announced. That for the first year, and no other was ever published, was "to illustrate as far as possible, from personal observation, that part of the Periplus of the Erythrean sea, which contains the description of the coast from the Indus to Cape Comorin." Sir James translated from the Greek the portion of the Periplus referred to, which was printed for distribution. It was a literal translation, with a few useful notes, containing the conjectures of former writers as to the appropriation of the ancient names to modern places. No essays, however, were presented, and the plan was not persisted in.

Soon afterwards a plan for forming a comparative vocabulary of Indian languages engaged his attention. His philosophic views enabled him to see that the execution of such a design was better fitted than almost any other to throw light on the descent and connection of the various nations of the East, as it might afford data for penetrating far beyond the period of recorded history. His plan he explained in a paper, read in the Society on the 26th of May, 1806, exactly two years after he landed in the island. It was printed and circulated at the time, and has since been reprinted in the first volume of the Society's Transactions. It was founded on the celebrated Comparative Vocabulary of the Empress Catharine, and contained about two hundred and fifty additional words. "It is my intention," says he, "to transmit to the various

* Dated 31st December, 1804.

governments of British India, a list of words for an Indian Vocabulary, with a request, that they will forward copies to judges, collectors, commercial residents, and magistrates, directing them to procure the correspondent terms in every jargon, dialect, or language spoken within the district committed to their trust; and respecting the languages spoken without the Company's territories, that the same instructions may be given to residents at the courts of friendly and allied states, as far as their influence may extend. I shall propose that they may be directed to transmit the result of their inquiries to me; and I am ready to superintend the publication of the whole vocabulary.

"It is particularly desirable that they should mark, with great precision, the place where any one language, dialect, or jargon, or variety of speech ceases, and another begins; and that they should note, with more than ordinary care, the speech of any tribes of men, uncivilised, or in other respects different from the Hindoo race, whose language is most likely to deviate from the general standard. Mixed and frontier dialects, for the same reason, merit great attention."

The plan abounds with valuable ideas, and shows a profound insight into the subject. Copies of it were circulated by the different governments of India, and a few returns were made, but not sufficiently numerous for the execution of the original design. They were afterwards transmitted to the late Dr. Leyden, then engaged in similar researches on a very large scale; for which he was probably better qualified than any other European who ever visited India.

A short time before the publication of the Comparative Vocabulary (Feb. 24, 1806), Sir James, as President of the Literary Society of Bombay, had addressed a letter to the President of the Asiatic Society, proposing a

general subscription, to create a fund for defraying the necessary expenses of publishing translations of such Sanscrit works as should seem most to deserve an English version, and for affording a reasonable recompense to the translators, where their situation made it necessary. It is written with his usual extent of views and felicity of language. Some difficulties occurred to the committee of the Asiatic Society, to whom the letter was referred; but that body came to the resolution of publishing, from time to time, in volumes distinct from the Asiatic Researches, translations of short works in the Sanscrit and other Oriental languages, with extracts, and descriptive accounts of books of greater length. The 'Notices des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi, and the publications of the Oriental Translation Fund' (for the institution and support of which, Eastern Learning owes so much to the Earl of Munster), afford practical examples of the assistance to knowledge that may be afforded by such a plan.

Besides the fewness of its members, and the shifting nature of the British population of Bombay, the want of a good library was much felt, as retarding the progress of the society. This it was one of Sir James's last acts, before leaving Bombay, to attempt to remedy. When about to set out for Europe, he was requested, and undertook, to send out a collection of the standard books, best fitted to be the foundation of a public library, as well as to order annually the principal new publications, as they appeared, on a scale suited to the funds of the society. The consequence has been the formation of an extensive and very valuable library, which has given the members the means of improving themselves in various branches of knowledge, to a degree that previously was altogether impracticable. — The society, which, from the first, was never vigorous, lan-

guished still more in the course of two or three years, and did not revive till, at a future time, the formation of the library had supplied the materials and means of study and information. It has subsequently gained strength, and has published three volumes of its Transactions, which hold an honourable place among those of the Learned Societies of the East.

But though opposed at first by a somewhat resisting medium, Sir James's desire to diffuse around him the benefits of his acquirements, was never relaxed. Indeed, it was one of the strongest features of his character. To him, solitary or unfruitful acquisitions were as nothing. He delighted in pointing out the road to knowledge, and in accompanying the adventurous traveller. Nobody, within the sphere of his influence, was engaged in any work, literary or scientific, who did not feel the benefit of this ardent principle of his nature. He was consulted by men of talent, in every part of India, on their literary projects. It was by his advice and instigation that Colonel Wilks was induced to undertake and complete his History of Mysore: he urged General Malcolm to write his Political History of India: and that able man, when he discovered his own powers, was encouraged to proceed with the other works, which have added so much to his reputation. Colonel Briggs's valuable translation of 'Ferishta' was undertaken by his advice. To the same cause we owe Dr. John Taylor's 'Lilawati,' a valuable Sanscrit work on Arithmetic. Mr. Elphinstone submitted to him his account of Caubul. Indeed, it may in general be affirmed, that no valuable work was undertaken, during his residence in Bombay, in which he had not some share, by his advice or other assistance. In many instances, the effects of his guidance and encouragement did not become manifest till long after he had left the settlement.

The fragment of his Life, with which these volumes commence, was written by him in August, 1804, within three months after he arrived in India. On the 26th of March, 1805, he commenced in the same volume a Journal in these words:—"Six months have idly passed since I began this book, with the intention of reviewing my own life. As I may resume the project, I leave sufficient space for its execution. At present, I intend to begin a Journal of my Studies, in which my first object is to understand the theoretical Morals of the Germans, which I conceive to be a necessary preliminary to my own work. For this purpose, I shall to-morrow begin Reinhold's Critique on Practical Reason, or his Metaphysics of Ethics and of Jurisprudence; to conclude with Fichte."

Accordingly his Journal is, for some days, almost exclusively occupied with an analysis of the first of these works. It extends to a length, which would make it too severe a draught upon the attention of any but a reader desirous of entering the mazes of the transcendental philosophy; but which otherwise, if admissible, would have served as a good instance of the sort of occupation (deserving, at least, always, the character of *strenua inertia*), which delayed and diverted his attention from his varied projected efforts.

"April 10th.—Read the fourth and fifth letters of Reinhold this morning, and was about to have abridged them, as well as to have reviewed my abridgment of yesterday, when lo! I am informed that the Bussora packet is in sight. The thin spectres of metaphysics vanish into air, when they are brought into the near neighbourhood of the gross realities *of life*. We are now within five days of six months from the date of our last *London Paper*.

"24th.—This long chasm is to be ascribed, for a day

or two, to the European newspapers;—then, for a week, to very laborious sessions, which left me considerably indisposed;—and for the last few days to letters, which I sent yesterday by Graev, supercargo of the Hamburgh ship, to M. Gentz at Vienna, to MM. Acerbi and Degerando at Paris. I have, however, in the leisure hours of the last fortnight, read a great part of Spinoza's Tractatus Theologo-Politicus, which has struck me very much. It is, I suppose, the first attempt to *humanise* the Bible. Its tone is not hostile. There is a sort of *naïveté*, an extreme simplicity in the manner, in the tranquillity with which positions, the most sure to startle his readers, are presented as mere obvious conclusions of reason, which is very characteristic of a recluse dogmatist, living only in a world of his own ideas, knowing and caring nothing about the opinions and prejudices of the men around him.

"I have dipped into Tiedeman, (Spirit of Speculative Philosophy,) and am pleased with the account which he gives of the tendency to reform the popular religion, which prevailed both among the Greeks and the Jews of Alexandria, in the century before the Christian era. What great consequences may be ascribed to the establishment of the Greek monarchies of Syria and Egypt!

"Yesterday and this morning I have glanced over the first, and part of the second volume of Lardner's Credibility, which seems to prove very well the antiquity, and very general reception, at least, of the four Gospels.

"Having thus confessed my sins, my deviations from settled plan into desultory reading, I now resume my accustomed studies, with as much ardour as my natural indolence, aided by the heat, ninety degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, will allow.

"25th.—In spite of my resolution, Lardner led me to

look through the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of Gibbon. I could not lay them down without finishing them. The causes assigned, in the fifteenth chapter, for the diffusion of Christianity, must, no doubt, have contributed to it materially: but I doubt whether he saw them all. Perhaps those which he enumerates are among the most obvious. They might all be safely adopted by a Christian writer, with some change in the language and manner*.

"The sixteenth chapter I cannot help considering as a very ingenious and specious, but very disgraceful extenuation of the cruelties perpetrated by the Roman magistrates against the Christians. It is written in the most contemptibly factious spirit of prejudice against the sufferers; it is unworthy of a philosopher, and of a man of humanity. Let the narrative of Cyprian's death be examined. He had to relate the murder of an innocent man, of advanced age, and in a station deemed venerable by a considerable body of the provincials of Africa, put to death because he refused to sacrifice to Jupiter. Instead of pointing the indignation of posterity against such an atrocious act of tyranny, he dwells, with visible art, on all the small circumstances of decorum and politeness which attended this murder, and which he relates with

* This view of the question may derive confirmation, or at least, illustration, from comparing Gibbon's two chapters with Dr. Robertson's Sermon on the state of the world at the time of the appearance of Christ. The sound and rational observations of the reverend historian on certain facilities afforded to the diffusion of the Gospel by the previous state of the public mind, and of public affairs, in the hands of Gibbon, or of any other author, more disposed to sneer than to argue candidly on such subjects, would admit of a perversion nearly similar to that given to the accidental causes which he has enumerated; while several of Gibbon's natural causes, changing the offensive language in which they are conveyed, might fairly have been expounded as perfectly true and efficient from any pulpit.

as much parade as if they were the most important particulars of the event.

"Dr. Robertson has been the subject of much blame for his real or supposed lenity towards the Spanish murderers and tyrants in America. That the sixteenth chapter of Mr. G. did not excite the same, or greater disapprobation, is a proof of the unphilosophical and, indeed, fanatical animosity against Christianity, which was so prevalent during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

"July 18th.—The incorruptible honesty of dates shows me a shameful chasm in my studies. Let me call myself to account.

"I finished Reinhold's Letters, but was, I know not how, seduced from abridging the remainder of them. Several new publications then led me astray from my philosophical course;—reviews, magazines, newspapers, &c. Among them, I was particularly struck with the articles, of W. Taylor, of Norwich, in the 'Annual Review.' It is easy to trace, or rather it is impossible to overlook him. I was struck also in reading the political articles, with the observations on Mr. Burke, whose destiny it is to be misrepresented—witness the account given here of the decree against quarter to the English and Hanoverians. I examined the *Moniteur*, to be assured of the falsehood of this account, and I had no difficulty in ascertaining, as I expected, that it was totally groundless. I afterwards read Gilbert Wakefield's Memoirs with considerable interest; and I could not read them without observing the injustice, sometimes unavoidable, done to statesmen and magistrates. There never was an age or a nation in which G. W.'s pamphlet would not have been thought punishable. There is no *quotable* writer for the liberty of the press, who would not allow that it was so; yet, when his literature and

his sufferings are presented to the mind, long after the offence has ceased to be remembered, or when it is considered only as part of the uninteresting political controversies of a former period, sympathy for him, and indignation against those who punished him, are sure to be excited. But let the pamphlet be read; let the terrible danger of the kingdom be remembered, and let a dispassionate reader determine whether Mr. Somers would not have prosecuted, if he had then been Attorney-General, and whether Mr. Locke, if he had been one of the jury, would have hesitated to convict.

"Richardson's Correspondence is certainly, in many parts, rather dull, as the reviewers justly say; but it is the dulness of Richardson which interests me more than the wit of most reviewers. The book is a picture, and, on the whole, a most amiable picture of Richardson. It contains important materials for literary history. Mrs. Barbauld's Preface is altogether excellent. Her account of the moral of 'Clarissa' is one of the noblest pieces of mitigated and rational Stoicism in the world. Her objection to the moral of 'Pamela' appears to me over-refined and under-reasoned. His object is to dispose young women of low rank to good conduct, by such *motives as will work.* The hope of marrying a squire, though rather profligate, is a powerful inducement. This is a low and homely morality, to be sure; but R., in this place, aimed no higher.

"Besides these new books, I have read some Italian; and I feel more inclination for that beautiful language than at any former period of my life. Several volumes of Tiraboschi, and Fabroni's Elogi of Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, were the chief subjects of my Italian rambles. The history of Italian poetry in the famous *Cinque Cento,* is extremely amusing. The adventurous and romantic lives of the poets are almost as interesting as

their works.—I wonder that the misfortunes of Tasso have not oftener been employed

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

"Such is the honest confession of my literary infidelities. I now return to my philosophy, to which I hope I shall be constant. I shall begin with Des Cartes' Meditations and the Objections, Spinoza, Hobbes on Human Nature, Berkeley's Principles and Dialogues, Hume on Human Nature, then Kant."

So far had Sir James written; but here a period was, for the time, put to his daily entries. The words, "Hiatus valde deflendus," written at a subsequent time, close the literary register of this year. A few of the letters written by him at this period, may be employed to fill the chasm.

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

"*Parell, Bombay, 1st June,* 1805.

"My DEAR SHARP,—Better reasons than my usual habits of procrastination have delayed this letter till the very last moment. We have been in momentary expectation of our China ships, by which I expected letters likely to soothe and rouse my mind, and to dispose me better for writing to my friends; and I wished to wait till my eyes were recovered from a weakness which they have naturally enough contracted, from ten hours' reading and writing every day, in the glare of the last month, which is our hottest and brightest season. But neither the winds nor the small arteries of my eyes will do as I bid them; I must therefore write you a horrid scrap, as I am resolved never to miss any of these rare occasions of conversing with you, which my fortune allows. I have indeed, in the common way of speaking, nothing to say; but I feel that to be even reminded, when I have no need

to be assured, of the affection of a distant friend, is not *nothing*, and is so far from being nothing, that it is much better than most *somethings;* and, as I am very willing to ascribe similar feelings to my friends, I write, though it be only to repeat my thanks for all your kindness, and for your remembrance of the wants of our exile. One want I do not allow that you sufficiently provide for; I mean that of long letters. I know that you object to them, and not from laziness only. I know also that it is very unsafe to differ from you, especially in matters of taste. I agree with you in general, that long letters have an air of labour, which is disagreeable; besides, they are in England so easily avoidable, that they afford grave presumption of dulness against the writer. The short-hand style, of hint and allusion, is so much more conversational, either spoken or written, that it is infinitely more pleasant, as well as more convenient in letters; but to use it, or to relish it, or (I had almost said) to understand it, one must live in the same town, and the same island, at least in the same zone, or the same hemisphere with the writer. At this distance, and when a few years shall have completely *un-Londonised* me, I cannot understand allusions; and before that fatal moment, it is surely natural to be more laboriously kind to those friends who most need kindness. It is natural even to *show* this, and to show it with some anxiety. To those very distant friends then, who very much need and desire amusement, it is perfectly natural to write in a different manner, and at much greater length, than when one sends a twopenny post note from Mark-lane to Guildford-street. I know not whether I have proved my position, but I am not without hopes that I have gained my point, because I have shown my wishes.

"We have been delighted with Cowper's third volume even more than with either of the former. His mixture

of playfulness and tenderness is very bewitching. He is always smiling through his tears.

"I see a volume of poems published by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, which are called by one of the Reviews 'extraordinary productions of genius.' They are published, it seems, to enable the author, a lad of seventeen, to pursue and complete his studies. I particularly request that you will read the volume, and that, if you find it deserves but some part of the praise bestowed upon it, you will inquire into the circumstances of the author, and give him for me such assistance as you think he may need, and as I ought to give. If you think the young poet deserves it, you can procure the contributions of others. You can scarcely, indeed, have a poorer contributor than I am, as you know very well; but nobody will give his mite more cheerfully.

"I am still employed in my *preparatory* reading, but I think I can now positively foresee, and even foretell, when I shall begin my work. The German philosophy, under its present leader Schelling, has reached a degree of darkness, in comparison of which Kant was noonday. Kant, indeed, perplexed all Europe; but he is now disdainfully rejected by his countrymen as a superficial and popular writer.

"Bloomfield, I think, improves. His Vaccination, notwithstanding the unpromising subject, has some beautiful verses.

"How flourishes the King of Clubs? I always observe its *mensiversary* in my fancy.

"There are two men to whom I had resolutely determined to write by these ships. I think you can contrive to convey to both of them that such was my intention, and that it has only been defeated by my weak eyes—I mean Dugald Stewart and George Wilson. The perfidious and profligate Horner, instead of frequent and

voluminous letters, has only sent me two scraps of introduction, neither of which, however, I have neglected. I hope we shall receive your '*Epistle**, by these ships. Remember both of us most kindly to Boddington, and to the worthy G. Philips, to whom I ought to have written in spite of my eyes, and who ought to have written to me in spite of my silence. I need not mention Scarlett, &c. You know so well the persons whom I love and esteem, that I need not go through the formality of enumeration. I have sent to young Hoppner at Calcutta, introductions to all my acquaintances there. Farewell.

"Ever yours, affectionately,
"J. MACKINTOSH."

TO THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

"*Bombay, 21st September*, 1805.

"MY DEAR HALL,—I believe that in the hurry of leaving London I did not answer the letter that you wrote to me in December 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend†, from whom I have had one letter from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he is. No request of yours could be lightly esteemed by me. It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaint-

* One of those poetical effusions, the late publication of which has given the public an opportunity of so cordially ratifying the prior encomiums of Mr. Sharp's numerous private friends, and amongst them, of him

——"before whose philosophic eye
The mists that cover man's best knowledge fly;
Destined his country's glories to record,
And give her chiefs their last—and best reward."

† See page 201.

ance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five-and-twenty years are now past since we first met; yet hardly anything has occurred since, which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of brilliant fancy, with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and forgotten. It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity which, in a mind preoccupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardour, but which thoroughly detached you from the world, and made you the inhabitant of regions, where alone it is possible to be always active without impurity, and where the ardour of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combination of beauty and excellence.

"It is not given us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience—how much of the future should be let into the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising us above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to which we must submit—are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved.

"It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen

that calamity*, with which it has pleased Providence to visit you, which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention; and which I consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind, with the low realities which surround it, —the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it,—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this case, in a far grander sense than that in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

——— 'And yet
The light that led astray was light from heaven.'

"On your return to us you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt whether, for a calamity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men as to seek to condole with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of attaining their object. You cannot live *for* men without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you *can* do, than the evil you can only lament. Allow yourself to see the loveliness of nature amidst all its imperfections; and

* The temporary aberration of intellect which had befallen Mr. Hall, and his recovery from which prompted the present letter, is well known. Upon his medical attendant, Dr. Arnold, entering his room one day, during its continuance, and asking him how he felt himself? Mr. Hall replied, "*Oh! Sir, I've been with Mackintosh—but it was the Euphrates pouring into a tea-cup.*"

employ your moral imagination, not so much by bringing it into contrast with the model of ideal perfection, as in gently blending some of the fainter colours of the latter with the brighter hues of real experienced excellence; thus heightening their beauty, instead of broadening the shade, which must surround us till we awaken from this dream in other spheres of existence.

"My habits of life have not been favourable to this train of meditation. I have been too busy, or too trifling. My nature would have been better consulted if I had been placed in a *quieter* situation, where speculation might have been my business, and visions of the fair and good my chief recreation. When I approach you I feel a powerful attraction towards this, which seems the natural destiny of my mind; but habit opposes obstacles, and duty calls me off, and reason frowns on him who wastes that reflection on a destiny independent of him, which he ought to reserve for actions of which he is the master.

In another letter I may write to you on miscellaneous subjects; at present I cannot bring my mind to speak of them. Let me hear from you soon and often. Farewell, my dear friend,

"Yours ever most faithfully,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO GEORGE PHILIPS, ESQ.

"*Parell, Bombay, September* 25, 1805.

"MY DEAR PHILIPS,—I began last night to read Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, as part of my evening readings to my children. I was extremely delighted by the poetical beauty of some passages, the Abbey of Melrose for example, and most of the prologues to the Cantos. The costume, too, is admirable. The tone is antique; and it might be read for instruction as a picture of the manners of the middle ages. Many parts are, however, tedious; and no care has been employed to make

the story interesting. On the whole, I have read nothing but Cowper's third volume, and Miss Edgeworth's Tales, since I left England, which has pleased me so much. If all Godwin's Novel * had been equal to the opening of the third volume, I should have preferred it to them all. Mrs. Opie † has pathetic scenes, but the object is not attained; for the distress is not made to arise from the *un*nuptial union itself, but from the opinions of the world against it; so that it may as well be taken to be a satire on our prejudices in favour of marriage, as on the paradoxes of sophists against it. On the whole, your literature has not, during the last eighteen months, been brilliant. But what nation produces much in eighteen months? Except, indeed, my friends the Germans, who, in less than that time, generally produce two or three entirely new systems of the principles of human knowledge. They have at present a new, a newer, and the newest philosophy. Their metaphysical fashions change more rapidly than the fashions of Bond Street, and for reasons almost as frivolous and capricious.

* * * * * *

If we return by Cairo and Constantinople, will Mrs. Philips, Sharp, and you, meet us at Vienna; go with us on a Swiss and Italian tour, and then return home through France, if Buonaparte will let us? In the spring of 1811, or 1812, I hope I shall be on the Prater, at Vienna. I shall be very glad to see our old friends from Manchester peeping out of their carriage, and recognising the sun-burnt and emaciated Indian. Write me often. Lady M. begs to be most affectionately remembered to Mrs. P. and you. And I am,

"My dear Philips,

"Ever affectionately and faithful yours,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

* Fleetwood. † Adeline Mowbray.

TO DUGALD STEWART, ESQ.

"*Bombay, November* 2, 1805.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am ashamed to reflect that it is more than a year since I received your most agreeable letter by the Snodgrasses. I have had many intentions and resolutions to write to you, and they have been defeated by combinations of circumstances, which now appear trifling, and which could scarcely be recalled by any effort of recollection, even if they deserved the exertion. Some honest lazy man ought, once for all, to publish, in his confessions, a full account of all his acts of procrastination and self-delusion, for the edification of his brethren. But I will not employ the little time I have left in making such a confession to you.

"To begin with the subject of your letter, your young friends I have frequently seen; and, when they again visit the Presidency (so we call the capital of an Indian government) I shall not forget that you have an interest in them. They are now in Guzerat with their regiments; and I have the pleasure to tell you that they are extremely well-spoken of by those, who had opportunities of more nearly examining them than I had.

"I am extremely obliged to Mr. Playfair, for his Eloge. I know so little of geology, that far from making a planet, I do not think I could even supply a friend with a mole-hill; but I am charmed with his account of Dr. Hutton, as, indeed, I was by his illustrations *. In many passages of both I was struck with the agreeable spectacle of the mere force of thought and knowledge, shooting and swelling into eloquence. I have seldom seen more happily exemplified

'——— cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret *hunc*.'

I have the pleasure of knowing a little one of your new

* Of the Huttonian Theory.

colleagues, Mr. Leslie, from whose book I promise myself great enjoyment. I wish I knew him more; but my knowledge of him is sufficient to make me blush for the Presbytery of Edinburgh*. If I were to compliment with discussion such bigotry, I should say, that nothing has always surprised me more than the noise made by the theologians about Mr. Hume's doctrine of causation. According to that doctrine, indeed, it was impossible to infer a designing cause from the arrangement of the world. But it was also impossible to infer antecedent fire from ashes. Now, no theologian in his senses ever thought the first inference stronger than the second. Whatever puts them on the same level is, in truth, enough for the purpose of the theist. It matters little how that happens. To be equally certain, and to be equally uncertain, are only two modes of speech for having the same degree of evidence. A system of universal scepticism (if that be not a contradiction in terms) can never be entitled to rank higher than as an exercise of ingenuity, and an amusement of contemplative leisure. It is impossible to consider as serious, attempts, the success of which would render all reasoning impossible, and all action absurd. Whoever reasons admits by his act, and ought to admit in words, whatever is necessary to every process and mode of reasoning. Will you allow me to express some surprise at your considering as entitled to this rank the doctrine of the independent existence of a material world? Reasoning and practice seem to me to require no more than the uniform succession of our perceptions. You have yourself observed, that the physical sciences would not be

* This alludes to a rather warm discussion which that gentleman's claims upon the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh met with in the Presbytery, in consequence of some principles laid down in his work on "Heat," then lately published, supposed to be identified in some degree with Mr. Hume's Theory of Causation.

destroyed by the prevalence of Berkleianism; and I am sure you will not, with Dr. Beattie and Lord Kenyon (whom I heard quote this part of Dr. B. with approbation) oblige the Berkleian to leap over Dover cliff, as a pledge of his sincerity, and as a test of the truth of his opinions.

"I am naturally led to this subject by two circumstances. The first is a conversation I yesterday had with a young Bramin, of no great learning, the son of the Pundit (or assessor of Hindu law) of my court. He told me, besides the myriads of gods whom their creed admits, there was one whom they know only by the name of BRIM, or the Great One, without form or limits, whom no created intellect could make any approach towards conceiving; that in reality there were no trees, no houses, no land, no sea, but all without was MAIA, or illusion, the act of BRIM; that whatever we saw or felt was only a dream, or, as he expressed it in his imperfect English, thinking in one's sleep; and that the re-union of the soul to BRIM, from which it originally sprung, was the awakening from the long sleep of finite existence. All this you have heard and read before, as Hindu speculation. What struck me was, that speculations so refined and abstruse should in a long course of ages, have fallen through so great a space as that which separates the genius of their original inventors from the mind of this weak and unlettered man. The names of these inventors have perished, but their ingenious and beautiful theories, blended with the most monstrous superstitions, have descended to men very little exalted above the most ignorant populace, and are adopted by them as a sort of Articles of Faith, without a suspicion of their philosophical origin, and without the possibility of comprehending any part of the premises from which they were deduced. I intend to investigate a little the history of these opinions; for I am not altogether without apprehension that we may all the while be mistaking the hyperbolical effusions of mystical piety for the

technical language of a philosophical system. Nothing is more usual, than for fervent devotion to dwell so long and so warmly on the meanness and worthlessness of created things, on the all-sufficiency of the Supreme Being, &c., that it slides insensibly from comparative to absolute language; and, in the eagerness of its zeal to magnify the Deity, seems to annihilate every thing else. To distinguish between the very different import of the same words in the mouth of a mystic and a sceptic, requires more philosophical discrimination than any of our Sanscrit investigators have hitherto shown. But enough of this at present. The young Pundit has scarcely left me room for the other circumstance which led me to speak of your zealous anti-Berkleianism*.

"A nephew of Dr. Reid, a young gentleman of the name of R——, has lately come out here as a cadet, recommended to me by my invaluable friend, George Wilson, and by a very ingenious and worthy person, though not without the peculiarities and visions of a recluse, Mr. Ogilvie, of King's College, Aberdeen. I treated him with the kindness which such recommendations deserved; and I could not help reflecting, with some melancholy, how little kindness the respectable memory of a philosopher was likely to procure to this young man among the English in India. I know not whether it arose from this circumstance, or from my greater need, in this intellectual desert, of being soothed and refreshed by these exquisite pieces of philosophical biography; but I had taken down of late, more frequently than usual, the lives of Smith, Robertson and Reid. In the last there is a tranquillity which I have felt, as it were, breathe a consolatory calm over my mind, not altogether unlike the effect of some of the most delightful

* See Mr. Dugald Stewart's observations on this letter, Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, vol. ii., p. 501.

moral Essays of Addison. I am not very certain that this impression might not be aided by the recollections of some feelings and projects of my youth, when my most ardent ambition was to have been a professor of moral philosophy. The picture of the quiet and independence of that station, for which I think I was less unqualified than for any other, has a very powerful effect upon me, generally very pleasant, but sometimes chequered by a slight and transient envy,

'Dum limpida longè
Flumina Parnassi, doctæque beata cohortis
Otia prospicio, quæ non mihi fecit Apollo.'

"I have attempted to do something here, by going very much out of my own province. I have tried a literary society; but I fear it is only 'singing the Lord's song in a strange land.' I am now employed in attempting to throw into order some speculations on the origin of our notions of space and time, of poor Tom Wedgwood, whom you saw in London. I find considerable difficulty in doing it at this distance from the thinker himself. I heartily wish that he had committed this task to his friend, Mr. Leslie, who seems so admirably qualified for giving form and language to philosophical opinions. After the completion of this labour of friendship, which has proceeded with a tardiness for which I bitterly reproach myself, I shall enter on the execution of my own projects.

"I am very desirous of seeing what you say on the theory of Ethics. I am now employed on what the Germans have said on that subject. They agree with you in rejecting the doctrine of personal or public interest, and in considering the moral principle as an ultimate law. I own to you that I am not a whit more near being a Kantian than I was before; yet I think much more highly of Kant's philosophical genius than I did, when I less perfectly comprehended his writings.

"I have not yet seen our friend Degerando's book, on the History of Systems, with respect to the principles of knowledge, &c., but I observe that the German Review allows him to understand Kant, an astonishing concession from them to an unbeliever in their philosophy, a foreigner, and especially a Frenchman.

"I have nothing here, it is true, to divert me from the execution of my plans; but I have very little to animate and support me during the work. I carry with me, to every country, one companion, very capable of exercising my understanding, and of amusing my hours of relaxation; well qualified to rouse me from lethargy, to soothe my occasional irritations, and to console me under dejection. Little as I saw of Mrs. Stewart, I saw enough to be sure that you can, from experience, appreciate the value of such a companion.

"I beg that you will convey most respectful and affectionate remembrances from Lady M. and from me, to Mrs. Stewart; to my old and excellent friends, Laing and Gillies, to Mr. H. Erskine, to Lord Woodhouselee, Mrs. Tytler and their family, and to Mr. Henry Mackenzie. I tremble to ask, yet I long to know something of the condition of my unfortunate friend Wilde.

"I am not without hopes that you will sometimes write to me. You can have little notion of the value of such memorials of our friends to us at this distance.

"I wish I could prevail on Laing, who has nothing to do but to write histories, to become my correspondent.

"Very few persons, indeed, will expect, with more eager impatience, the continuation of your great work; and nobody, I am convinced, can with more perfect truth subscribe himself,

"My dear sir,

"Your most faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

"*Parell, Bombay, Nov.* 2, 1805.

"MY DEAR SHARP,

* * * * * * *

"We have just recovered from a pretty brisk alarm about the combined squadron. We were mounting all our rusty guns, and had even gone so far as to give orders for a rendezvous for the women, &c. I fear the West India merchants have no great cause to exult in our escape.

"Lord Cornwallis has been dying on his way up the country; and as he was disposed to make concessions to the enemy for peace, and retrenchments at home for the sake of his masters, it seems to be the general opinion of Bengal that he cannot die too soon. The dashing and showy politics of his predecessor have carried away all the popularity at Calcutta and Madras. All we can do here (at Bombay) is to receive Persian ambassadors. We have one * just arrived here who, among other remarkable pieces of state, was attended by four hangmen, with their axes on their shoulders, on his visit of ceremony to the governor, and on his receiving us at his house. B—— follows or leads the mob in Wellesleianism, and writes me that moderation is *cockney cant!* So you see he has not been two years at Calcutta for nothing.

"We are perfectly enchanted with Walter Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' He is surely the man born at last to translate the Iliad. Are not the good parts of his poem the most Homeric of anything in our language. There are tedious passages, and so are there in Homer.

* Mahomed Nubbee Khan.

"I rather think that you had not much read Metastasio; I scarcely ever looked into him till this year. I have read with the greatest delight 'Isaaco,' of which Mr. Fox spoke to Rogers; but I think there are several others of the sacred dramas not perceptibly inferior to it. I particularly allude to 'Joseph,' and the 'Death of Abel.' He is altogether a poet of a much higher order than I supposed. One of his volumes contains a translation of Horace's Letter to the Pisos, and an extract, with observations, of Aristotle's Poetics. Both disappointed me exceedingly; the first by being so much below, and the second by being so very much above my expectations. It is one of the most ingenious and philosophical pieces of criticism I ever read. It has more good sense and novelty on the Unities than are to be met anywhere else within the compass of my reading. If you suspect me of exaggeration, you have only to read the book, which will not occupy more than two Sundays at Fredley, and will even leave full time for your learned eye to circumnavigate the valley from Boxhill to Norbury Park. I wonder it has not been translated. I never saw it mentioned but once, vaguely, though panegyrically, by Joe Warton, in one of the notes to his Pope. I think part of it above his reach.

"I am plunging as deeply as I can into metaphysics; and, notwithstanding all my shameful procrastinations, I believe I may venture at last confidently to say, that the next ship will certainly carry to England poor T. Wedgwood's speculations.

"I wrote a long metaphysical letter to Dugald Stewart this morning. I have been cantering on my Arab with Lady M. since dinner; and it is now pretty late in the evening for a man who, with very short interruptions, has been at his desk since sunrise; so that my mind and body are too much exhausted to add much to-night,

and to-morrow will be too late for the 'Retreat.' Farewell, then, &c. &c.

"Believe me ever

"Yours, most affectionately,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

The death of Marquis Cornwallis, of which an expectation is expressed in the foregoing letter, took place at Ghazepore on the 5th October, 1805, soon after he arrived in India, and produced a strong sensation in that country. His former administration had been successful, and his honest, upright character was universally respected. The state of public affairs was still unsettled after the war with the Mahratta states, which could hardly be considered as yet ended. He was looked up to as, on the whole, the person best fitted to restore public confidence, as much, perhaps, from the reputation which he had acquired during his former government, the influence of which was still powerful with the native powers, as from his talents. In proportion to the bitterness of the disappointment, was the degree of regret shown at the event. Every mark of respect was heaped on his memory. A general mourning took place, and a funeral service was performed at all the presidencies of India. Mr. Duncan, who had been patronised and promoted by the Marquis, and was desirous of showing all honour to his memory, requested as a personal favour of Sir James, that he would write the sermon to be preached at Bombay on the occasion, a request with which he readily complied. It was published at the time under the name of the Senior Chaplain, and is chiefly remarkable for the address with which the fullest praise is given to the generous and useful qualities that Lord Cornwallis possessed, without the exaggeration which in such cases it is

so difficult to avoid. There is great skill in the mode in which the misfortunes of his public life are touched upon *.

It having been resolved at a public meeting of the British inhabitants of Bombay, to erect a statue of the Marquis in some conspicuous part of the fort, Sir James, who was one of the committee appointed for carrying the resolutions into effect, wrote the following letter to Mr. Flaxman, though, from some cause with which we are not acquainted, the work was finally executed by another artist of eminence, Mr. Bacon. Whether the letter ever reached its address, therefore, is uncertain. But the principles of taste which it contains, are so well unfolded, and it is altogether so valuable as a piece of elegant composition, that it would hardly be just to withhold it.

TO JOHN FLAXMAN, ESQ. R. A.

"*Bombay, 20th December*, 1805.

"SIR,—The British inhabitants of this Presidency have resolved to erect a statue to the late Marquis Cornwallis. As one of the Committee appointed for that purpose I naturally turned my thoughts towards you, for reasons which it might be indelicate to mention to you, and which it must be unnecessary to state to any one else. It is enough to say that I feel very great solicitude to leave to our most distant successors, whoever they may be, not only a memorial of the honour in which we hold public virtue, but an example of the progress of art in England in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The neighbouring subterraneous temples of Elephanta, Canari, and Carli contain, perhaps, the most ancient

* Even before leaving England, his pen had been at least once employed in promulgating religious truth from the pulpit.

sculptures in the world. Twenty or thirty centuries hence, some nation, whose name is now unknown, may compare these works of barbaric toil with the finished productions of the genius and taste of an English artist. Without your help I do not think that the comparison would be fair, or the contrast complete. We have therefore resolved to request your assistance.

"Though our acquaintance be slight, we have so many common friends, that I hope you know me too well to suppose me capable of the egregious folly of giving instructions for a work of art. In the arts which require great expense, it is too much the tendency of circumstances to subject skill to the commands of ignorance; and this is one of the chief obstacles to the progress of these arts. I shall not be an accomplice in this conspiracy of wealth against genius. I shall give no instructions; but I shall endeavour to answer very shortly, by anticipation, such questions as I suppose you would immediately put to me, if fifteen thousand miles of sea and land were not between us.

"The subscriptions will, I think, be sufficient to remove all painful restraints of economy. The statue is to be of the natural size, or larger than life, but not colossal; pedestrian, with such basso-relievos and subordinate figures as you may judge most characteristic and ornamental. I need not tell you that the character of Marquis Cornwallis was more respectable than dazzling. I am persuaded that you will find pleasure in employing an art, too often the flatterer of tyranny, to give lustre to the virtues most useful to mankind. Prudence, moderation, integrity, pacific spirit, clemency, were very remarkable qualities in Marquis Cornwallis's character. Perhaps his establishment of a system of secure landed property in Bengal (since extended over India), might

furnish some hints to your genius. It was a noble measure of paternal legislation, though I know not whether it could be represented in marble. Details would, I believe, be useless; but if you wish to know them, either my friend, Mr. Grant, Chairman of the East India Company, or my friend, Mr. Richard Johnson, of Pall Mall, will give you the fullest information. The first of these gentlemen will of course communicate with you directly, as he is one of our Committee in England for this purpose; and if you should happen not to know the second, our friend Rogers will, if you desire it, bring you together.

"We shall be very desirous of receiving instructions from you on the position of the statue. In that respect we are not very favourably circumstanced. We have no large unoccupied space, in the midst of which it could well be placed. We have no hall or public building fit to receive it. My rude and general notions on the position of a statue, which I mention to bring out your ideas, are as follow:—

"*Convenience and the permanence of the monument* require that all statues, which are neither equestrian nor colossal, should be sheltered from the inclemency of the seasons, and especially from the violence of tropical rains; very hard to be conceived by those who are so fortunate as not to have left Europe.

"*Beauty and effect* seem to require that the position should be *conspicuous;* that it should be one in which the person represented, in the character given to him, might really have been; and that it should be sufficiently removed from *masses* of building, to prevent its being obscured by them, and confounded with them; and that the position should not only be compatible with, but, as far as possible, peculiarly appropriate to, the character, attributes, and adjuncts, of the statue.

"If you should, as I suppose, be of opinion that this statue should be under cover, we shall be obliged to erect an edifice for its reception. In that case, one or two questions will arise. The building may be made to appear to be constructed merely as a shelter for the statue, and to be exclusively applied to that end; or it may be so constructed as to appear intended for other public purposes (which it may really serve), and to receive the statue as an ornament. Which do you think the better place, as a question of taste? The objection which occurs to me against the first is that, as we are not idolaters, no reason or pretext can be assigned for the building, and no character given to it, except that of mere shelter, which is ignoble, at least in public monuments; though very agreeable, even to the imagination, in private and domestic architecture. A *snug temple*, or a *comfortable palace*, are not combinations that the fancy is very prone to make.

"The destination, real or apparent, of the building to any other purpose, might be supposed to break in upon the exclusive consecration of the monument. This might be obviated, and perhaps the general effect even increased, by appearing to connect the whole edifice in another manner with the memory of the dead, as by calling it the Cornwallis Hall, the Cornwallis Library, &c. In any of these cases, you will have the goodness to inform us, what proportion the size of the room ought to bear to the statue; or, what is much better, send us a sketch of a building, with size, form, &c. particularised.

"I leave it to your taste to determine whether a public building, destined for a Library and Hall of Meeting for a Literary Society, or for any other public purpose (for I choose this only as a specimen), ought, in this country, to be Grecian, or to partake of Mussul-

man or Hindoo architecture. The Mussulman architecture is as foreign as the Grecian; and the native Hindoo buildings neither want beauty nor picturesque effect, as Mr. Daniell's Pictures will sufficiently show, even to those whose travels are not more extensive than the circuit of London.

"Mr. Grant, under whose cover this note is transmitted, will negociate with you on all those matters, which are, unfortunately, too important to the artist, though quite unconnected with the art. I shall be happy and flattered by your correspondence on this or any other object, and I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"There are so many likenesses of Lord Cornwallis to be seen in England, that I suppose you will have no difficulty on that score. The costume of India is now also quite accessible in London, if you should wish it for your subordinate figures. As to the principal figure, there is more reason at home than here for sacrificing beauty and freedom to the local and temporary *costume*."

In the October Sessions of this year, a case occurred which naturally exercised a sensitive mind very painfully. The official duties of a judge in Bombay had, at that time, difficulties of a peculiar kind. The Court of the Recorder had been but recently instituted. Justice had previously been administered by the Mayor's Court—a body consisting of a mayor and aldermen, chosen by the local government, generally from the civil servants of the establishment, or the leading merchants of the place; men who, whatever might have been their talents, could

of course have had no legal education, and who could possess little systematic acquaintance with the principles of law. This constitution of the Court was particularly objectionable, where a system of law, so complicated as that of England, was to be administered. The judges, too, it may be supposed, were too much connected in trade, in official business, or in private society, to be any check upon each other. The Governor, who exercised the powers of the Government, had obvious means of benefiting or injuring every one of them in his promotion or his commercial interests. The attorneys practised also as counsel, but had seldom had any training in a regular court of justice. A greater defect than any of these was, that there was no public. The English were still few in number, a circumstance which gave them less the spirit of a public than of a caste. The natives, whose causes were tried in a language which they did not understand, and often by laws of the existence of which they were ignorant, were still less entitled to that appellation.

To remedy, in some degree, those evils, a Court had been instituted in 1798 by Royal Charter, under authority of an Act of Parliament, in which a Recorder, (who was to be a barrister of at least five years' standing), appointed by his Majesty, was to preside, the mayor and aldermen still continuing to sit on the bench as judges. The departments of the barrister and attorney were separated.

The new Court had been opened, and for some years presided over by Sir William Syer, the first Recorder, with much integrity and skill. The arrival of English barristers early raised the respectability of the Bar, which soon needed only numbers to render it very effective.

Great as this improvement was, it is plain, however, that certain defects of the former system must have continued to adhere to the new one. As there are no juries

in India in civil cases, the natives still saw on the Bench judges whom they believed that they had the means of propitiating in the ordinary course of trade; and the supposition, of which it is so difficult to divest them, that the influence of particular bodies or classes of men could make itself be felt, was in no case altogether removed. The same evils were not less felt in criminal cases. Sir James took his place on the Bench only six years after the institution of the new Court. Every case in any degree criminal, in which an European of consideration was concerned, naturally excited the passions of so small a society. This was in a particular manner evinced in a trial which took place at the period that has been mentioned, where the Custom-Master of Bombay was convicted of receiving sundry sums of money as gifts or presents, contrary to the statute, 33 Geo. III. c. 52, to sanction the clandestine exportation of grain. It is unnecessary to detail the proceedings of the trial, which has been separately published; they excited a great deal of that factious spirit that so easily rises in a small community. These feelings found their way even into the ordinary intercourse of social life. The duty of the Judge left him but one course to pursue, and steering clear of the passions of all parties, he pursued it firmly, yet calmly. His forbearance was not however, by all at least, appreciated as it deserved. "I understand," says he, in a letter to a friend, written a few months after the trial, "that I was treated in the grossest manner. There was no liberal public opinion to support me, and no firm government to frown down indecent reflections on the administration of justice. All this, I will own to you, disgusted and almost silenced me for a time; but I soon recovered, though, in so narrow a society, I shall probably always feel a little the consequences of this act of duty, at least enough to sharpen my appetite for England."

The observations which were painfully forced upon him in the course of this, and of some other trials, turned his attention to the nature and constitution of the courts in India, and he formed a plan, apparently of an extremely moderate and practical kind, for in some degree lessening their defects, both on the criminal and civil sides of the Court. This he communicated pretty fully, at a future period, to his friend Mr. George Wilson. In a letter (July 26th, 1807) to that eminent lawyer, he says:—"In India, no court need consist of more, or ought to consist of less, than two judges, which would suppress one judge at Calcutta, and one at Madras, and establish a supreme court here (this would be a saving of at least 10,000*l.* a year); that cross-appeals should be granted between the three Courts at the present appealable sum; that the judgment of the second Court should be final in all cases not exceeding 10,000 rupees; and that there should be a power of, as it were, changing the *venue* for another Presidency, in criminal proceedings against Europeans, where the Courts should deem it conducive to justice. More than two judges are nowhere necessary, and with less there is no advice in difficulty, no encouragement against clamour, no protector and witness against calumny, no provision for necessary absence in dangerous illness, and no immediate successor in case of death. The present appellant-system is, in all causes of moderate value, from its delay and expense, a mere mockery; while, on the other hand, that delay and expense render it an instrument, in the hands of rich men, for wanton and oppressive appeals. At present the Courts do and may differ in their law; indeed it is only by accident that, in a country without an open press, we can know any thing of each other's judgments. Cross-appeals would make justice quicker and cheaper, and render legal decisions uniform. The power of changing

the venue would make the conviction of peculation possible, which it scarcely now is, either in England, from the difficulty of collecting distant evidence, or in their own Presidency, where their connexions and perhaps popularity, are enemies too formidable for public justice; and, on the other hand, it would prevent those vexatious animosities which are the price that small communities must pay for the conviction of a powerful delinquent." The justice of many of these views has lately been recognised by their adoption, in the changes which have recently been made by the Legislature in the Courts of India, and especially in that of Bombay.

CHAPTER VI.

EXCURSION TO POONAH—LETTERS TO MR. SHARP—TO MR. G. MOORE—TO M. DEGERANDO—NEWS OF THE WAR IN GERMANY—LETTERS TO M. GENTZ—TO MR. WINDHAM—ERECTION OF A COURT OF VICE-ADMIRALTY—CASE OF THE "MINERVA."

ON the termination of the proceedings connected with the trial alluded to, Sir James made a short excursion to Poonah, then the capital of the Mahratta empire, having been invited thither by Colonel (afterwards Major-General Sir Barry) Close, the British Resident at the court of His Highness Bajee Rao, the Peshwa *. A few notices, in his own words, will carry the reader, it is hoped not unwillingly, with him; they are extracted from a journal, which, with very unequal degrees of care at different times, it was commonly his habit to keep. When at home, it was confined chiefly to observations upon books; but when travelling, as on the present occasion, it comprised all those little details of feeling and incident which ordinarily supply materials for letters, of which it indeed took the place, being thrown off generally every evening, and transmitted, as occasion offered, to her whose amusement and instruction was ever amongst the first objects of his life. This was the case throughout the whole of his residence in the East, more particularly towards the close of it, when Lady Mackintosh's ill health, and conse-

* The Peshwa, it is well known, was the Prime Minister of the Rajahs of Sattara. His ancestors, for nearly a century, had kept the Rajah in custody, and governed his dominions with absolute power, in his name, as "Maires du Palais."

quent departure for Europe, afforded unfortunately a more lasting occasion of separation, and indeed during the remainder of his life, whenever the same cause recurred. The frequent recurrence of an address in the second person, in the midst of remarks generally abstract, will be thus explained.

"Sungum, near Poonah, December 28th.—I closed the last journal with the *Deo*, or Incarnate Deity of Chincore. His family have enjoyed the privilege of Godhead for about eight generations. In their hands it is not a barren privilege; lands and revenues amounting to 50,000 rupees a year, are settled on this divinity and his ministers. The first grants of land were made to him by Sevajee, the founder of the Mahratta greatness, who died in the year 1680. His presence has, on many occasions, proved a blessing to the sacred land. Holkar, when he ravaged most unmercifully all the neighbouring country, spared the districts allotted to the *Deo*. This intrepid and ferocious adventurer, though utterly devoid of morality, or of common humanity, is the slave of superstition. He is not even satisfied with his native nonsense; he is so eager to pry into futurity, and to secure all chances of the favour of invisible powers, that he attempts to unite the most inconsistent superstitions. He shows the greatest honour to Musselman prophets, and saints; and while he is ambitious of appearing as the hero of Braminism, and the deliverer of India, he copies the rites of the oppressors of his country, and the bitterest enemies of his religious faith.

"The example of persons with no restraints of humanity, and yet under the absolute tyranny of superstition, is not uncommon. The Crusaders, when they took Jerusalem, after an indiscriminate butchery of all the inhabitants, of all sexes and ages, burst into tears at the

sight of the Holy Sepulchre. An Irish Roman Catholic, in 1641, after having been engaged in the most bloody scenes of the Irish massacre, is said, on coming into a house, to have unawares eaten meat on a Friday, and, having discovered his sin, to have betrayed all the agonies and horrors of remorse.—But to return :—

"We did not leave Chincore till about seven yesterday morning. We rode slowly on, till we came to a river about half way, where we found Colonel Close, Captain Sydenham, Mr. Gowan, Major Skelton, and Major Richardson, of the Bombay establishment, waiting to receive us. We dismounted on both sides. Captain Sydenham introduced me to Colonel Close, whose countenance, and even figure (though he is much taller, and less unwieldy), struck me as having some resemblance to Charles Fox. We remounted our horses, and resumed our ride, Colonel Close in the centre, I on his right, and Captain Sydenham on my right. Our party was now also increased by some important personages, in whose company I never had the honour of riding before, and whose singular appearance would (I was fearful) discompose the tranquillity of my Lord Chancellor of a horse. These were three state elephants belonging to the Residency. The purpose of their attendance will presently appear. Signor Cavallo beheld them undisturbed. After having jogged on about two miles, we saw, at a hill called Gunnesh Candy (or the hill of Gunnesh), the preparations made for my reception by the Mahratta Chiefs. We soon arrived at the spot intended for the interview. About a thousand Mahratta horse were drawn up on both sides of the road. I looked at them with some curiosity, as a specimen of that terrible cavalry, who had wasted the greater part of India, and subdued so large a portion of it. Sydenham told me they were a fair sample. Their countenance and air were in general martial, and even

fierce; their bodies more robust than any other Indians, except the watermen, whom I had seen; their clothes (they seemed to have no uniform) and arms appeared to be in the most neglected state; their horses were of the most various sorts—some very wild, and some very mean —none, that I could observe, showy.

"When we had got about the middle of this body of cavalry, the trumpets and tomtoms * announced the immediate approach of the *Sirdar* †. We found a little carpet spread in the middle of the road. The Mahrattas and we dismounted at the same moment. We met on the carpet. I, agreeably to my instructions, first saluted four or five of the inferior Chiefs, and then embraced Kistnajee Bhowannee, the Deputy Dewan, or Under Minister of Finance, the head of the deputation sent by the Peshwa to congratulate me on my arrival in the capital of his dominions. After this ceremony, we squatted ourselves on the carpet. As I had on leather breeches, and had not been bred a tailor, I found the operation troublesome, and the posture not very agreeable.

When we had taken our seats, Kistnajee, through Colonel Close said, 'he hoped my health was well after my journey.' I answered, through the same channel, 'that it was, and that I hoped I found them in perfect good health.'

"30th.—I now resume the journal, after two days' interruption.

"The Mahratta Minister then said, 'that the Peshwa was extremely solicitous that my reception should be becoming and honourable.' I answered, 'that I was particularly flattered and honoured by being the object of his Highness's solicitude.' Kistnajee observed, 'that

* A sort of drum. † Generals or chief men.

they considered every visit from an English gentleman of rank, like myself, as a new pledge of the intimate connexion between the two governments.' To which I answered, 'that I hoped the harmony and alliance might prove perpetual.' After this conversation, I gave each of the members of the deputation two little parcels of betel, wrapped up in leaves, dropped two very small spoonfuls of ottar of roses on their hands, and poured rose water over them. At this interview they were considered as my guests; and these are the ceremonies by which it is politely intimated to visiters in this country, that they are at liberty to conclude their visit. It would be a good expedient in Europe to get rid of bores; but with us, where visits either are, or profess to be made partly for the pleasure of conversation, it would be obviously to tell the guest, that he has no longer the means of amusing us. Among the Asiatics, where visits are merely complimentary, the master of the house may, when he pleases, without the least reflection on his guests, put an end to a ceremony of which the object is purely to honour himself.

"My guests of the highway having taken their leave, I, in company with Captain Sydenham, for the first time in my life, mounted an elephant, on which we made our entrance into the Residency. We climbed up *his*, or rather *her* side, by a ladder, and seated ourselves in the houdah, which might have held three persons. Its walls, if I may so call them, were plated with silver. The form was oblong. The inside was lined with crimson velvet—a seat with cushions was raised behind, and a convenient hollow for the feet before. When we were mounted, the elephant, on a signal given, rose from the kneeling posture, which he had been made to assume, to facilitate our ascent. We held fast the front of the houdah while she was moving her enormous mass. The height at which

we were seated when the elephant was erect, was about twelve feet.

"The procession to the Residency was arranged in the following order:—In front, two hurkarus, or couriers, of Colonel Close's, in scarlet, mounted on camels. Then a small party of the seapoys of his escort. Afterwards several chubdars, &c. in scarlet. Then the gentlemen on horseback: and lastly, the three state elephants; on one of which Captain Sydenham and myself rode. We reached the Residency at about half-past nine, and we found the Resident's guard drawn up to salute me, and a salute from the cantonment of the subsidiary force was fired at the same moment.

"The Residency, which is at the *sungum* (or *confluence* of two rivers), about a mile from Poonah, was originally an object of great jealousy to the Mahrattas, who were very unwilling to permit any house to be erected, and who were only prevailed upon to tolerate the building of bungalow after bungalow, as necessity, or at least very urgent convenience, might seem to require. From this circumstance it has happened, that the Residency is a set of bungalows, scattered over the point of the sungum. I was shown immediately to my bungalow, which communicated with Colonel Close's by a covered passage, and which had been fitted up conveniently and luxuriously by Captain Sydenham, during his short residency. It is scarcely worth describing; but as I have time and paper enough, I shall give an idea of it. In the centre is an excellent bed-room carpetted, with a bed, dressing-table, &c., such as I have not seen in India. The back verandah is a dressing-room, with a bath at each end. In the front verandah, which was carpeted, and filled with European furniture, were a piano-forte, sofa, and a writing-table and apparatus ready for me.

"After breakfast, I felt myself somewhat fatigued, and I lay on the sofa for some time. About two we had tiffin *, and we did not dine till seven. The morning was very agreeably whiled away in conversation with Captain Sydenham, whom I like very much.

"In the evening we had a metaphysical discussion, in which Colonel Close took a very eager and vigorous part. It arose in my statement of the secret, or philosophical opinions of the learned Bramins, which seemed to be, that all separate existence, either of mind or matter, was MAIA, or illusion, and that nothing really *was* but BRIMH, whom, indeed, they call God, but by whom they appear to mean only the infinite energy acting upon and modifying itself. This gave rise to a little Berkleian conversation, in which Mr. Frissell † warmly contended for the existence of matter. Colonel Close joined me in repelling the common arguments for a material world. He struck me very much as possessing great talents for business, with much speculative ingenuity, and as joining decision of character with mildness and simplicity of manners. He is by far the most considerable man whom I have seen in the East. The history of the Madras government for the last twenty years has been such, that it will be, I fear, a very honourable distinction for any active politician to have been very scrupulous in the choice of political means. Colonel Close's personal integrity is unimpeached. I know little of his political conduct; but I have seen enough of him to wish that it may have been pure.

"On Saturday the 28th a deputation from the Peshwa came to wait upon me to request, on the part of his

* Lunch.

† A young subaltern officer, at this time attached to the Residency, who, by an early death, disappointed the fond hopes excited by the great promise of his youth.

highness, that I would visit him at his Palace. We settled that the visit should be made on Sunday afternoon. The ministers, among other things, said that their master wished to know if I spoke Hindostanee or Persian. They were of course told that I did not. My friend, Captain Sydenham, fearing that this apparent want of accomplishment might lower me in their opinion, told them that I was very learned, a great doctor (for which they have a profound reverence), and knew the language called Yanani (or Greek), of which, through the Persian, they had some faint notions. Their ideas were not indeed very correct, for they said 'that was a great language in Persia.'

"After tiffin, Colonel Close's Persian mounshee waited upon me in my bungalow. His name is Mirzà Ali Ukbar. He is a native of Asterabad, on the Caspian, and is an emigrant from Persia, on account of his attachment to one of the unsuccessful competitors for the Persian throne. He is supposed to be one of the most learned and intelligent men of the East. Mr. Frissell told me that he could discuss ethical questions with ability and judgment: I therefore began to try him; and I asked him about the cardinal virtues, which they have from Aristotle. Captain Sydenham and Mr. Frissell were, however, soon shipwrecked in their attempts to render metaphysical terms, and we were obliged to call in the aid of Colonel Close. He spoke Persian with a fluency which astonished me, and with a correctness which those admired, who knew something of the language. It appears that they have in their schools the same four cardinal virtues with the Greeks; and when I asked him which was the first, he answered that all were necessary, but that justice was the most transcendently excellent, I thought of Cicero, who calls justice 'domina et regina virtutum,' the queen and sovereign lady of all the virtues.

I proceeded to try him with harder questions. I asked what was the meaning of the word '*ought*.' He said it was easy to give its meaning in each particular case, but very difficult to say what it meant *in general*. I stated the case of a man entrusted by his country with a fort, which he could defend only by the sacrifice of his own life, and firmly expecting no human or divine punishment. I said that all men would admire the self-devotion of such a person under such circumstances; and I desired to know how such admiration could be justified, which could only be by showing that the act was reasonable. He said that he, for his part, would even, in such a case, devote himself for the fame which would follow. I observed, that what he would do was not exactly the question. But, after some further talk, I took from him the hope of fame, by supposing a case in which the exploit must be buried in obscurity. He said, after some hesitation, that even then he would not desert his post: and being asked why? he answered, that he should feel himself bound in *justice* to his benefactor. He seemed to think it impossible to go further.

"We sounded him on the doctrine of the Sufi, a philosophical school among the Persians, of which he is a follower, who are not believers in the popular faith, though outwardly conformists. Colonel Close had supposed that their doctrine agreed pretty nearly with the MAIA of the Pundits; but upon close inquiry it seemed to differ from it considerably. All souls, according to them, are sparks which issue from the Godhead; and which, after a longer or shorter separate existence, are again reabsorbed into it. The material world, however, has in their system not only a real, but even an independent and eternal existence. But matter is the *Purda*, or veil, which conceals God from created minds. All the beauty in the external world is but a faint image or

shadow of the eternal beauty of the divine mind. Those who see through this disguise, return quickly to the sun of which they are rays. Those who are grosser and blinder, are slower in their return, and may even recede farther from the source of glory. The heaven and hell of the Koran, as *temporary states*, may therefore be reconciled to this system. But the philosophers of the Sufi school receive only such parts of that book as they find agreeable to reason, leaving the rest to the vulgar, of whom, by-the-by, our philosopher spoke with the most supreme contempt, exclaiming, 'How the devil should the wretched vulgar know anything.'

"Yesterday morning we went to breakfast with Colonel Chalmers* at the cantonments. I went with Mrs. Waring on one elephant—Mr. Waring and Captain Sydenham on another. On the way to the camp we visited a monument which had been begun to be erected to Mahajee Scindia†, but which was suspended by the civil war, and is probably now relinquished for ever. The masonry was admirable, and the work promised to be very handsome. Near the bottom was a cornice of *fleurs de lys*‡, which none of us could explain. Pretty near this monument is a sorry hut, where the ashes of this powerful chieftain were deposited for a time, and where they may now lie long undisturbed. It is a small pagoda where, in the usual place of the principal Deity, is a picture of Scindia by Zoffany, very like that in the government-house at Bombay. Before the picture, lights are kept constantly burning, and offerings daily made by an old servant of the *Maha Rajah*, whose fidelity rather pleased me, even though I was told that this little pagoda was endowed with lands, which yielded

* The late Sir Thomas Chalmers.

† Mhadowjee Scindia, the founder of the family.

‡ Scindia had employed many French officers, to whose vanity or patriotism such ornaments might have owed their existence.

a small income, sufficient for the worship and the priest. This portrait, by Zoffany, is probably the only work of European art which is now the object of adoration; it has obtained one honour refused to the 'Transfiguration' itself.—We breakfasted heartily and merrily at the Colonel's gay bungalow, and after breakfast went round his *menagerie* and farm-yard, which he showed us with an agreeable enough vanity.

"About half-past four we went, with our usual train of camels, elephants, &c., to wait upon the Peshwa. We went about half a mile, or somewhat less, through the city, of which the principal streets are paved with flags, and which is reckoned one of the best-built native towns in India. The word *bhara*, which is the term for the Peshwa's house, ought not to be translated palace, because it is applied also to the houses of the other Mahratta chiefs at Poonah. From its size, it might well deserve the name: the front is about the length of Somerset-house towards the Strand. We entered through a gate into a large square formed by the *bhara*. The walls all around were painted with scenes of Hindu mythology. At one of the corners of this rather handsome square, we had a staircase to climb, which formed a singular contrast to the exterior of the building; it was steeper than that which goes to the terrace at Parell, and not half so broad. At the top of this staircase was the entry of the hall of audience, where I left the splendidly embroidered slippers with which Colonel Close had furnished me. The hall was a long gallery, about the length perhaps of the verandah at Parell, but somewhat wider, supported by two rows of handsome wooden pillars, either of oak or of some timber exactly resembling it. (The width of which I speak is between the pillars.) Behind the pillars, on each side, was a recess about half the breadth of the middle part. This apartment was carpeted, and near the end at

which we entered was a white cloth laid, with three pillows: this was the *musnud*, or throne. On advancing near this spot, we observed the Peshwa coming forward to meet us. He is much the handsomest Hindu I have seen, and indeed he is a very handsome man, about thirty-four years of age, with a perfectly gentlemanlike air and manner, simply and neatly dressed in white muslin. Like the race of Concan Bramins in general, he is fair; and no lady's hands, fresh from the toilet and the bath, could be more nicely clean than his uncovered feet. His appearance had more elegance than dignity; it was not what might have been expected from a Mahratta Chief, and it could not be called effeminate. His whole deportment had that easy, unexerting character, which I never saw but in those who had a long familiarity with superior station, and very seldom in any who had not hereditary claims on it. I have now been presented to three Chiefs of Nations*, and, in manner and appearance, I must prefer the Mahratta. He advanced gracefully to embrace me, and, after exchanging *salams*, he sat down on the musnud, and I, with Colonel Close and the other gentlemen on my left, immediately opposite to him. His dewan was on my right, towards the Peshwa. The etiquette of this court is, that nothing above a whisper shall pass in public *Durbar*†. The Peshwa whispered an inquiry after my health to the Dewan, which he whispered to Colonel Close, and which the Colonel whispered to me. The common compliment was whispered back by the same route. After some other unmeaning talk, like that which passed before with the Minister, his Highness was pleased to express a desire to have some private conversation with me. We retired, with three of his ministers

* George the Third, Napoleon, and Bajee Rao.

† Levee.

and Colonel Close, to a closet, unfurnished, and with bare walls, having a white cloth on the floor, and little pillows, as a musnud for the Peshwa.

"He enlarged on the happiness which he derived from his connexion with the English. He said his father* had desired the same connexion, but, as to him, fate had its course; that he himself had been long thwarted by the turbulence of his Chiefs, but that, since the alliance with the English, he enjoyed peace and safety. I answered him in the usual style, assuring him that I had lately come from England; that the disposition of the British nation was friendly towards him; and that though great states, as his Highness well knew changed their governors and servants in distant provinces, yet our friendly disposition towards him would not change, but that his Majesty would employ his force in maintaining the alliance inviolable, in asserting his Highness's just rights, and in protecting his personal security and comfort. His countenance brightened up as my assurances went on, and his smiles at last seemed to be those of delight. Colonel Close told me that these were the Peshwa's genuine feelings, and that he had before observed the same joy produced by every similar assurance from every new Englishman of any distinction. The feelings indeed were, I thought, obviously unaffected; they were certainly natural, and, perhaps they were reasonable. He had passed his youth in prison, where his father died. Since he ascended the musnud, he had been the prize fought for by rival chiefs; sometimes an instrument in the hands of Scindia, sometimes in those of Holkar; he was not only never independent, but he never enjoyed a quiet or specious dependence. His

* Ragonath Rao, better known by the name of Ragoba, whom the Bombay Government attempted to place on the musnud at Poonah.

country was wasted; his palace often disturbed by the noise of civil war: his person degraded and endangered. All this he has exchanged for a condition, not indeed of political independence, but of tranquillity for himself and for his subjects, of personal enjoyment and comfort, and of external dignity. I admit that an ambitious man would prefer his former situation, because it had more chances of regaining substantial power. The choice of a philosopher might perhaps vary, according to the high or low tone of his morality. But the Peshwa is neither a hero, nor a sage; he is a superstitious voluptuary, devoted only to women and to the Gods; he therefore cherishes every connexion, which protects him in his devotions and his pleasures.

"To return. The Peshwa introduced the subject of 'Ruttonbhoy and Doolub*,' but with more propriety and even delicacy, than I could have suspected. He said two partners in a great banking-house in his dominions were at law in my Court, and that he wished, both for the sake of the individuals, and for that of his territories, that matters could be so arranged, that the business might again be carried on. I told him that I had often ineffectually recommended an amicable adjustment of differences; that I should, in deference to his wishes, repeat the recommendation, and that, if it failed, I should endeavour to bring the question to a judicial termination as soon as justice would allow. He seemed satisfied, and rather surprised at this information. I told him that as long as I had reason to believe one of the parties oppressed, I must have appeared hostile to the other; but that since both were in a state of equal submission, I had held the balance even, as I ought. He said that

* This refers to a great cause then depending in the Recorder's Court at Bombay.

he was, in a day or two, to set out for some districts on the Godavery, with a view to reduce those countries to order, and perform some ceremonies to the memory of his father. I told him that the union of piety and public duty well became a great prince. Very little passed besides.

"We returned into the hall of audience, when the Dewan put a diamond 'surpeach' on my hat, and a diamond necklace round my neck, and laid before me several pieces of gold and silver cloth and fine muslins. The cloth was delivered to Cowasjee*, who stood behind at the levee. The jewels remained where they were placed†. The usual ceremonies were then performed, of betel, ottar, and rose-water, and we took our leave. We returned to the Residency on an elephant. I was not a little fatigued; and I was sorry, about half-past ten, to part with Sydenham, who threw himself into his palankeen for Hyderabad. He had stripped, and put on a flannel gown and drawers, nightcap, and slippers. The Bengal palankeen was so commodious and elegant, that we scarcely pitied him, though he had six days and nights to travel in it. The bearers were posted for him at every ten, or twelve miles, like our post-horses. This is what they call travelling by *dawk*. Dawk means post."

Sir James returned early in January following (1806) to Bombay.

"My works," we find him soon after confessing to Mr. Sharp, "are, alas! still projects. What shall I say for myself? My petty avocations, too minute for description,

(* His servant.)

† All presents made on such occasions are given up to the officers of the Residency, and sold on account of the East India Company.

and too fugitive for recollection, are yet effectual interruptions of meditation. They are, I admit, partly the pretext. All I have to say is, that they are also partly the cause of my inactivity. I cannot say with Gray, that my time is spent in that kind of *learned* leisure, which has self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. Learned he might justly call his leisure.

"To that epithet I have no pretensions; but I must add, that frequent compunction disturbs my gratification; and the same indolence, or the same business which prevents me from working for others, hinders me from improving myself. Poor T. Wedgwood soon dropped on the ground after you described him as fading away *. I can no longer gratify him, but I am bound to do what I can to honour his memory; and, notwithstanding all my past offences, I will. I wrote poor Currie † a letter, which he will never receive. These deaths around me, while I

* [The late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, one of the most ingenious, profound, and original thinkers of his age; by whose long sufferings, and untimely death, the science of mind was deprived of the services of one of the very few who were qualified to enlarge its boundaries. The fruits of his meditations are unhappily lost with himself; since it would be vain for any other man to attempt to follow his footsteps along that secluded path; where with characteristic, and probably unequalled delicacy of observation, he watched the most evanescent and transient circumstance in the subtlest processes of thought. But the remembrance of his affection and generosity, the higher part of his nature, and the paramount objects of his life, will always be fresh in the hearts of those, from whom his modesty could not hide their unwearied activity. A just and singularly beautiful account of the character of this admirable person is to be found in a late edition of the "Biographia Literaria" of Mr. Coleridge; but the eloquent writer has (for what reason we know not) omitted the name of Mr. Wedgwood.] Mr. Wedgwood died on the eve of a voyage to the West Indies, from which he had expected benefit to his long-disordered state of health, July 10, 1804.

† The late James Currie, M.D., of Liverpool.

have nothing but barren wishes and unexecuted projects, or rather unaccomplished duties, make me melancholy.

"P.S.—I find that my *Bibliomanie* has given me another page for a postscript; and, on reperusing my letter, I observe and acknowledge the absurdity of giving lasting anxiety to a distant friend, for the sake of pouring forth half an hour's low spirits. One ought to be more careful when the evil cannot be corrected by next post. My cheerful temper, and my domestic enjoyments, are much more than sufficient to preserve me from being depressed by any unfavourable circumstances during the far greater part of my life. But I sometimes for a moment forget the very great compensations which, upon the whole, render me a happy man. I am cheerfully disposed, but easily cast down for a short time. I have not that robust and unconquerable gaiety which would make our friend Bobus romp in Robespierre's Conciergerie. I have heard frequently from him. He is very prosperous. Not only his letters, but the very sound of his name makes me merry.

"I am very desirous to return to you in 1809, but I cannot in prudence, or even in conscience, do it. I should like, of all things, to lecture on moral philosophy in London, for eight or ten years."

Again (May 10th) he reverts to his wish for a professorship. "Your account of the London Institution * has delighted and tantalised me. I wish I were a professor! but the printed paper is too general to admit of any discussion. You do not say how many, and who are to be professors. It may surely be a little more solid than the fashionable nerves of Albemarle Street † could

* Then lately founded for the promotion of science and literature.

† The situation of the Royal Institution.

endure, without ceasing to be popular. I shall send by the first ship some oriental MSS.* to adorn, if not to furnish your library. They will be of no great use; but they will give some lustre to a library."

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ.

"*Bombay, July 16th*, 1806.

"MY DEAR SHARP,—I heartily thank you for your invoice of books which were *not* sent by the ships, and for your own letter, which is a better part of a book than any I shall find in them when they are sent.

"I have only room for the mere *annals* of my late readings. I must reserve the *history* till another opportunity. I read through the whole of Gibbon, with such omissions and explanations as children require. Afterwards, instead of a *treatise* on Chivalry and Crusades, I exhibited a dignified and a comic picture of them in Fairfax's Tasso, and Don Quixote. Since that time Lorenzo, to give some idea of reviving literature and Italian art; Robertson's Charles V. and America, with the very delightful interludes of Walter Scott and Miss Baillie. Our present book is Cumberland †, in which every thing is agreeable, but the account of the author's present situation, which is interesting, but painfully so. After Burke's European settlements, and Bernal Diaz's Mexico, we shall finish the *Cinque Cento* in Italy by Leo X.; and then we plunge into a regular course of the political history of England, in which Hume is to be the text, and which, I think, may last a couple of years. They are without a governess, but not without instruction.

* These were captured in a ship which was carried by the enemy into the Isle of France.

† Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, by himself.

"I have yet seen Payne Knight * only in the praises of the Edinburgh Review † (who is the reviewer?); and, in the very entertaining abuse of ——, who has written me a most excellent letter, abusing every body but you, which is certainly the most amusing general tone he could have taken, as well as the most reasonable exception. Through both mediums I can see the great occasional merit of the book; yet why does he, like one of the ignorant vulgar, deny permanent and general principles in taste? The existence of immutable, as well as of fashionable taste, is so evident, that this is one of those shabby paradoxes, by the buzz of which one expects to be sometimes annoyed in society, but which one does not look for in the work of a man of Mr. K.'s size. I rejoice that metaphysical books, even of a middling kind, spring up again. I thought I saw symptoms of metaphysics for two or three years past. I am pretty confident that the next ten years will be much more metaphysical than the last.

"I have written, and shall send to you to be printed ‡, a little Essay 'De claris (Angliæ) Oratoribus,' which was suggested by the news of the death of Mr. Pitt. Some part of it I think good. Pitt's eloquence I hope you will think exactly described. It has cost me some pains; but, though I can characterise his eloquence, I do not worship his memory. An idolatry of that sort is set up here, and all nonconformity is persecuted. The people here had the folly to ask me to preside at a public meeting for a statue to Mr. P., and to be angry that I did not go. They called me a partisan of Buonaparte, because I pretty early foresaw that the result of the wretched continental measures would be universal monarchy, &c.

"I wish I were principal of your academical institution,

* Inquiry into the Principles of Taste. † Vol. vii. p. 295.

‡ The publication was never carried into effect.

and professor of ethics. Such a place is my natural destination. God bless you. "J. M."

As a confession recorded in his journal betrays, desultory reading occupied a large portion of the year upon which we are now employed,—a consequence, perhaps, in part of that state of mind bordering so closely upon confirmed disappointment at the consequences of the step he took in leaving England, signs of which have been seen now and then to escape him. It was but natural, that amidst his cordial satisfaction at the accession of a liberal government to power, consequent on Mr. Pitt's death, some consciousness should intrude itself that, but for that same step, he might at that time have been playing some more active part on the stage of public life, than that of a distant, though approving spectator. Though by his circumstances, cut off from taking any personal share in public affairs, he could not but follow all the measures of his friends, and all the events of the times, as they occurred, with the most intense interest. His correspondence, accordingly, increased in activity. Within the limit of the same month we find him connected with the European world,—by three very different links of communication, in letters to MM. Degerando and Gentz, and Mr. Windham.

From the first of these gentlemen who had now been advanced to the post of Secretary-general of the ministry of the interior in the French government, he had received a letter containing, together with literary information, tidings of their mutual friends at Paris; and, amongst other matter, tendering a tribute of gratitude for some services, which it was in Sir James's power to render to French prisoners at Bombay. Amidst the din of the *Bellum internecinum* which then waged between the two nations, it is refreshing to pause upon such passages in

the friendly intercourse of individuals. "C'est une chose véritablement singulière," said the Abbé Morellet, alluding to Sir James's correspondence with his friends at Paris, "comment d'une extrémité de la terre à l'autre, on peut se trouver si bien d'accord; on dirait qu'un fil electrique, traversant le monde, communique nos impressions reciproques."

Sir James's answer contains an expression of the opinion, which had early presented itself to his mind, of the general inferiority of the Hindu character. "L'idée que j'ai formée des Indous est peut-être en partie dûe à la nature de mes fonctions, qui, comme vous dites, ne me montrent pas le côté le plus aimable de la nature humaine. Je dois cependant dire, que presque tous les observateurs les plus exacts, me semblent d'accord avec moi; et quoique ma position peut me rendre un peu plus partiel que quelques autres, elle me donne aussi les moyens d'observer beaucoup plus exactement ce que je crois observer, que la plupart des observateurs. Ce resultat est sans doute en soimême affligeant *. On ne peut être qu' affligé en voy-

* [They, the Rajpoots, are the representatives of Hinduism. In them are seen all the qualities of the Hindu race, unmitigated by foreign mixture, exerted with their original energy, and displayed in the strongest light. They exhibit the genuine form of a Hindu community, formed of the most discordant materials, and combining the most extraordinary contrasts of moral nature; unconquerable adherence to native opinions and usages, with servile submission to any foreign yoke; an unbelieving priesthood, ready to suffer martyrdom for the most petty observance of their professed faith; a superstition which inspires the resolution to inflict, or to suffer the most atrocious barbarities, without cultivating any natural sentiment, or enforcing any social duty; all the stages in the progress of society brought together in one nation, from some abject castes, more brutal than the savages of New Zealand, to the polish of manners and refinement of character conspicuous in the upper ranks; attachment to kindred and to home, with no friendship and no love of country; good temper and gentle disposition; little active cruelty, except when stimulated by superstition; but little sensibility, little com-

ant une si grande partie du genre humain si corrompue; mais quand on voit clairement les causes auxquelles cette corruption est dûe, on est un peu consolé. On cesse d'éprouver des sentimens hostiles contre une grande nation. On commence à détester la tyrannie et l'imposture qui ont abruties la postérité des fondateurs de la civilisation. C'est alors qu' on croit entrevoir dans l'histoire de l'Asie, des leçons d'une utilité infinie pour les nations de l'Europe. C'est sous ce point de vue que l'histoire de l'Inde m'intéresse, et c'est en laissant à part les antiquités et la mythologie, que j'ai l'idée de l'écrire pour les penseurs, et surtout pour le publique.

"L'ancienne philosophie des Indous est encore trop peu connue. Vous trouverez de bonnes observations sur cette matière dans quelques unes des Lettres Edifiantes, et surtout dans l'inestimable petit ouvrage de Bernier, ce voyageur philosophe, qui a observé Delhi et Agra avec un esprit exercé à l'école du sage Gassendi."

Very different from M. Degerando's were now, by the course of late events, the circumstances of the next of these correspondents—M. Gentz, whose letters from the very seat of the war in Germany stamped a vivid individuality on all its terrible details, which may in part account for that excess of anxiety which might be discerned in all Sir James's political anticipations at this period, and which might almost appear excessive in one who filled no political station.

passion, scarcely any disposition to relieve suffering, or relieve wrong done to themselves or others. Timidity, with its natural attendants, falsehood and meanness, in the ordinary relations of human life, joined with a capability of becoming excited to courage in the field, to military enthusiasm, to heroic self-devotion. Abstemiousness, in some respects more rigorous than that of a western hermit, in a life of intoxication. Austerities and self-tortures almost incredible, practised by those who otherwise wallow in gross sensuality; childish levity, barefaced falsehood, no faith, no constancy, no shame, no belief in the existence of justice.]

"You amuse yourself," he writes to his friend at Moore Hall, "as an epicurean spectator of human affairs, in speculating on the motives of Buonaparte with the same calmness as you would examine the wing of a butterfly, if you were an entomologist, which I suppose you never will be. But though I am more distant from the great scene of Europe, I cannot detach myself from it so completely; partly, perhaps, because in an European colony I am politically in Europe, though geographically out of it; and in a little spot which seems more frail and vulnerable than great countries, and where the fluctuations of security and apprehension are more exquisitely felt, and more nicely observed. I cannot now examine, with the same indifference, the victory of the French at Ulm, with that which I yesterday evening read that of Charles Martel over the Saracens. Nothing now seems to stand between the Corsican dynasty and the empire of all Europe, to the south of Russia, by which I mean only an irresistible influence in every country, though it may be exercised through the channel of a pretended national government. This is, I think, in substance, universal monarchy. The precise period for which England may survive such a state of things on the Continent, it is absolutely impossible to conjecture. The victory of Nelson *, and still more, the glorious example of his death, must fortify our islands; but if they be alone in the world, they cannot ultimately stand. I feel all these things the more sensibly; because, in the danger of the British islands, I see the possible destruction of that chosen and cherished asylum, towards which all my private fancies and hopes are constantly directed."

When informed of the subsequent occupation of Vienna

* The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, the day after the evacuation of Ulm.

by the French, an event which he considered as ominous of the subjugation of the Continent, and likely to realise the above gloomy forebodings in relation to his own country, he was quite unable to repress his feelings—Tears filled his eyes.

A few extracts from some of M. Gentz's letters will be interesting, (beyond their literary and personal details,) in throwing some light on the deplorable ignorance in which the Court of Vienna then was, as to the masterly arrangements of its mighty opponent, and on the process, by which its antiquated and formal systems of war and policy were paralysed by the fiery spirit and revolutionary vigour of Buonaparte and his instruments.

"*Vienne, le* 19 *Août*, 1805.

"Je pense en frémissant, qu'il y a une eternité depuis que je vous ai écrit la dernière fois, mon excellent ami; mais vraiment les choses qui se passent en Europe, sont telles qu'il est pardonnable de négliger un peu les amis qui vivent dans l'Inde; et j'ai été depuis plusieurs mois tellement occupé, d'un côté, et tellement découragé de l'autre, que je n'avais presque pas le cœur d'entreprendre la moindre chose, qui ne se trouvât pas directement dans mon chemin."

After giving an account of the mission of M. de Novosilzoff to Buonaparte, on the part of Russia and England, and of his recal on the news of the annexation of Genoa to France, he mentions the immense preparations of Austria, on the side of the Tyrol, on the frontiers of Italy, and in Upper Austria—preparations such as had not been witnessed in any war for fifty years before—he speculates on the probabilities of war and peace, and especially whether the Imperialists were likely to attack the French, or the French to open the war by attacking the Imperialists. His reasoning on the second suppo-

sition is very curious. It is to be remembered that his letter is dated only eight days before the French army broke up from the heights of Boulogne, to pour into the heart of Germany.

"La seconde hypothèse est presqu' également invraisemblable, Buonaparte ne se soucie pas d'une nouvelle guerre; il a bien du découvrir, que même sous le rapport de l'aggrandissement, la paix lui est plus favorable. Jugez ce qu'il a fait dans le cours de l'année présente. Dix batailles gagnées n'auraient pas mené plus loin autrefois. Il a fondé un royaume en Italie; il a conquis l'état de Gênes, et celui de Lucque; il a établi toute sa famille, les Bacciochi, les Borghèse, &c. dans des fiefs considérables, Beauharnois comme Viceroi d'Italie; il a fait tout cela sans coup férir, sans que la moindre opposition, la moindre protestation ait troublé son repos. Que peut-il desirer davantage? Sa campagne est faite pour cette année. L'année prochaine aura sa tâche aussi. Il est vraiment remarquable, avec quelle indifférence il a vu, jusqu'à présent, nos immenses préparatifs. Il est vrai que sur ce phénomène-ci les opinions sont partagées. Il y en a qui croient que le succès, et les grandeurs, et la pompe, et la magnificence qui l'entourent, commencent à amollir son âme, et qu'elle a déja perdu de son ressort. D'autres sont persuadés que son inactivité est uniquement le resultât du calcul, et qu'il est convaincu que, quoi que nous fassions, pourvu qu'il ne nous attaque pas, nous ne l'attaquerons jamais."

Such, unfortunately, were the speculations at the court, and in the public offices of Vienna, when their watchful and provident enemy was marshalling his armies, that were to descend on them from every quarter at once, with the speed and the fury of a hurricane. After mentioning the escape of the Rochefort squadron—its operations—Nelson's pursuit, and

Calder's engagement, and the state of public opinion on the continent, he proceeds:—

"Voilà donc mon budget de nouvelles politiques. Quant à la littérature, je ne puis pas dire que, depuis votre départ de l'Europe, il ait paru, soit en Angleterre, soit en France, soit en Allemagne, un seul ouvrage digne de faire époque dans son genre. Chez nous la philosophie transcendentale baisse de jour en jour, et pour suivre avec exactitude toutes les différentes phases de cette philosophie, et fixer le point où elle est aujourd'hui, je vous recommande particulièrement le dernier ouvrage de Reinhold, qui, quoiqu'un peu obscur lui-même dans quelques unes de ses parties, jette cependant une grande clarté sur l'ensemble de la chose. Je ne sais pas si vous avez jamais abordé l'histoire de la Suisse par Joannes Müller, en Allemand: il vient de nous donner le quatrième volume de cet ouvrage immortel, precedé d'une adresse aux Suisses, que je ferai copier pour vous, et que je vous enverrai par le premier courrier qui suivra celui-ci. C'est selon moi un des premiers morceaux qui ait paru en Europe depuis les anciens. La littérature Française est absolument en stagnation. Les Mémoires de Marmontel, tant de sa propre vie que de la Régence du Duc d'Orleans, ouvrages correctement écrits, et assez curieux, sont ce qu'il y a de mieux depuis un an. On dit une infinité de bien d'un ouvrage de St. Croix, que je recevrai incessamment, 'Examen Critique des Anciens Historiens d'Alexandre le Grand.' On assure que c'est un chef-d'œuvre de critique historique, qui répand beaucoup de lumière sur l'histoire et la géographie ancienne.

"Quant à votre très humble serviteur, il a employé le tems que lui ont laissé les mémoires sans nombre qu'il a rediges sur les affaires du moment à un ouvrage de quelqu' étendue, sur l'origine de la guerre entre l'Angleterre et l'Espagne. Cet ouvrage s'imprime maintenant

à Berlin. Il y aura une preface de cinq feuilles d'impression, dans laquelle on a développé tout ce que le système de defamation, de mensonges, et d'injures, deployé depuis quelques années dans le Journal Officiel de France, a de pernicieux pour l'honneur, la tranquillité, et la sureté de l'Europe. Ce sujet n'avait pas encore éte traité. Je me flatte que cet ouvrage sera bientot traduit en Angleterre.

"En ce que me dites de 'Dumont, Traité de Legislation,' &c., je me trouve—et celà pour la première fois depuis que nous nous connaissons—diamétralement opposé à votre opinion. Je trouve cet ouvrage mauvais d'un bout à l'autre; la partie des soi-disans *principes* est surtout (selon moi) audessous de tout; je ne puis pas même conçevoir par quoi il a pu vous gagner. L'article qui le traite dans le '*Edimbourg Révue*' s'approche de mon opinion; mais je le trouve encore trop doux. Nous nous expliquerons sur celà, lorsque vous reviendrez en Europe; une différence *fondamentale et permanente* dans notre manière de juger est une chose que je regarde comme impossible: il y a peu d'hommes avec lesquels je m'entends si parfaitement, et même dans les choses, où nous ne sommes pas absolument d'accord, qu'avec vous. Quel plaisir ce sera pour moi, que de vous révoir aprés une si longue absence. En attendant comptez toujours sur moi, comme sur le plus fidèle et le plus invariable de vos amis."

On the 13th of September following, he again writes, in transports of joy, at the breaking out of the war, "Enfin, cher ami, les voiles sont tombés, et la guerre est à notre porte." He mentions various particulars regarding the Austrian armies—their commanders—Mack (qui unus homo nobis restituit rem), the invasion and occupation of Bavaria, and the breaking off of negociations with Buonaparte. Even then they had not heard

of the breaking up of the camp at Boulogne, seventeen days before, though it was expected. "Je vous en dirai davantage," he concludes, "par la première occasion. Je suis comme un homme qui sort d'un rêve, et, avec cela, opprimé de travail. Dieu soit loué, que du moins le jour commence à reparaître, après ces ténèbres Egyptiennes."

The astonishing operations that followed are but too well known. The Austrian monarchy was laid prostrate at Ulm and Austerlitz. Gentz, who from his literary activity, had become a marked object of Buonaparte's resentment, was forced to abscond from the Austrian dominions, and to skulk for some time among the smaller states of Germany. In the beginning of January, 1806, he sought a refuge at Dresden. On the 6th of May of the same year, while still in that hospitable retreat, he wrote to his friend in India a bold and masterly account of all that had happened—of the treaty of Potsdam, signed November 3rd preceding, between Prussia, Russia, and Austria, for reducing the power of Buonaparte—of the march of the Prussian army to cut off his retreat, and its retrograde movement on hearing of the battle of Austerlitz. Austria released Prussia from its obligations, and Buonaparte shut his eyes; resolving, as Gentz justly concluded, to take his own vengeance in his own time. The battle of Jena, fought five months after his letter, showed that, in this instance at least, Gentz was not a false prophet. This letter, sent overland through the English ambassador, was accompanied by two small packets of books and pamphlets. Even in the lowest pitch of political depression, he still cherished the unextinguishable love of letters and the hopes of better days. "Je fais encore un autre essai plus hardi. Je vous envois (separément) un livre, par lequel, s'il vous parvient, je crois vous faire un grand cadeau. Ce

sont des lectures sur la littérature Allemande, faites sous mes yeux à Dresde, devant une assemblée de soixante personnes, par un homme qui n'a pas encore vingt-sept ans, et que je regarde dans ce moment comme le *première génie de l' Allemagne.* Ce n'est pas si proprement un cours d'instruction qu'un recueil: ce sont des discours libres, le resultât d'une profondeur étonnante de raisonnement, et d'une richesse et beauté d'imagination, qui rendraient Adam Müller * un des plus grands poètes, s'il voulait l'être, mais qui ne gâte rien à sa philosophie. Vous n'entendrez pas tout, vous n'approuverez pas tout dans ce livre; mais soyez sur qué c'est là la plus grande hauteur à laquelle l'esprit speculatif se soit jamais élevé chez nous. Vous verrez bientot, que Kant, Fichte et Schelling sont dejà bien loin derrière ce nouveau prophète; le fait est, que le cercle est parcouru; tous les systèmes philosophiques *possibles* sont épuisés en Allemagne depuis vingt ans; nous avons retrouvé l'équilibre; nous cherchons de *monter, monter, monter,* toujours; nous avons reconnu enfin, que c'est *au centre* que tout doit finir.

" Que de choses j'aurais à vous dire, si nous nous rencontrions aujourd'hui! Quel chemin j'ai fait depuis que je vous ai vù à Londres! Et combien, au milieu de tous les troubles et de tous les déchiremens politiques, et de toutes les souffrances de mes amis, le bonheur d'être à moi, à la fin, à un état de satisfaction interne, que rien ne derangera plus, m'a soutenu et relevé sans cesse! Les quatre mois que j'ai passés ici, comptent parmi les plus précieux de ma vie. Le Saxe est comme une isle, entouré d'un océan enragé; ce petit pays est absolument le seul de l'Allemagne que ni les malheurs, ni la honte aient atteint. Il est impossible, qu'il reste longtems dans cette

* Afterwards Austrian Consul-General at Leipsic.

situation privilégée; mais jusqu'ici Dresde était un asyle, dont il faut avoir senti le prix pour le comprendre. C'est d'ici que j'ai assisté à ce spectacle de décomposition générale, navré de douleur, mais toujours consolé par une réunion rare de tout ce qu'il y avait d'émigrés intéressans des différentes parties de l'Allemagne et de l'Europe; et partageant mon tems entre des travaux pénibles relatifs aux affaires publiques, et des conversations inestimables sur les plus sublimes objéts dont l'esprit humain puisse s'occuper. Je puis dire, sans exageration, que ce mélange, ce mouvement perpétuel, ces contrastes frappantes, ces occupations si disparates en apparence, et pourtant si complétement, si centralement rapprochées, m'ont fait vivre dix ans dans six mois.

" Hâtez-vous de quitter votre station; c'est un mauvais tems que vous avez choisi pour quitter l'Europe. Venez souffrir avec nous; il y a quelque chose à faire dans ce genre; mais venez aussi partager nos consolations et nos ésperances. Je me rejouis plus que je ne saurais le dire, de vous revoir. Vous étes un des miroirs le plus fidèles pour représenter, pour concentrer l'ensemble de la physiognomie du siècle. C'est un crime à vous que de vous dérober à l'Europe dans la plus '*awful*' crise, que jamais les affaires humaines aient éprouvée. Ecrivez-moi toujours à Vienne, c'est par là que vos lettres me parviendront, quelque soit l'éndroit où je me trouve. Mais surtout instruisez-moi bien exactement de l'époque de votre départ; je férois un voyage de cent lieues pour vous rencontrer; mais hélas! où sommes nous dans un an!

" Adieu, cher Mackintosh; quelle idée terrible, que je ne saurai pas, avant la fin de l'année, si cette lettre, et les deux paquets ci-joints vous auront trouvé. Comptez pour la vie sur

" Votre dévoué,

" GENTZ."

TO M. GENTZ, VIENNA.

"*Bombay, 24th December*, 1806.

"I received your letter of the 6th May in the end of September. I have read it fifty times since, with the same sentiment which a Roman at the extremity of Mauritania would probably have felt, if he had received an account of the ruin of his country, written the morning after the battle of Pharsalia, with all the unconquerable spirit of Cato, and the terrible energy of Tacitus. He would have exulted that there was something which Cæsar could not subdue, and from which a deliverer and an avenger might yet spring. Perhaps, after the first ardour of his feelings had subsided, he might allow himself for a moment to gratify a better part of him than his vanity, by the reflection that he was thought worthy of such a letter, and such a correspondent.

"I received, by the same mail, your two precious packets. I assent to all you say, sympathise with all you feel, and admire equally your reason and your eloquence throughout your masterly fragment*. Of your young philosopher I can only say, as Socrates did of Heraclitus, that what I understand is admirable, and that I presume what I do not understand to be equally admirable. But this speculative philosophy presupposes a thorough familiarity with the course of your speculations, which I have not yet acquired. Your national manner of thinking and writing on these subjects is now become as different from the philosophical style of France and England, and indeed from that of Garve or Lessing, as Oriental is from Western poetry. You *allude* to subtleties which everywhere else *are expounded;* you employ, in a popular and metaphorical sense, the tech-

* On the Balance of Power in Europe.

nical terms of the most abstruse and, perhaps, the most transitory system.

"I was so much struck with what Mr. Müller says of Burke, that I sent to Windham a translation, a little subdued and mitigated, to fit it for the English taste. Brandy is put into the Bordeaux wine designed for our market; but your German philosophical eloquence must, on the contrary, be lowered, and considerably diluted for our palate. I wish I could tempt Mr. Müller to come and spend a year or two with me here, in exploring those systems of idealism which seem to have been taught in India twenty centuries ago. I have only begun the Sanscrit, one of the most difficult of all languages, which, however, is the only key to the vestibule of the vast edifice of Indian learning. The vedanti system, which is the prevalent doctrine of the learned, is a *pantheistic idealism*, not wholly dissimilar to the doctrine of Schelling, if I have any glimpse into this last.

"Soon after your letter, I received your large exportation of books, among which I first sought for your own, and of them, for your translation of Burke* first; in which I admired both your power and the force of the German language, till this disinterested admiration was disturbed by sentiments of a more personal nature. I will own to you that I seldom found praise more sweet than yours. I felt a very singular pleasure in finding that our minds had contracted a friendship, so many years before it was likely we should ever see each other's face, and at a time when we stood in the ranks of hostile armies. You deserve sincerity, and I hope I may venture on it. I tell you then, that though you have been prodigally generous to the book, yet perhaps you would not

* "The Reflections."

have thought yourself more than liberally just to the author, if you had known all the difficulties under which he wrote.

"I afterwards read through your Journals, 1799. I admired, without adopting your opinion on the *Sovereignty*. It is certainly a most ingenious, and the only reasonable, modification of the Lockian and Rousseauvian principle, which, however, I should rather confute than modify. If you happen to have my little Discourse introductory to my Lectures, you will see our coincidence on liberty, which I define to be, our security against wrong from rulers, called political liberty, or from our fellows, called civil liberty.

"We wrote almost at the same moment. Your view of the causes and progress of the French Revolution is, in my opinion, the most important and instructive document for the philosophical historian which the world has yet seen. I wish it were translated into English and French, though the populace might be deterred by the length of a work of mere reflection, on a political subject not the immediate order of the day. For me it is too short. Notwithstanding my close attention to the subject, it has given me new facts and new views. Your enlarged prospect gives you no disdain for the minute accuracy of a conscientious compiler;—make it the basis of a philosophical review of the history of the Revolution, and its progeny of wars and new revolutions, in which you will execute justice upon the present age, and instruct the latest posterity. All your other works will contribute materials towards this monument; they should all be translated out of temporary into permanent language. I am not enough advanced in German to make my literary suffrage of value; but, except Lessing and Garve, who are both great favourites of mine, yours is the

only argumentative prose which I have read with pleasure in your language. If you will write such a work, I pledge my honour to be your English translator.

"I feel some pain at hearing that accident should have kept you and Adair* asunder at Vienna. He is worthy of your friendship, as I have already told him that you are of his.

"You speak to me of leaving India. Would to Heaven that I had any near prospect of such an emancipation! The prospect of liberty and leisure in my old age allured me to a colony; but the prospect is distant and uncertain, and the evil is such, that if I had known it, no prospect could have tempted me to encounter it. In this exile from the intellectual world, where I have as a companion, indeed, one woman of genius and feeling, your letters are among my chief consolations and enjoyments.

"I have neither knowledge nor courage to write about the affairs of Europe. I believe, like you, in a resurrection, because I believe in the immortality of civilisation; but when, how, by whom, in what form, are questions which I have not the sagacity to answer, and on which I have not the boldness to hazard a conjecture. A dark and stormy night, a black series of ages, may be prepared for our posterity, before the dawn that opens the more perfect day. Where may our asylum finally be? If you have the English Poets, look at the four lines in 'Gray's Bard,' which are as follows:—

> 'Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
> Raised by thy breath, can quench the orb of day?
> To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
> And warms the nations with redoubled ray.'

But when will 'to-morrow' dawn?

* The Right Honourable Sir Robert Adair, G.C.B., now Ambassador at the Court of the King of the Belgians.

"Can I make a stronger appeal to your kindness and generosity than I have already done, on the subject of correspondence? I should have written to you often of late, but till the receipt of your last letter, I did not know on what shore the storm of Ulm and Austerlitz had driven you, even you. I wish I had some address at Vienna, independent of changes in the English Legation, and of those caprices which may attend them.

"Lady Mackintosh is charmed with your letter, and so thoroughly partakes your sentiments, that she thinks herself entitled to a place in your friendship, and I am persuaded you would think so too if you knew her. 'Vale, nostri memor.' Be generous in your correspondence to yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH.

"You do not mention whether you received a long letter by way of Hamburgh, in which, as well as in some other, I made proposals that a young German philosopher should try his fortune with me. I supposed him to be able, learned, honest, and agreeable. I could ensure him creditable support, and in some years, a small competence, with an opportunity which many would envy, of becoming a master of Oriental erudition. He might come easily and cheaply in a neutral ship, from Altona or Copenhagen to Tranquebar; and from that place hither, there is no difficulty."

The following is the letter, which contains the communication to Mr. Windham, respecting Mr. Burke, alluded to above, and which is otherwise curious, as revealing an object of literary ambition connected with the latter individual, which floated pretty constantly before the writer's fancy.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM WINDHAM, &c. &c. &c.

"*Bombay, December* 16*th*, 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—I have sometimes doubted whether I might take the liberty of addressing you at all; and I certainly should have thought such a liberty inexcusable, if my letter were not sure of being distinguished from most of those that are written to a minister, by the peculiarity of neither offering opinion, nor soliciting favour. That on which I write must not be called more important than the security and salvation of an empire; but I may venture to say, that it will be longer considered as important, and will interest a posterity too distant from our present politics to know, much more to feel much about them, beyond their general outlines. It may seem a strange way of introducing oneself to the notice of a great statesman, to represent any thing as more permanently important than his own art; and I have only to say in excuse for such seeming awkwardness, that if I had thought you only a statesman, I should not have troubled you on the present occasion.

"A minute fell into my hands lately, signed by Lord Buckinghamshire, when Governor of Madras, but written by Mr. Webbe, then secretary to that government, a man of great abilities, though unfortunately a successful advocate of violent counsels. This minute traces with accuracy and force, the system of creating fictitious debts of the Nabob of Arcot, and the consequences of that system, visible in the general desolation of the country. It was written ten years after the speech of Mr. Burke on that subject; and it seems to me to be valuable, as a curious and extraordinary proof of the correctness with which he stated the past, and the wonderful sagacity with which he foresaw the future. I thought it important to prove

that he was invariably faithful in his historical descriptions; that he never sacrificed exactness to oratorical effect; that, in the pursuit of grandeur, his conscience as much forbad the exaggeration of fact, as his taste did that of ideas; and that his predictions, far from the ravings of his hopes and his fears, were full of that spirit of philosophical prophecy, which sees effects in their causes. With this view, and as a very small contribution towards Mr. Burke's biography, I have the honour to enclose a copy of the minute. I should have probably sent it to Dr. Lawrence, without troubling you, had he not rather checked my zeal, by not noticing the mite which I sent him about two years ago.

"I shall also mention, that his biographer might, I think, read with advantage M. Gentz's preface and addition to the German translation of the 'Reflections,' which it would be easy to have translated into English, if Dr. L. should not read German. I cannot forbear to translate a passage from a German work, printed this year, though at the risk of disappointing you, not only from my haste and unskilfulness, but from that much more than ordinary difference in national habits of thought and expression, which now prevails between the Germans and the other cultivated nations of Europe. 'The most important epoch in the history of German politics, is the introduction of Edmund Burke among us, the greatest, most profound, most powerful, most humane and heroic statesman of all times and nations. His works are translated; what is more, are understood by us. We endeavour to live, and reason, and write in their spirit. He is only truly honoured among strangers; while his country but half understands him, and feels only half his glory; considering him chiefly as a brilliant orator, as a partisan, and a patriot. He is acknowledged, in Germany, as the real and successful mediator between liberty and law,

between union and division of power, and between the republican and the aristocratic principles.'

"This extract is from lectures on German literature, delivered at Dresden, in spring, 1806, by Adam Müller, a young man of twenty-six, whom Gentz considers as the first genius of his country. I thought it possible, that some part of it might have sprung unconsciously and remotely from a conversation, which I had with M. Gentz in London; and I was struck, by its general coincidence, with that manner of thinking, certainly not peculiar to me, but so much less common than it ought to be.

"It may seem a paradox to assert of a writer of so splendid a fame as that of Mr. Burke, that the larger number, even of reading and thinking men, are blinded by prejudice to that, which makes the most solid part of his glory; but it is certainly true. He is considered chiefly as an orator, and a mere writer. It is true, that for a time there was a cry about his wisdom and his foresight; but even this was, I fear, the roar of a rabble, heated by temporary enthusiasm. When this enthusiasm has subsided, the writing and reading vulgar will, I fear, be disposed to place his style first, his imagination second, and his wisdom last in the order of his excellences. This monstrous inversion of truth, this usurpation of subordinate talents on transcendent powers, is favoured by many prejudices, political and literary. In a country of parties, Mr. Burke has left no large body of personal adherents. Friends and disciples he has left; but adherents, indeed, strictly speaking, he could have none. On the contrary, it was his fate,

'For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,'

in one part or other of his course, to encounter adversely all the great parties, who, being the growth of permanent circumstances, are likely always to divide England. His

writings will always afford authorities against the excesses of any of their parties, which, as they proceed from the most inflamed zeal, must ever be the darling measures of every numerous body. This is, and will be, aided by the difficulty which the common thinker must feel, in tracing the links of the chain that holds together the parts of Mr. Burke's life, as a consistent whole. I take some credit to myself for having discovered it, when I was young, and, on many other things, much mistaken. Every man can see dissimilarity of actions, or words; but not many can see how necessarily that may arise, from that very unchangeable identity of principle. The very elevation of his principles, the circumstance which alone could make them influence events the most distant, hides these principles from the vulgar eye. Mr. B.'s writings, almost all, profess to be speeches, or pamphlets, on the events of the time, and to have the temporary object of persuading, or dissuading the public, as well as the permanent one of instructing all mankind. Their profound philosophy is never altogether detached from those forms of popular eloquence, which are necessary to the former of these purposes.

"These are powerful circumstances with the mob of readers, and even of writers. I have often observed, that the authors of quarto volumes are objects of deep reverence in provinces and colonies *; but in the capital I was generally fortunate enough to keep above the votaries of such a superstition. A pile of quartos may deter readers from perusal, but it also deters common critics from attack. They never recognise a philosopher without his

* "Why do you not," asked one of his friends, writing from England, "write three volumes quarto? You only want this to be called the greatest man of your time. People are all disposed to admit anything we say of you, but I think it unsafe and indecent to put you so high without something in quarto."

cap and robes. When he appears with axioms and postulates, or even with books and chapters (which is the more modern fashion), they may hint that he is wrong, but they dare not intimate that he is an egregious trifler, which, however, may very easily be true. So obstinate is this prejudice, that men of understanding, very superior to such pretenders, have given me credit for original observations, merely on account of a translation of some part of Mr. Burke into technical language, out of that eloquence and temporary application which he employed —a translation which I made, only as an experiment to ascertain whether what I now say was well-founded. A common man is apt to think that a form of composition, which has a temporary object, and generally a transient interest, can never have any other; and he is apt to suppose that what is very eloquent, is only eloquent. The silly pedantry of systems of criticism helps to confound the intrinsic difference of books, under the superficial resemblance of their external form; and by an excessive —I had almost said perfidious—commendation of his eloquence, Mr. B. has been robbed, in some measure, of his far higher praises. It is an operation of some difficulty to collect fragments of philosophy from the various corners, where the end of temporary persuasion, and the form of popular discourse, have required that they should be scattered; to arrange and distribute them in the order which is best adapted to enlighten the understanding of all times; to separate general principles from the passing events to which they are applied, and to disengage profound truths from the gorgeous robes of eloquence, which are too dazzling to be penetrated by very feeble intellects; to distinguish between the philosopher—the teacher of political wisdom to all posterity, and the unrivalled orator, who employed his genius in guarding his contemporaries against the evils of the times. It is the more difficult,

because philosophy itself taught the necessity of constantly disguising the philosopher as an orator, without which it was obvious that the immediate and urgent end could not be attained, and the permanent end might be more endangered than it could be [advanced] directly. Yet this difficulty must be overcome by one who rises to a true conception of Mr. Burke.

"One prejudice more I cannot forbear to mention. It is a prejudice of a more obstinate, because of a more refined, and apparently rational character than the other. It is easy to represent, nay, perhaps it is natural to consider, the object of his most celebrated writings as at variance with the great end of all writings—the improvement of mankind. It is admitted, perhaps, that the security of states might, for the time, require such works; but the general interest is said rather to require, in all ordinary times; and in all times when the mischiefs are different and opposite; that the maxims which prevail in such writings should be discouraged. It is obvious that I allude to his works on the French revolution. This is a most deep-rooted prejudice, especially among that class of writers who come into immediate contact with the popular understanding. Much of its speciousness depends on the confusion of temporary and permanent ends, and consequently of rhetorical order with scientific method. If propositions were to be understood as generally in science, as they are expressed in eloquence, all fine writers must be sent to Bedlam. In a book of science, the correctives and limitations ought to attend the position, or at least to be within sight of it. In Mr. B. they must be sought for either in the nature of things, when they are either too obvious, or no practical opportunity has occurred for the practical statesman to bring them out—or they will be found in distant parts of his works where he was called upon to enforce them for

the defence of other portions of the general system. Considerations of a still higher order, and still greater difficulty, belong to the subject. The licence which prepares for slavery, and the restraints which ensure and accelerate ultimate progress, are suspicious topics in the mouths of the powerful, and their sycophants; but they are subjects, perhaps, not enough attended to in considering the education of the human race—that vast work of so many ages, of which we see only a few steps.

"I have mentioned these circumstances to account for what I have ventured to assert, that, notwithstanding the popularity of Mr. B.'s name, his true and transcendent merit is not popular; that he is not only under-praised, but, if you will forgive the word, *mis*-praised; and to justify myself for being sometimes as much out of humour with his panegyrists, as with his detractors. The multitude almost always take their ideas from writers, who being just above themselves, are quite intelligible to them. When these take their opinions from their lawful superiors in the republic of letters,—when this is continued up to the highest, everything is in the proper order. But the elevation of Mr. Burke above these useful common writers is so vast, the region he inhabits, his thoughts, his language are so utterly unlike theirs, that an interpreter, or a series of interpreters, must be placed between them. His genius, his eloquence, every part of him, deranged and shook some part of their puny traditional system of taste and rules. He must be explained to them; his principles must be brought into such order that their real, though systematic connexion, may become apparent; his language must be translated. The prejudices of such writers and readers must be handled with address and tenderness. These are the important offices of Mr. Burke's biographer; and perhaps a fit biographer is more important to his just fame, than ever such a

person was before to a great man. Ten years have almost passed since Mr. Burke's death. This is by no means a long time to employ in writing his life; but it is too long to elapse before it is begun. I hope this is not the case with Dr. Lawrence. But, notwithstanding his Herculean industry, I dread his constant occupations. I wish I heard that the work was advanced.

If he had begun to despair of it, from the multiplicity of his avocations, I should not indeed know with what face to propose myself, if my face were now seen by any one; but on paper I may say that I speak

"Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,"

and that I have some qualifications which I may state without immodesty—ardent zeal, undisturbed leisure, the independence of a *hopeless* situation in discussing recent politics, which, perhaps, no man in England can have—an impartiality between Mr. B. and his most illustrious friend, at the most critical moment of their lives, not arising from stupid insensibility to the extraordinary merit of both, but from that almost equal affection and equal admiration, which renders equal justice and exerts equal candour. I am almost ashamed to add the appearance of a homage offered by a person, who was so unimportant an adversary; but I ought not to omit some familiarity with the very prejudices most necessary to be managed on such an occasion. There must remain in Mr. B.'s friends a right to add whatever was thought necessary, and to disclaim whatever was deemed improper. This presumptuous vision has sometimes cheered my exile; and I own that the Great Seal would not fill me with so much pleasure, as the sight of a box of copies of letters and documents, which would give me the hopes that my dream was likely to be accomplished. At

any rate you will, I hope, forgive it, as well as the length into which I have suffered this letter to grow. A pardon under your own hand would certainly be the most satisfactory.

"Lady M. and I both beg you to receive our most warm and respectful good wishes; and I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir,

"Your most obliged, faithful servant,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH.

"P. S. Dr. Lawrence once offered to give a place in his publication to any remarks which I might send. I own I am very desirous of adding something, but not till I have seen the correspondence and life. I could not retard him six months; and, if he thought my supplement unfit for his purpose, he might at last leave me to separate publication."

The present year was distinguished in Sir James's judicial career by the receipt of a commission as Judge of a Court of Vice-Admiralty, then for the first time instituted at Bombay, for the trial and adjudication of all prize and maritime cases. This court had been opened on the 21st of July. It was a situation, for which his previous studies on the Law of Nations peculiarly qualified him. In one only of the numerous cases which he decided did his judgment give rise to any doubt.

It was that of the "Minerva," an American ship, taken in a voyage from Providence, in the course of which she had touched at the Isle of France, from which place she sailed to Tegall and Manilla, and on her

voyage back from this last place to Batavia, she was detained as trading between enemies' ports, in violation of his Majesty's 'Instructions' of June, 1803. Restitution was insisted on by the claimants, on the ground that neither Manilla nor Batavia, nor the Isle of France, were enemies' colonies in such a sense, as to render the trading thereto by a neutral, in time of war, illegal; inasmuch as the trade to these places was open to foreigners in time of peace. For the purpose of ascertaining this last point, commissions had been sent to Calcutta and Madras; and the judge, finding that the trade had been, as alleged, open to foreigners, pronounced for restitution, but without costs.

In pronouncing judgment he observed, "that the sole point in the case was, whether Manilla and Batavia were colonies, according to the true meaning of his Majesty's 'Instructions' of 1803; or, in other words, whether they were settlements administered, in time of peace, on principles of colonial monopoly. The word 'Colony' was here not a geographical, but a political term. 'His Majesty's Instructions' must be construed so as not to be at variance with the principle of Public Law, maintained by Great Britain, called the Rule of 1756. No settlement could be called a colony under that rule, which was open to foreigners in time of peace. As, from the return to the commissions, it appeared that Batavia and Manilla were not such colonies, he did not therefore conceive that trading to them was illegal under the Law of Nations, as relaxed by His Majesty's 'Instructions' of 1803.

"Something had been said of the obedience due to the *letter* of these 'Instructions.' Undoubtedly the letter of the 'Instructions' was a sufficient warrant for his Majesty's officers for detaining ships, which appeared to offend

against it;—but, as to the doctrine that courts of prize were bound by *illegal instructions*, he had already, in a former case (that of the 'Erin'), treated it as a groundless charge by an American writer against English courts. In this case (which had hitherto been, and, he trusted, ever would continue imaginary), of such illegal instructions, he was convinced that English Courts of Admiralty would as much assert their independence of arbitrary mandates, as English Courts of Common Law. That happily no judge had ever been called upon to determine, and no writer had distinctly put the case of, such a repugnance. He had, therefore, no direct and positive authority; but he never could hesitate in asserting, that, in such an imaginary case, it would be the duty of a judge to disregard the 'Instructions,' and to consult only that universal law, to which all civilised princes and states acknowledge themselves to be subject, and over which none of them can claim any authority."

Though this doctrine is apparently the only one upon which Prize Courts can be considered as courts of the Law of Nations, yet, (perhaps in consequence of some imperfect reports of the case, published at the time,) it excited great murmurs among several naval officers of rank, serving in the Indian Seas, who had been accustomed to consider the letter of "His Majesty's Instructions" as the only rule of adjudication in all cases: and a good deal was written on the subject in the Indian and English newspapers. The truth is, that the judgment was in no degree at variance with the "Instructions," and that the concluding observations were evidently introduced by the judge, merely in his zeal to repel an attack made by the American jurists on the English Prize Courts, and to justify to neutrals the independ-

ence of these courts of international law. It does not appear that the doctrine was ever denied by any competent judge. The decision itself was acquiesced in by all parties; there being no appeal, which seldom happens in prize causes, where there is the least shadow of doubt.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF MR FOX.—LETTERS TO DR. PARR—TO MR. MOORE—TO MR. SHARP—TO MR. MALCOLM LAING—NOTICE OF PRIESTLEY—OF MIRABEAU—VISIT TO GOA AND MADRAS.

JOURNAL.

"JANUARY 1st.—The distribution of time into years, naturally disposes one to fancy that a new year, or a new combination of ciphers, denotes some new reality in nature. The conclusion of a year seems a sort of pause in the progress of time, which disposes the mind to retrospection. The year 1806 is almost a blank in this diary; so it almost was in fact. It was very barren in enjoyment and improvement. I begin the year 1807 with a firm resolution (I hope it may prove unshaken) to be more industrious.

"My last readings were 'Jacobi on the Doctrine of Spinoza,' and his letter to Fichte on German Philosophy, and 'Good's Translation of Lucretius.'

"Jacobi is a singular example of the union of metaphysical acuteness with mysticism. Like Hecla, burning in Iceland, his moral and devotional enthusiasm resists the freezing power of abstraction. His book on Spinoza is most ingenious; and when I read him, I think I understand his results; but when I lay down the book they escape the grasp of my mind.

"It seems to me that, according to Spinoza, extension and thought are the two ultimate facts of the universe, absolutely independent of each other; nothing is common to them but substance; which, divested of all attributes, must be the *same* in all things; which Spinoza, probably

to avoid the imputation of Atheism, called God; and which, being synonymous with existence, seems to be a mere logical form of words, necessary in affirmative propositions. The use of the word *Deus* has thrown great obscurity over Spinoza's system; and it has given plausibility to the popular arguments of Bayle.

"15th.—I have just heard of the death of Mr. Fox. It is now about fifteen years since I was introduced to him by Mr. Ogilvie, the husband of his aunt, the Duchess of Leinster. It was in his house in South Street, and, I think, in June, 1791.

"He was, before his death, led by misrepresentations to wrong me. But I feel unfeigned regret for his death; and I have the firmest confidence, that if he had lived he would have done me justice.

"Mr. Fox united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men, and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt, but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity and amenity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit, had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, philosophy, learning, or the

talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe, whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which, by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *vers de societé*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the West, those of the ancient Greeks, and of the modern Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it.

"To speak of him justly, as an orator, would require a long essay. Every where natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior, which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his language. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and everything around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and conviction. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of reason, simplicity and vehemence, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes. 'I knew him,' says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet, written after their unhappy differ-

ence, 'when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw.'

"The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good-nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine, indeed, to expect to be succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence; the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm; and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. 'I admired,' says Mr. Gibbon, 'the powers of a superior man, as they were blended in his attractive character with all the softness and simplicity of a child. No human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood.' From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an inherent quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

"Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person * honoured with some degree of

* The writer himself.

Mr. Fox's friendship, said, 'To be sure; he is a man made to be loved!' and these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heartfelt sincerity.

"These few hasty and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox, to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age; but he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties and to the progressive civilisation of mankind: by his ardent love for a country, of which the well-being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense *."

The death of Mr. Fox, under the circumstances of alienated regard, to which he has alluded, was an event that affected Sir James powerfully. Upon its being communicated to him, he could not refrain from tears. Shortly before the news reached him he had thus expressed himself:—"If Mr. Fox lives † (which, God

* The above character of Mr. Fox was printed in the Bombay Courier of the 17th.

† Mr. Fox had expired on the 13th of September preceding.

grant), and if I live, I cannot but be persuaded that he will acknowledge that he has been deceived by my enemies. I frankly acknowledge, that there are few things on earth which I desire so much, as to ensure and accelerate that acknowledgment."

This was now for ever prevented, and by the only event by which it was possible; for time only was wanting to ascertain what was palpable in the misrepresentations by which Mr. Fox's generous nature had been acted upon, to demonstrate to him their utter falsity. Take, for instance, the attempt to delude him into the belief that some personal attacks on him, in a public print, were connived at by one who had professed personal, as well as political, adherence. The following is Sir James's answer to the accusation, when made known to him:—"It is false. I had no communication, direct or indirect, with Coleridge, at any time, on these letters *, or for a year (I think) before, on any subject. Coleridge is well known to have (capriciously enough) disliked me. He is also known to be a man not well disposed to receive suggestions, or materials, from any one. I had no controul over the editor of the paper, which could have prevented the publication of letters in which I was myself, by very clear implication, abused. In short, I mean to say, that if any form could be devised more comprehensive, and more precise, of disclaiming all connexion with these letters, by suggestion before publication, or by approbation after, or by any other mode which the English word *connexion* may comprehend,—I should employ such more comprehensive and precise form of words. There are half-a-dozen

* Published in the Morning Post, under the signature σοτηρε (S. T. C.).

persons now alive, who know that I was no more connected with them than with the Letters of Junius; and if admiration be a kind of connexion, rather less."

Such like insinuations, wretched as they were, were too long saved from the contempt which was their due, as the promiscuous weapons of political jealousy, by the fatal success with which they had, or rather with which he supposed they had, been wielded. Their effect indeed he had, in point of fact, much over-rated, as he afterwards had the comfort of being satisfied upon competent authority; though, perhaps, any other assurance was needless to one who was, during the remainder of their joint lives, honoured with the cordial friendship of the present noble representative of Mr. Fox's principles and blood. But at the time of which we speak, the thought of what had passed, when occurring in the indulgence of an almost morbid sensibility, on this subject, cast a perceptible shadow across the usual sunny cheerfulness of his nature.

Connected with the above incident is the following letter which exemplifies in Sir James's own mind, those qualities from which he had formed such kindly expectations in Mr. Fox's. It would jar discordantly with the tenor of the character, which we are here attempting to delineate, to introduce unnecessarily any topic of personal animosity; a duty from which the editor is relieved, by the pleasing contemplation of the subsequent renewal of an interrupted friendship *.

* We anticipate a little, in point of time, to do justice to that manly frankness (compensating so amply for the almost infantile credulity of Dr. Parr's character) which prompted, in the present instance, the becoming reparation due to his friend, whose "honour" he pronounced to be "clear from every kind of objection whatsoever;"—adding, "consequently, in the most express terms, I lamented as a friend, and retracted as an honest man, any language of a different tendency, which

It is only adverted to, therefore, to observe that, in what follows, Sir James was aware that he was replying, for the first time after Mr. Fox's death, to one who had heedlessly allowed distrustful impressions to be insinuated into his mind, of which, indeed, Mr. Fox's opinion was supposed to be only the reflection. Dr. Parr had broken a silence of some duration in a letter, which he begins by an assurance of the "*real* and *great* satisfaction" in writing again. After a proposal to bury the past in oblivion, in which he speaks of his own placability, and of seriously and sincerely setting his seal to their reconciliation, he proceeds to those literary topics which had formerly interested them in common. The answer may be anticipated.

imperfect information alone had led me to use." It may be interesting to mention, that the occasion on which the intimacy was renewed, was offered by an acceptance of the following invitation from one, whose "Memory" is prodigal in such "Pleasures."

"He best can paint them, who can feel them most."

"DEAR MACKINTOSH,—Dr. Parr dines with me on Thursday, the 3rd of August, and he wishes to meet some of his old friends under my roof, as it may be for the last time. He has named Whishaw, and Sharp, and Lord Holland; and he says, 'I want to shake hands with Jemmy Mackintosh before I die.'

"May I ask you to be of the party? That you can forgive, I know full well. That you will forgive in this instance—much as you have to forgive—I hope fervently.

"Some of the pleasantest moments of my life have been spent in the humble office I am now venturing to take upon myself, and I am sure you will not take it amiss, if, on this occasion, I wish to add to the number.

"Yours very truly,

"SAMUEL ROGERS.

'*July* 23*rd*, 1820."

TO THE REV. DR. PARR.

"*Bombay*, 28*th July*, 1807.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received both your letters of the 4th of January; and before I am silenced for ever on the extraordinary scenes which have passed, you will allow me to make a few moderate and grave observations on the conditions of reconcilement which you propose, and from which I shall not dissent.

"The conditions did certainly, at first, appear rather extraordinary to me. I neither expected a profession of placability, an offer of pardon, nor an injunction of oblivion. I am too little a wit, and too much of an eager and downright disputant, to deal in an indirect or allusive style. The little that I have to say must be frankly said. To be plain, then, I conceived myself to have been very deeply offended; as such I always represented myself. All that I had written to England had been as a man not suing for grace, but demanding justice. In that character, though with all the humility of deep reverence and inviolable attachment, I wrote to the illustrious man who has left the world without restoring me to the place in his good opinion, of which I was deprived by enemies, who have never avowed themselves. If I had needed his placability, I should indeed have relied on it; but, in this case, I appealed only to his justice. My address was too late;—his death has rendered irreparable the injury inflicted on me by unavowed enemies. In the solitary tears which that death drew from me, I thought only of the loss of the greatest and most amiable man of his age. I did not stoop so low as to a thought of myself, or of my wrongs. And now that I can calmly review the subject, I can most conscientiously declare, that I feel,

as not the least abatement of my affectionate reverence for his memory, that he was led into a great error concerning the sentiments and conduct of an obscure individual, especially as you must allow me to be convinced, that if he had lived, he would have been undeceived. Mr. Fox would at least have acknowledged, that there was nothing, or very little, in me to be pardoned; and, as he was the last man to avail himself of any superiority but that of right, he would not have thought it arrogant, if I had so far deviated from my usual manners, as to say that I had something to pardon.

"I am always thankful for an occasion of throwing off a character so difficult for me to sustain, as that of anger. I never have dissented from an amnesty, where I thought myself the party entitled to grant it; and I hope I never shall refuse, as I believe I never have refused, an oblivion of wrong done to me, when those who have wronged me, either by words or actions, have made my consent to it possible, with security to my own character. To your proposal of reconciliation and renewed intercourse, I therefore unreservedly and willingly assent. I cheerfully bury all past differences in oblivion, contented with observing, that you never would have made such a proposal to any man whom you did not know and acknowledge to have acted with honour, and protesting once for all, that I have no interest in avoiding the most rigorous scrutiny into every part of my conduct towards Mr. Fox, whose memory I shall ever honour and vindicate, and to whom I was attached, during his life, with an ardour and constancy, which I will presume to say merited a different return. How his death affected me when I heard of it, I very hastily and imperfectly made known.

* * * * * *

"I now bid an eternal farewell to all retrospective discussions of what has occurred during those four not very happy years of my life, which have passed since 1803. Deep wounds heal slowly, and I cannot suddenly recover from the effects of events, which almost wrought a revolution in the constitution of my nature; but if the future shall retain any tincture from the past, it shall be unintentional.

"I shall endeavour to show those civilities to Mr. Macklin, which I dare say that he himself will be found to deserve, and to which he is so much entitled from me, on account of my excellent friend Montagu. I am sorry to say, that his immediate chances here are not equal to his expectation, nor, I dare say, to his deserts. My situation obliges me to appear, as well as to be, impartial, in the contests of advocates for business. My situation here is one, in which every thing without the walls of my own house is and has been uncomfortable. It is one in which, by the mere execution of justice, even with a perhaps culpable lenity, I have incurred a very general hostility. Lady Mackintosh's powerful understanding, however, leaves me in no mental solitude: and I had the good fortune to bring out with me a young Scotch gentleman, Mr. Erskine, who is one of the most amiable, ingenious, and accurately-informed men in the world.

"I can yet give no good account of my studies. All my works remain in project. I am ashamed of continuing to speak of them. But I have not relinquished the hope of better times. Till I make some progress, I shall, out of decency, be silent. I am glad to find that you are publishing a collection of metaphysical tracts and sermons. It would most naturally lead to a work which I proposed to you long ago—the History of Moral, and,

if you please, Political Speculation, in England, either from the most ancient times, or from the Reformation. There is, in truth, more apparent than real difference between the difficulty of the more extensive, and that of the more limited plan. That difference consists only in the schoolmen. Joannes Duns Scotus is, on all suppositions, a native of the British Islands; and, as such, admissible into your plan. In Wadding's Preface to his Works, I think there is a slight preponderance of probability in favour of his being an Irishman. It is rather a reproach, that we have left in such darkness the biography of a man so famous in the history of philosophy. This is still more true of William of Ockham, an undoubted Englishman, one of the most memorable men of the middle ages, the founder of the Nominalists, and one of the enemies of the higher pretensions of the Roman See*, but whose works are yet, I believe, uncollected, and the events of whose life are totally unknown. The names of these most extraordinary persons are, I think, even

* "William Ockham was born in this county (Surrey), in a village so called of *Oakes;* and indeed our William was all *Heart of Oake,* as soon will appear. He was first bred under John Scotus, and afterwards served him as Aristotle did his master Plato, disproving his principles, and first setting on foot a new sort of sophistry. Then it was hard to hear anything in the schooles for the high railing betwixt the

REALS,	NOMINALS,
headed by John Duns Scotus;	fighting under their general, Ockham;

neither of them conducing much to the advance of religion.

"Our Ockham, flushed with success against John Scotus, undertook another John of higher power and place—even Pope *John the three-and-twentieth,* and gave a mortal wound to his *temporal power over princes.*"—*Fuller's Worthies,* vol. ii. p. 362.

Fuller assigns the village of Dunston, in Northumberland, as the birth-place of Duns Scotus, "as appeareth by a writing in a book of his in Merton College, wherein he was bred."

excluded from the 'Biographia Britannica,' which dwells so long on Roger Bacon, a man of great merit to be sure, but whose genius had much less power over the opinions of mankind for centuries, and who can deserve exclusive preference on no better ground than that of two wretched prejudices, prevalent enough about the middle of the eighteenth century, that those fashions of philosophising which had passed away, deserved no record, and that physical alone was philosophy.

"At a later period, we wish to know more of two men, one of whom has left a great name, and the other had a great, though mysterious, reputation in his own age;—I mean Sir Kenelm Digby, and the person who is sometimes called Thomas Anglus, and who, I think, styles himself Thomas-Albus-East-Saxonum; by which, I suppose, he means Thomas White from Essex. He flourished during the usurpation—was a Roman Catholic monk—suspected of heresy—and lived chiefly on the continent. All his most rare works, as well as those of William of Ockham, are, I presume, to be found in the Bodleian, or in the libraries of some of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. We are disgracefully negligent of our philosophical history. For this branch of it you are better fitted than any other man living; and it would be more amusement than exertion for you to write such a book as that of which I have spoken.

"Who was Johannes Santacrucius Nordovicensis, who published a Scholastic Logic at London, 1672; or the anonymous author of a Logic, 'ad mentem Gulielmi Ockham,' published at Oxford about the same time? I would give something for both or either. You know Norris, the English disciple of Malbranche. He appears to have been a neighbour of Collier's—both Wiltshire parsons; and I have no doubt that the peculiar opinions

of the latter may be traced to the influence of this neighbourhood.

* * * *

"All these are hints, probably unnecessary. To Hutcheson the taste for speculation in Scotland, and all the philosophical opinions (except the Berkleian Humism), may be traced—Hume's Reference of Morals to Sentiments, Lord Kaimes' Instincts, Adam Smith's Sympathy, and Reid's Common Sense.

"My family are, thank God, all very well.

"I shall be glad to receive your publications and letters, and I hope that I shall always be able sincerely to subscribe myself,

"Your well-wisher and faithful friend,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

The early part of the present year was marked by the first severe fit of illness to which his constitution was subjected. This left him little desire, or vigour, to proceed with the execution of any of his contemplated literary works, but it does not appear to have much relaxed the frequency of his correspondence.

TO GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.

"*Bombay, March* 16*th*, 1807.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I wrote to you last year, about the time that you were writing to me, and I have since received both your letters of January and April. Another year of terrible, and almost incredible events, has elapsed since the last of them. You know long ago—but I am still ignorant whether Buonaparte, who has foiled all the policy and valour of Europe, has at last yielded to the

diseases of a winter campaign in Poland *. Our minister at Constantinople has given us some hopes of this; but past experience rather leads us, or at least me, to consider him as more sanguine and credulous, than becomes diplomacy.

"I am equally uninformed and anxious about the harmony of the administration—the strength of parties in the new parliament †,—and many other subjects of the most critical importance in our domestic politics. My judgment and attachment are with the administration. For some of them I have the warmest personal affection, and I am persuaded that their dissolution, and the union of the Grenvilles with the remaining Pittites, would be a very unfortunate event. I have received letters from the Chancellor ‡, full of the warmest kindness.

* * * * *

"I have lately been reading some recently-arrived French books, some of which I advise you to read, if you have not done so already. The 'Mémoirs de Bezenval' I hail as the resurrection of old French Memoirs, which I feared rhetoric and metaphysics had for ever destroyed. He is rambling, like St. Simon; he is often intolerably tedious in his military discussions; he is often more trifling than could easily be conceived: but if he had not, we should not so well have known what sort of animal a courtier of Versailles, under Louis XVI., was. He is more gross than it is possible to pardon; but this shows us the system of manners from the Regency to Mad. du Barry. He writes about the court like an eye-witness; and from him I have at last such an idea of Louis XVI.

* The operations on the Vistula that followed the battle of Jena.

† Which had assembled on the 15th of December, under the auspices of the Whig Government.

‡ Lord Erskine.

and his court, as one has of acquaintances; not a philosophical analysis, or rhetorical display of character, such as we find in the best historians.

"In all our talking of French books, I do not remember any mention of Mad. de la Fayette. Perhaps you have not read her 'Histoire de Mad. Henriette.' If not, order it forthwith from Dulau. I think it charming. No instrument, less delicate than a female pen, could have dissected, without destroying, all the minute parts of the intrigues of women in an amorous court. I say amorous, because in a licentious court like that of Louis XV. they are so gross as to make the reprehension easy. No man could have written this history: it is as exclusively feminine as Mad. de Sevigné's best Letters. These two are the only literary productions I have met with which we should not praise by calling masculine. No English lady has hit this sort of writing. Lady Mary Wortley, Mrs. Barbauld, &c. are very *clever men.*

"You, like myself, have, I suppose, been delighted by Walter Scott, and tired to death by ——; so much less depends on the subject than on the writer. I hope you have read Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales, and that you have directed several copies of an Irish translation, made under your auspices, to be distributed to every cottager on your estate. Except the four Gospels, I think there is no book of popular morality equal to it.

"I am not well pleased at your supineness in not having taken steps to send me your 'Lives of Ripperda, &c.' more speedily. They have been published near twelve months, and, if you had been diligent, I might have had a copy in October. To punish you for this laziness I will not let you into the secret of a little essay of mine, which will soon make its appearance, though, perhaps, anonymously. Observe the effect of geography

upon words: by '*soon*'—I only mean eleven months hence.

"Why are you not in parliament?

* * * * *

"Ever entirely yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

The following letter contains some excellent remarks on a topic, which at that moment must have much interested his correspondent, who had lately been elected, and for the first time, a member of the new parliament.

TO RICHARD SHARP, ESQ. M.P.

Bombay, 14th March, 1807.

"MY DEAR SHARP,—Among the very few agreeable occurrences of my present life, there is none which can give me more pleasure than reading this morning the name of one of the members for Castlerising. I was sorry not to have seen the names of Rogers, Philips, and Boddington. In former times I flattered myself that my name might also have been joined in the little phalanx, which would have given aid and importance to each other. My lot is otherwise cast, and I can now feel the enjoyments of ambition only by sympathy with my friends. You will have been in parliament a whole session before you read this letter. That session will probably supersede my exhortations to become a frequent speaker. But if it should not, and if you are not so in the first session, let me earnestly exhort you to speak enough in the second for two sessions, and for you and me.

"No situation of the house was ever more favourable. The overwhelming fame of Fox and Pitt oppresses no new speaker. When he rises he is not haunted with the idea of two such terrible listeners. You have, I am sorry

to say, few men of genius to be formidable rivals. They are on your own side. They have lost the ardour of youth and caught something of the indolence of established reputation. They are now rather declining into years. On the other hand, no assembly ever had more of those men of sense and taste, who are competent without being fastidious judges. If I had to encounter the terrors of a maiden speech, I scarce know any member whom I should be very anxious to expel, except it be Romilly; and I suppose you may trust to his friendship to balance his acuteness and severity. You have no enemies but your modesty and your taste; and you have no means of vanquishing them but an inflexible resolution to speak early and to speak often. If you suffer your modesty to fasten you long to the bench, it will become unconquerable. If you require too much excellence from your early, or from your daily exertions, you will be more unjust to yourself than you are capable of being to another man. Great excellence cannot appear at first, and it can only be occasional.

"Eloquence differs in one very remarkable respect from the other fine arts. The poet may execute a thousand rude sketches in the solitude of his study; he may commit them to the flames, and he needs not appear before the public till he has attained the perfection of his art. His friends may boast.

'Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre.'

But it is otherwise with the orator. He must expose his first rude exercises to the malignant curiosity of the public. It is only by practice before them that he can learn his art. Whatever his genius may be, it has a mechanical part, which every man but Pitt has acquired by use; and this is the very part of which nine-tenths of his hearers can best judge. He is like the General, who

learns to fight by fighting, and whose only school is real war. This is a reason for indulgence towards the first attempts of the speaker, which applies neither to those of the poet, nor of the painter. As far as I have observed, a man must be an every day speaker to become popular. It has the air of *business*. The eloquent speeches, or passages of such a speaker, seem to rise naturally on great occasions from his usual level. On the contrary, occasional speakers are very apt to be thought rhetoricians and haranguers. When it is otherwise they have more weight than popularity; and they generally require the aid of age, or station, or previous fame, or a very peculiar character, which will sometimes supply the place of all the others. After all this impertinent lecture on the art of war to Hannibal, let me say no more on parliamentary speaking, except that, on hearing the death of poor Fox, I resumed my little essay, 'De Claris,' &c., which was begun on hearing the death of Pitt, and soon after laid aside. You shall soon have it to make what use you please of it. But if you print it, do so without my name, and after altering every thing that you think bad, if that be not asking you to rewrite it.

"To pass from my own bad compositions to the good ones of others, I advise you to look over the 'Eloges Historiques' of Vicq d'Azyr. They are really very fine. That of Buffon is a masterpiece. It is curious to compare, or rather contrast it with the Eloge of Buffon, read by Condorcet before the Academy of Sciences. The last is more ingenious and refined; but it is cold, from the writer's character, and frozen by his dislike of Buffon, for whom he inherited from D'Alembert a contempt and aversion. In Vicq d'Azyr's Eloge of Linnæus, it is easy to detect the countryman of Buffon.

"You must have read the Mémoires de Bezenval. I hailed in them the resurrection of French memoirs,

which had, I thought, been buried for ever under the vast piles of our declamation and metaphysics. They are slovenly, very often trifling, and intolerably tedious. But the frivolity characterises an old courtier; and even the grossness represents the manners of Paris, from the time of the Regent till the full ripeness or rottenness of Madame du Barry's reign. After having read myself blind about the revolution, I had no pictures of poor Louis and his court in my fancy till I read this old intriguer.

"There is a singular book of Goëthe's come out last year, which I would almost venture to recommend as deserving a partial translation into English. It is entitled 'Winkelmann and his Age.' The first part consists of letters of Winkelmann, which the translator might omit. In the sequel Goëthe gives a sort of philosophical sketch of the history of the arts in Rome, from Cimabue to Mengs and Battoni. He endeavours to assign the causes of the revolutions of art and taste; and, to my ignorance, he seems at least very plausible and ingenious. It is true that I am now reconciled to the German manner and style in philosophical writing, though not pleased with it. No translation of German philosophy, either into French or English, will at present succeed, which is not in some measure divested of that manner by the translator's skill. A novel of his, called the 'The Year of William Meister's Apprenticeship,' published some years ago, is considered as one of the masterpieces of human genius. I know the antipathy, not only of French but of English taste, against German literature; yet I cannot help thinking it wonderful that a novel by the author of the 'Sorrows of Werter' should, for several years, be untranslated and even unknown. Yet the 'Sorrows of Werter' are part of the library of Europe. It is certainly, in rank, the first novel of the school of Rousseau.

* * * * * * *

"You would scarcely suppose that Voltaire had borrowed or stolen from Tillotson: but so the truth seems to be. Tillotson says, 'If God were not a necessary Being, he might almost seem to be made for the use and benefit of men.'

'Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudroit l'inventer.'

The passage of Tillotson I find quoted in Jortin's Tracts, volume i. 371; and it is odd enough that it should have probably originated in a misrecollection of some words in the 2nd chapter of the 1st book, De Naturâ Deorum*.

"Before I conclude I know you will wish to hear something of myself. I have recovered lately from the first attack of the diseases of this climate, which was not, I believe, very serious, but quite sufficient, with the remedies, to make me dislike the country more than I did before.

"I wrote Horner a fortnight ago, before I knew his parliamentary dignity. I am not sure that I shall write to him by this ship. You must congratulate him for me, and tell him that my advice to new members is still more applicable to very young men.

"I have already apprised you by the 'Experiment,' of the fate of the Zend, Pehlavi, Persian, Sanscrit, and Pali MSS., which I had collected and sent on board the 'Grappler' for your city library. The Grappler was taken by the Piedmontaise, and the box of MSS. is now at the Isle of France, from which I shall make an effort to release it, but not with very sanguine hopes of success.

"We have met a romantic adventure within these few days. A Sardinian lad of fifteen had been on board a little bark trading in the Adriatic in 1798, when he was

* Multaque, quæ dicentur in his libris, colligunt, quæ talia sunt, ut ea ipsa Dii immortales ad usum hominum fabricati pœne videantur.

pressed on board the Russian fleet, then engaged in the siege of Corfu. After the surrender of the Island, they left him to the Capitan Pacha, who brought him to Constantinople. He was there sold for a slave; and, after many intermediate sales, he fell into the hands of an Arab at Moussul, who is lately arrived at Bombay with a cargo of horses. He procured an Armenian to inform one of the Italian missionaries that the Arab had *un schiavo Christiano.* The missionary, who is our Italian master, flew hither to interest me; and by my influence, the poor Sardinian, Giovanni Antonio, baptized by the Arabs—'Sadak,' *the Just* (the name which Voltaire transformed into Zadig), after eight years slavery in Turkey and Arabia, was emancipated, threw himself at my feet in the next room three days ago, and swallowed a bumper of Madeira—as a proof of christianity, and a libation to freedom. He is now in my service."

An extract follows of a later date (July 25th).

"Even out of England there are many places which I should prefer to this. You will smile at the mention of Botany Bay; but I am most serious, and I assure you that next to a parliamentary situation, to which either nature or early ambition has constantly directed my views, I should prefer, without much regarding pecuniary advantages, that of being the lawgiver of Botany Bay. If I could rescue at least the children of the convicts from brutality and barbarism by education, I should (without the least affectation) consider it as an object to which I ought to devote the greater part of the remainder of my life. If I were appointed Governor and Chief Justice, with assurance of support from home, with a sufficient military force, with a store of schoolmasters from Lancaster, with some good Irish priests for their countrymen, and good methodists for the rest, I should most joyfully endeavour to introduce law and

morality into that wretched country, and give it (what never was yet given to any plantation) the fit constitution for a penal colony, which was to grow into a great and prosperous community. If something of this sort be not done, I venture to predict that Botany Bay, which must in spite of fate speedily grow strong and populous, will in fifty years become the greatest nuisance on the face of the earth—an unmixed community of ruffians who will shake off the yoke of England, and, placed at a distance which makes them inaccessible to conquest, will become a republic of pirates the most formidable that ever roamed the seas. England, in rearing such a community, is preparing not only conquerors of India, but enemies to herself and to all mankind. While, on the one side, the experiment of a reforming penal colony is perhaps the grandest ever tried in morals, it is one which is perfectly safe; for the settlement never can be worse than it is now, when no attempt towards reformation is dreamt of, and when it is governed on principles of political economy more barbarous than those which prevailed under Queen Bess. Every day the difficulties of the experiment grow with the increase of the population. If an enlightened governor be not sent in a few years, success will be impossible. I have read, heard, and thought so much about this extraordinary colony, that I am very confident in my general opinions; and I confess, between ourselves, that I am a piece of an enthusiast in my reforming projects; in which I should require a penal code from Bentham, and 'Popular Tales' from Miss Edgeworth.

"I literally shed tears of joy, when I heard of a minority of fifteen against the abolition of the slave trade; but I was mortified and provoked to find that Windham could hesitate on such a question—

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

though I am far from degrading him to a level with that Roman trimmer."

The grand measure of state policy to which he here alludes, he soon heard was destined to be the sole, though proudly-adequate, memorial of the tenure of power by his political friends. The apprehensions which the death of Mr. Fox could not but have given rise to, were about this time confirmed by the news that reached him of the final dissolution of the Whig government. Meanwhile, great as was his dismay at this occurrence, the din of political contention scarcely reached him in those retired fields of literature whither he loved to escape, and whither we may follow him in the following letter.

TO MALCOLM LAING, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

"*Bombay*, 28*th*, *July*, 1807.

"MY DEAR LAING,—I have already made two unsuccessful attempts to renew my intercourse with my old (I believe I may say my oldest) friends at Edinburgh, by two letters, at different times, to you and Gillies, both of which were, I fear, thrown into the sea to prevent their appearing in the Moniteur. The one was in answer to a recommendation given by Gillies to a young surgeon, and I rebuked him severely for his cautious and ceremonious style to a friend of twenty years' standing. The other was an answer to what I had then only seen in the Reviews of your Ossian and your Mary.

"I have since read the books, as well as Mr. Mackenzie's attempt to cover the retreat of our Celtic army *. I should have been better pleased with a more unreserved confession; but as much has been avowed as could have

* See Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, appointed to inquire into the authenticity of these poems.

been expected, in a case where the vanity and almost the morality of so many individuals, and bodies of men, were so deeply interested. I consider your Ossian and Farmer's 'Essay' on Shakspeare's pretended learning, as the two most complete demonstrations of literary positions that have ever been produced. But yours was an enterprise of far greater difficulty, and required a far other sort of acuteness and erudition than ferreting out half a score black-letter translations. I only compare you in completeness of proof. You know how bitterly old Klopstock complained of you for having dispelled his Ossianic illusions. I should like to know how Cesarotti relishes the annihilation of the bard, a translation from whom forms so great a part of his fame; and I should be still more anxious to hear how the Corsican endures (if he has heard of it) your destruction of his only classic *.

"I think you now owe it to literature to propose, and, if you are furnished with materials, to superintend the publication, in Gaelic and literal English, of all the Celtic ballads above a couple of centuries old, which have any poetical merit or historical value, either in the Highlands or in Ireland. It is nonsense to distinguish between two branches of a small nation speaking the same language, with so little variety, that you can scarce speak of two dialects. What does it signify whether they are separated by the Irish Channel, or by the Murray Firth? We have not too much ancient literature between us.

"It is perfectly natural (and it has happened in all countries) that fabulous history, as it retreats before criticism, should take refuge among the dark traditions of the most ancient and ignorant races; and this has brought a bad name, first upon Irish, and then upon Scottish anti-

* Buonaparte's admiration of Ossian is well known.

quities; and, as if fable were destined to make the tour of all the Celtic tribes, I observe that the Welsh Tales are now brought into vogue, and that people seriously talk of the original of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Southey's poem * contributes something to this. Turner † seems completely duped by it. My wild friend, Leyden ‡ (who, by-the-bye, does not yet know thoroughly above seventy Indian languages), finds all the chivalry and romance of Europe in Armorica; and the extent of the kingdom of Strath-Clwyd to the eastward, seems to have been a patriotic seduction, which makes Walter Scott go over from the Saxons to the Britons. This is too bad. To what purpose are we rid of Milesian romances, and Fingalian impostures, if they are to be succeeded by Welsh Triads, Carthaginian Colonies, and Armorican originals of Geoffrey of Monmouth? You are the guardian of the purity of British history; and if this malady becomes epidemical, I commit it to your care. As 'the scourge of impostors, and terror of quacks,' I should recommend it to you, when you are at leisure, to cast a look eastward.

* * * * *

"I have just finished a careful perusal of your Dissertation on Mary, and I think myself bound to profess my shame for having ever doubted the atrocious guilt of that princess. Hume and Robertson are undoubtedly too mild. The original documents themselves cannot be read without conviction. Whoever doubts the genuineness of the long letter from Glasgow, or of Haubert's confession, must either be incorrigibly prejudiced, or altogether unaccustomed to the examination of evidence. If she were tried before me, I should certainly direct a

* "Madoc."

† "Vindication of the Ancient British Poems of Aneurin, &c."

‡ The late John Leyden, author of "Scenes of Infancy."

jury to find her guilty. Her adversaries (with the exception of Murray) seem a detestable gang. Only think of the conferences at York and Westminster, in which there were at least two accusers, Lethington and Morton, who were more or less concerned in the murder; for, after all Morton's dying piety, by his own account, while his hands were reeking with Rizzio's blood, he haggles for a written warrant from Mary, he suffers at least the murderous plot to proceed for months, undisturbed by him, to its completion, and he at last acts a principal part in the collusive acquittal of him whom he knew to be the murderer. Indeed the Scottish Court and nation were then little less barbarous, bloody, and perfidious, than Abyssinia in the time of Bruce, though the literature of Buchanan, and the beauty of the unfortunate Mary, throw a little fallacious brilliancy around them. One reflection struck me: in so small a town as Edinburgh then was, and at so little a court as that of Mary, I think it impossible that all the circumstances of a murder so long conspired, communicated to so many noblemen, and executed by so many of Bothwell's dependents, should not have very soon transpired, and been really known in the whole society, before any formal evidence of them was in existence. The contrivance of a false tale, the forgery of the letters, &c., were, in such circumstances, impossible. Haubert, the Queen's valet, was a person of some consequence. The gentlemen who were Bothwell's retainers were still more so. Their confession, if forged, would have been contradicted by witnesses enough. I speak now with some little experience of such matters. I have been three years a criminal judge, and I know what becomes of *secrets* in small societies.

"I hope Walter Scott will give us an epic on Bruce

or Wallace. If I knew him enough, I should write him a letter to exhort him to undertake it.

——— 'Forte epos acer,
Ut nemo Varius ducit.'

He has genius and fire enough for the general excellencies of epic poetry, and his habits of minstrelsy will give it the colour of the age and nation. Exhort him to this for his own honour, and that of Scotland, and for—my delight.

"What are you about? Have you any new historical work on the anvil? We talked long ago of Frederic. It would require much German and tactics.

"How do Scottish politics go on under the administration of a second Lauderdale, who will, I hope, make the tyranny of the first be forgotten? Does any thing rise among you in literature? I wish, and fear, to know, what is the condition of poor Wilde. I shall never cease to think of him with affection; he is the ruins of a man of great genius.

"I was delighted with your philippic in the assembly against the Edinburgh clergy, who have brought some reproach upon the character of their body, and of their age *. By-the-bye, deliver my best respects to Professor Leslie, and tell him I wait most impatiently for his Memorials of poor Wedgwood. He and Playfair are introducing eloquence into physics in Britain, as Buffon did in France. Dugald Stewart proves deaf to my requests of correspondence; but I hope that you will not. An annual letter of Scottish politics and literature will be a very great luxury; and I shall endeavour, according to the ancient custom of commerce between the East and

* Referring to the affair of Professor Leslie, already alluded to.

West, to send you some Indian drugs in return for your sterling money.

"Threipland*, whom you know, and who is flourishing here, as he deserves, tells me that I have to congratulate you on marriage—

'Quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.'

I do so most heartily. With most affectionate remembrances to Gillies, and to all of our friends who ever think of me, I ever am,

"My dear Laing,

"Most truly yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

JOURNAL.

"September 13th.—Soon after the above note (January 15th), I was taken ill. I now resume my notes, perhaps the only writing I shall ever write.

"I have just read Priestley's Life of himself. It is an honest, plain, and somewhat dry account of a well-spent life. But I never read such a narrative, however written, without feeling my mind softened and bettered, at least for a time. Priestley was a good man, though his life was too busy to leave him leisure for that refinement and ardour of moral sentiment, which have been felt by men of less blameless life. Frankness and disinterestedness in the avowal of his opinion, were his point of honour. In other respects, his morality was more useful than brilliant. But the virtue of the sentimental moralist is so over precarious and ostentatious, that he can seldom be entitled to look down with contempt on the steady, though homely, morals of the household.

* Stewart Moncrief Threipland, Esq., then practising at the bar at Bombay.

"[Some circumstances of resemblance to myself, struck me as I went on: The theological character of our first metaphysical studies; our Hartleianism; the singularity of having studied physiology and law; great mental power in him, and some little, perhaps, in me, wasted and scattered; and finally, our exile in countries where we cannot have a neighbour to understand us;—are odd coincidences in character and fortune: and I think it highly probable, considering all circumstances, that I may end my days like him, on the Susquehanna, or the Ohio.]

"How different from the life of Priestley was another, of which I have lately contemplated a remarkable part!—I mean the life of Mirabeau, as it is exhibited in his *Lettres à Sophie.*

"30th. [An entry mentions that Lady M.'s very severe and alarming illness had interrupted his notes.] The impression of Mirabeau's letters is become fainter, but I will copy it.

"They contain a dreadful and instructive picture of the interior of families in France, on the eve of the Revolution. The Marquis de Mirabeau was a man of easy fortune, distinguished by his talents and rank, and who always preserved a considerable place in society. In such a family, the father, mother, son, and daughter, accuse each other of crimes, which were, I suppose, not real, but which, it seems, were not considered as incredible. They lived in the open practice of great vices. They imputed to each other the most abominable enormities. The father imprisoned his wife twice, and confined his son for nearly twelve years. That son, one of the ablest men in Europe, is, with apparent injustice, condemned to death by one court, and separated from his wife, on the alleged ground of his cruelty, by another. He is carried from prison to prison. He afterwards carries a succession

of adultresses from exile to exile, where he earns a scanty bread by libellous or obscene publications. This man of brilliant genius and illustrious birth is at last, as his highest preferment, sent to Berlin as a spy. This was the school which formed him for the Revolution. The family is a sample, though I hope not a fair one, both of the ancient nobility and of the modern philosophers. The Mirabeaus were noblemen and philosophers, and the son became also a demagogue.

"His whole life had been a war with the authorities and institutions of society. He could not estimate them calmly. Even his unjust sufferings, which indeed seem to have been the most frequent, disqualified him to judge them. His hatred of religion, or of French popery (the only religion he saw), contributed to inflame his animosity against the whole political system of his country, with which that religion was interwoven. It also concurred with fashion, to loosen, or rather destroy, that part of morality, which relates to the intercourse of the sexes, on which religious moralists lay so much stress, and which Catholic superstition had loaded with so many absurd notions and injurious practices. To speak of his anti-religious enthusiasm in the mildest terms, it had weakened the authority of all the rules of morals, which, though they doubtless had, or might have had, an independent basis, were, in fact, in our systems of education, built on a religious foundation. In an age where many new truths were discovered, he received all the prevalent moral and political speculations of his time as discoveries. The ardour of novelty, and the confidence of discovery, were blended with all his sentiments. He at last came to reform the institutions of the state, with all the rancour of revenge, with all the dogmatism of a man who believed every novelty to be a discovery, with the fana-

ticism which he caught from those numerous bodies who had similar passions, and with that total indifference in the choice of means, which such a fanaticism always produces, and which was, in his case, still farther cherished by the habits of a profligate life, and by a mind unsettled in all the opinions which border most closely on moral principles. Vengeance, ambition, philosophical enthusiasm, stimulated his mind. Confident hope of incalculable public benefit, seemed to sanctify every means, however apparently criminal. He appears to have recognised no moral *rule*, and revered no moral *principle*. The only moral *sentiment* which he retained, was a general desire of public liberty and happiness, which he, no doubt, still thought would be promoted by the Revolution. He regarded with no horror—if he did not promote—the murder of the counter-revolutionists; but even from them he did not scruple to receive bribes, the means of supporting that furious debauchery, of which he died the victim.

"The letters of this extraordinary man are all full of the highest flights of virtuous sentiment, amidst the grossest obscenities, and the constant violation of the most sacred duties. Yet these declarations of sentiment were not insincere. They were only useless, and perhaps pernicious, as they concealed from him that depravity which he could scarcely otherwise have endured.

"A fair recital of his conduct must always have the air of invective. Yet his mind had, originally, grand capabilities. It had many irregular sketches of high virtue; and he must have had many moments of the noblest moral enthusiasm.

"The Letters and the 'Mémoires de Bezenval,' are, I think, the most valuable documents relating to that moral condition of France, out of which the Revolution arose.

"October 24th.—Completed the forty-second year of a life of projects and inactivity.

"Embarked on board the 'Devonshire,' on a voyage down the coast, for the re-establishment of C———'s health.

"Heard the news of peace between Russia and France *, which must mean, that Russia preserves her snows, and leaves the civilised world to France.

"25th.—N. lat. 18°—off Bancoote. C——— considerably better. The operation of the sea on health is unexplained, and, consequently, cannot be regulated or rationally directed; but it is evident, and very powerful. It is a noble field of observation for a scientific physician.

"— Read 100 pages of Fichte's Lectures on the characteristic features of the present age,—a very ingenious book, with most striking parts. He divides the history of the human race into five periods.

"1. Period of blind, but spontaneous obedience to the rational instincts.

"2. Period of compulsory obedience to the dictates of these instincts, enforced by political authority.

"3. Period of effort to shake off this yoke, with a tendency and desire to live deliberately, according to the dictates of reason; which, however, are not yet understood.

"4. Period of science, when the principles of reason and the rule of rational life are understood, and men constantly seek to obey them.

"5. Period, when the art and habit of rational life is completely obtained, or consummation of human perfection.

"The third, the age of intellectual, moral, and political anarchy, is that in which we now live.

* Signed at Tilsit, July 7t

"The last part of what I read contains eloquent invectives, and even strong argument, against the selfish system; but it is so exaggerated by moral fanaticism, and disguised by mysticism, that a translation into the language and tone of English philosophy would be a new work. The author is no mean man. How strange that he should be as unknown in England as Avicenna!

"26th and 27th.—Employed in writing Observations on the finances of the Island of Salsette, for Mr. Duncan *.

"Read the first four acts of Massinger's 'Virgin Martyr,' and Gifford's very agreeably written 'Introduction.' The merits of the poet are certainly great; though, as usual, rather exaggerated by the editor. The style is most elegant; and, as has often been observed, modern to a miracle. There is great moral grandeur in the conception of the principal character, but no probability, no decorum, a grossness, so rank as to be perfectly disgusting,

"Late in the evening of the 27th, we cast anchor off Goa.

"28th.—The entrance of Goa harbour is formed by Agoada, an elevated rocky promontory to the north, and Cabo, a similar point, of less elevation, to the south. The only passage for large ships is commanded by the guns of two forts at Agoada. On the point of Cabo is a Dominican monastery, which is a fine object.

"Immediately after breakfast, Captain Schuyler, the temporary Resident, and our friends, Major and Mrs. Campbell, waited upon us to invite us to the Residency. We went on shore with them. There are about 4000 British troops, European and native, at this place. Two regiments occupy Agoada, the strongest fortification and

* These he communicated to that gentleman, who availed himself of them in his plans for the improvement of the island.

the most important position. The main body of the troops are cantoned on Cabo, near the Residency.

"As we approached the shore, we were struck by a perpendicular wooded cliff, extending on our right from the monastery, Nossa Senhora do Cabo, to the British cantonments,—of which the bungalows and tents overlooked the bay from the brow of the cliff. C—— and the children went up the hill in palankeens (a luxurious conveyance, confined here to ladies); but I, for the first time, lay in a *monchil*, or covered hammock, carried by a pole on men's heads, used by the Portuguese, both here and at Madeira. To make this a pleasant conveyance, would have required more skill in balancing than I possess.

"The Residency is ill-built and ill-furnished; but, for a house of only one story, spacious, and containing numerous apartments. It exhibited in the evening, at a dinner given to a party of twenty people, the usual Indian abundance of English eatables and drinkables. The Resident is a good-natured, gentlemanlike young man, who fills the place provisionally till a Resident be appointed.

"The English auxiliary force is entirely confined to the forts of Agoada and Cabo, which command the entrance of the harbour. The whole country is left to the Portuguese, without the least interference. They are relieved from the expense of occupying two posts, which at any rate they could not have defended. As the bar cannot be crossed by large ships, without risk or great trouble, Goa is not a harbour of the first class; but, next to Bombay, it is the best from Trincomalee to the Gulf of Persia. It was, therefore, thought necessary to guard it, and its defenceless masters, against a French attack. The only injury we do the Portuguese is, that we entitle France to charge her with a deviation from neutrality, and justify her in any similar occupation of

the Portuguese territory, which she may hereafter find convenient.

"29th.—This day was employed in our excursion from the cantonment at Cabo to the city of Goa, which the English call, not very improperly in one respect, Old Goa, though no newer city of that name has succeeded.

"We set off in two boats about eight o'clock. The narrow arm of the sea, called a river, which forms the island of Goa, soon began to show great beauties. On the left are the church and monastery of Réyes, where the Viceroys pass some days in fasting and prayer, before they proceed to take possession of their government. Beyond this church, a variegated country of rich plains and well-wooded eminences, crowned with churches and monasteries (among which the ruins of a Jesuit's College were distinguished by superior grandeur), stretched to the Ghauts; which, at the distance of twenty or thirty miles, formed a lofty and rugged boundary of the view. On the right, every reach of the river presented a new prospect. The principal features were the not unhandsome houses of the Portuguese fidalgos, or gentlemen, gathered into three or four villages on the edge of the water. Some of them were not unlike French country houses, of the better sort; and Colonel Adams* agreed with me, that if we were to exclude the mountainous back-ground, we might have fancied ourselves rowing along the Scheldt, from the appearance of the houses and the richness of the plain immediately adjoining to us on the right.

"About four miles on our course we came to Panjam, one of their villages, in which the Viceroy has a handsome country house, which the Portuguese, with their usual magnificence, call a palace. In this little settlement they have two palaces, a viceroy, an archbishop, and a

* The late Major-General Adams.

chancellor; while at Bombay, where we have an army of 25,000 men, we content ourselves with a governor, a recorder, and a senior chaplain. At Panjam we took on board our *cicerone* for Goa, Major Braam Kamp, commandant of the Portuguese cavalry, as well as principal bullock and snuff-merchant, at this place. He was well enough dressed in his uniform, and proved a very amusing as well as useful companion. He is the son of a Dutch family established at Lisbon. Dutch is his mother tongue, and Portuguese the language of his country. He speaks English well, and French perfectly. He has a smattering of German, and can understand Spanish. He has travelled over the greater part of Europe, and lived some time in her two great capitals, London and Paris. He is a clever fellow, with considerable knowledge of the world; and he tells his story well.

"This scenery continued till, on turning the reach of the river, on a retiring amphitheatre, the buildings called the city of Old Goa, opened with a very palatial appearance. The unhealthiness of the situation has caused it to be deserted by the Portuguese proprietors and officers, who are scattered over the villages, as I have mentioned above; and the decay, or rather annihilation, of trade and opulence is so entire, that it has lost the power of attracting natives, and this seat of government has not even a black town—the sure attendant of the smallest British factory. As we looked on a ruined parish church, the Major informed me that the parish appeared, from old registers, to have once contained seventeen thousand inhabitants, though it does not now contain seventeen. Goa has no private houses; it consists of the palace, the senate-house, (for so a shabby town-hall is called,) a court of justice, the office of inquisition, the cathedral, two or three more churches, the archiepiscopal

palace, and six or eight monasteries of Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, and one large nunnery. None of these buildings are without merit, and some of them are elegant. The approach is very fine, and the general appearance reminds one of the High-street at Oxford, without the houses. It literally agrees with the description of Goldsmith—

"Towns unmanned, and lords without a slave.

We first visited the Government-house, which they call the palace. It is not inhabited, and only used for occasions of state. It has a handsome gallery and presence-chamber. In the last is a new crimson velvet chair under a canopy, and in the gallery are scarlet curtains, with the arms of Portugal. Both are additions by the present Viceroy, and they are said to have considerably distressed the Treasury.

"Near the palace is the church of Cajetan, built from a model of St. Peter's, by native workmen, under the direction of the Jesuits. It is perfectly elegant: but F——*, with all her genius, which ought in due time to bring forth taste, was most delighted with the gorgeous church of the Franciscan monastery, which seemed ready to

"Shower barbaric pearl and gold.

"The church dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, has nothing observable as a building; but it contains two works of art, the most perfect that ever visited India, and which would, I suppose, be admired even at Florence or Rome—the tomb of St. Francis Xavier, and his head; the last ascribed to Guido, which I should humbly think from its excellence it might

* His fourth daughter, seven years of age.

justly be, though I dare not venture to give an opinion on such a subject. The tomb seems a most rich and beautiful piece of sculpture. I say *seems*, because it is here so buried in a narrow chapel, that it is impossible to have a view of the whole, and barely possible to grope one's way over its parts.

"Francis Xavier was a very extraordinary man. Persuasive and commanding eloquence, an ascendant over the minds of men, unconquerable patience in suffering, intrepid courage amidst the most dreadful dangers, and a life devoted with inflexible constancy to a purely disinterested purpose, form a combination which varies its exterior and its direction according to the opinions and manners of various ages and nations. In one age it produces a Xavier; in another a Howard. It may sometimes take a direction, which we may think pernicious, and a form not agreeable to our moral taste; but the qualities themselves are always admirable, and by the philosophical observer, whose eye penetrates through the disguise of a local and temporary fashion, and recognises the principles on which depends the superiority of one mind over another, they will always be revered. The truth of many opinions for which Xavier contended, it is not very easy to maintain; but he taught to slaves the moral dignity of their nature; he preached humility to tyrants, and benevolence to savages. He must have told the outcast Hindu, that in the grandest point of view, he was the equal of his Rajah, and the ferocious Malay, that his enemy was his brother. He therefore diffused the fruits of the best philosophy, and laboured to improve and ennoble human nature. I am sorry to find miraculous tales related of him; but I hope they are only proofs of the profound reverence which his virtues left behind them, and that he did not sully his great

character by any pretensions which might approach to imposture.

"We went through the Dominican and Augustinian monasteries, which contain nothing remarkable, except the prodigious number of monks, and the very beautiful views from the gallery of the latter. After several fruitless attempts on my part, to enter into a Latin conversation, they at last produced two Augustinians, with whom, by the help of Scotch pronunciation, I talked intelligibly. They told me they had 3000 volumes in their library; but they had made no additions to it for many years; and when I expressed a wish to see it, they said it was in another house. They have professors of theology, humanity, and of what they call philosophy, who instruct (if that word may be used) their black priests and a few young laymen.

"We visited the convent, which contains fifty eight nuns and three hundred black female servants. One nun is eighty-four, and has inhabited this convent for sixty-eight years. They had all the same appearance—pale, diseased, vulgar, and stupid. They sold some purses at the grate to our ladies, and no pedler could be more eager to receive the price than the Lady Abbess. This would be a horrible prison for any woman accustomed to cheerful and social life. A French, or even English, woman could scarcely commit a crime for which it would not be a sufficient punishment; but to the Portuguese ladies of Goa it can have few terrors. To renounce the world is, in them, no great act of self-denial; they have little to sacrifice to their superstition; no education is even professed to be given to them; their manners are utterly unrefined. Few of them had quitted their bed-chambers, except to go to mass, till the English officers introduced some sort of society. The Confessor

of this convent, a native of Oporto, spoke tolerable French, and had the manners of a man of sense, who had lived in society.

"'At three o'clock I went, by appointment, to the palace, to be presented to the Viceroy, the Conde de Zarzadas. I was amused with seeing at the door an old chariot of the Duke of Sussex, with the royal arms of England, which, in the hurry of the Viceroy's leaving Portugal, was, it seems, the only good carriage he could procure at Lisbon *. The Conde was handsomely dressed in scarlet and gold lace. He had the air of a man of rank, and might have been taken for an old French general officer. He is of the family of Tavora, nearly destroyed by Pombal, for the real or pretended conspiracy to assassinate the King. He claims descent from the house of Lorraine, and consequently may boast that all the imperial and royal blood in Europe (except that of the Corsican dynasty) flows in his veins. He speaks English well, and French perfectly. We conversed about half an hour, on general subjects, and with the double reserve of official stations, and of a first interview. As far as I could judge from such a constrained conversation, he appeared to me not deficient in understanding, and rather above than below what I expected. As usual, he made flaming professions of Anglicism. He spoke of the supposed Russian victories as advantageous '*A notre parti;*' and he said, '*je suis Anglais décidé, et reconnu pour tel en Europe.*' He had been fourteen years Governor of the province in Brazil which contains the gold-mines, and which, to my surprise, he told me, has a population of more than half a million. The temperature is mild, and the country healthy.

* Left probably on the breaking up of His Royal Highness's establishment at that place, some years previously.

"At four we went to the cathedral, where 'Te Deum' was performed before the Viceroy, for the safe delivery of the Princess of Brazil. I was called into the choir, and had the honour of sitting next the first Inquisitor, a tall monk, of a coarse and savage countenance, who looked as if he would not object to the effective revival of the functions of his office, which even here have almost dwindled down to formality, or are only exerted once in two or three years, by inflicting a fortnight's imprisonment on a young Portuguese, who may publicly insult the established worship. The Chancellor and three other judges (called, I know not why, *Desembargadores**) sat opposite to me. They were dressed in black silk robes, their hair hanging united behind, in the manner of the French bar. They seemed to look with some surprise on the levity of their English brother, in white waistcoat and breeches, and green silk frock. They were the most gentlemanlike Portuguese present, though the whole settlement was assembled to celebrate what the Adjutant-General, in his letter to Colonel Adams, called 'the good success of the Princess of Brazil.' None of the rest appeared to be above our third rank at Bombay.

"I was a good deal entertained and fatigued by these various operations, in one of the most sultry days I have felt in India. We re-embarked about five o'clock for Cabo, and, as the evening advanced, were much pleased with the illumination of almost all the houses, forts, and churches, which had afforded us another sort of pleasure in the morning.

"We had a good deal of thunder and lightning, and just on our landing a most unseasonable and violent shower of rain, under which we were obliged to walk

* The Judges of Appeal were so called under the old regime of Portugal; (*desembargar*—to take off, by their judgment, the *embargo* laid upon the suit by the decision of the Court below.)

more than a quarter of a mile to the Residency, I was greatly alarmed for C——; but we have, for the present at least, escaped all bad consequences.

"30th.—At ten this morning returned to the Devonshire, to proceed on our voyage to Tellicherry, where, after some severe squalls, and some threatenings of a serious breeze, we arrived on the evening of the 4th of November.

"November 5th.—In our voyage from Goa hither, C—— began Payne Knight's book. I think I cleared up the confusion in his preface, and successfully explained Mr. Burke's meaning on the subject of Terror, which Payne Knight certainly misunderstands.

"We read, with the strongest feelings of admiration, horror, and disgust, Massinger's Tragedy of the 'Unnatural Combat.' It is surprising that a poet of so much taste and judgment in his style, should have none in his story, characters, or manners. But it was with Massinger's taste, as with Shakspeare's genius, which is displayed with such prodigal magnificence in the parts, but never employed in the construction of the whole. No Englishman, after this play, ought ever to speak of the horrors of the German stage. It turns on a man who first murders his innocent wife, then his heroic son, and at last seeks to debauch his angelic daughter, who is violated by a ruffian, into whose custody he has committed her. Yet it is a noble drama, and, if decency could allow it to be acted, would afford ample scope for the talents of the greatest performer.

"Finished Fichte,—a book certainly of extraordinary merit, but so mysterious and dogmatical, as to be often unintelligible, and often offensive. Read one hundred pages of 'Kieswetter's Introduction to the Kantian Philosophy.' It is the first clear book on this subject, which

I have seen, and it, is, indeed, as perspicuous as any philosophical book can be.

"6th.—Rested at the handsome and hospitable house of Mr. Bell, of Dermapatan, near Tellicherry.

"7th.—Go to Mahé, the former French settlement—breakfast at the house of Mr. Strachey, a clever and gentlemanlike man.

"—Return to dinner to Mr. Bell's. Mr. Hodgson, returning from his circuit, comes in after dinner, full of humour and mirth."

On the next day Sir James left his hospitable host's abode, on a journey to Madras. Having paid an interesting visit to that Presidency, he returned to Tellicherry, and from thence he again embarked for Bombay, where he arrived on Christmas-eve, after an absence of three months.

"I accordingly left Lady M.," he writes, alluding to this rapid excursion across the Peninsula, "and went in my palankeen through the awfully grand forests and mountains of Malabar and Coorg, (which, if they were within reach of picturesque travellers, would be classed with Switzerland,) to Mysore, near Seringapatam. Emboldened by my success, I ventured, after some days' repose, to run down to Madras. I passed six days there, and seven going and returning at Mysore, and was back again at the ship exactly a month after I had left the coast of Malabar, having travelled over about a thousand miles. The exterior of Madras is very striking. I doubt whether there be any town in Europe, north of the Alps, which can boast such a *diffusion* of architectural elegance. There are probably no three kingdoms which differ more in every respect, than the three provinces of Malabar,

Mysore, and the Carnatic, over which I ran. Malabar is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, inhabited by fierce and high-spirited mountaineers. Mysore is a high and naked region, peopled by a martial, but industrious, race of husbandmen. The Carnatic is a boundless plain of sand, covered with the monuments of ancient cultivation and civilisation, and still successfully cultivated by polished and ingenious slaves. All this variety of objects, natural and moral, amused me much; and I cannot say whether, even at Paris, I crowded more life into a month, than I did during this excursion."

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE AND NOTICE OF MR. RICH—LETTERS TO MR. HALL—TO MR. HOPPNER—TO MR. WHISHAW—TO DR. SAYERS—TO PROFESSOR OGILVIE—TO LORD HOLLAND—TO MR. SCARLETT—JOURNAL—LETTERS TO PROFESSOR SMYTH—TO MR. RICH—TO MRS. JOHN TAYLOR—TO MR. CHARLES BUTLER—TO GENERAL MALCOLM.

THE new year opened joyfully with the celebration (Jan. 22nd) of the marriage of his eldest daughter, which he soon after thus announces to a friend:—"You may recollect, perhaps, to have read in the newspapers in 1803, that Mr. Parry, the present Chairman, gave a writership here to a young man of the name of Rich, merely on Mr. Wilkins's report of his extraordinary proficiency in Eastern languages, without interest, and, I believe, without even personal knowledge. He came out as assistant to young Lock, who was appointed Consul at Alexandria, and since his death has travelled over the greater part of Turkish Asia, in various directions, with the eye and pencil of an artist, and with the address and courage of a traveller among barbarians. He acquired such a mastery over the languages and manners of the East, that he personated a Georgian Turk for several weeks at Damascus, amidst several thousand pilgrims, on their road to Mecca, completely unsuspected by the most vigilant and fiercest Musselman bigotry. He was recommended to me by my friend, Robert Hall, and I had several letters from him. I invited him to my house, and at his arrival in this island, on the 1st of September, 1807, he came to us.

"He far surpassed our expectations, and we soon

considered his wonderful Oriental attainments as the least part of his merit. I found him a fair classical scholar, and capable of speaking and writing French and Italian like the best educated native. With the strongest recommendations of appearance and manner, he joined every elegant accomplishment, and every manly exercise; and combined with them, spirit, pleasantry, and feeling. His talents and attainments delighted me so much, that I resolved to make him a philosopher; I even thought him worthy of being introduced into the temple of Wisdom, by our friend, Dugald Stewart: and when I went to Malabar, I left him at the house of my philosophical friend Erskine, busily engaged with the 'Philosophy of the Human Mind.' On my return, I found that this pupil in philosophy was desirous to become my son-in-law. He has no fortune, nor had he then even an appointment; but you will not doubt that I willingly consented to his marriage with my eldest daughter, in whom he had the sagacity to discover, and the virtue to value, the plain sense, modesty, purity, and good-nature, which will, I hope, make her a source of happiness to him during life.

"Soon after, the most urgent necessities of the public called for a Resident at Bagdad. He alone was universally acknowledged to be qualified for the station. He was appointed: having thus twice, before he was twenty-four, commanded promotion by mere merit. They were married, and are gone to Bagdad."

The establishment of this connexion recalled probably to Sir James's thoughts the far-distant and suffering friend, to whose introduction he had been originally indebted for the acquaintance of his new son-in-law. A letter to Mr. Hall is the first of a small selection that follows from the "thirty-six letters to Europe," which we find him, in his journal, confessing to have written in less than a month.

TO THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

"*Bombay, 18th February*, 1808.

"MY DEAR HALL,—It is now some time since I received yours of the 20th of July, 1806, from Leicester, and I assure you that I do not think myself in the least entitled to that praise of disinterestedness which you bestow on me, for wishing to correspond with you. The strength of your genius would, in all common circumstances, have made you a most desirable correspondent; and the circumstances which now limit your mental excursions, give to your correspondence attractions of a very peculiar nature. Both the subject and the tone of our letters are probably almost unexampled. I have trusted enough to speak of what perhaps no friend ever dared to touch before; and you justify my confidence, by contemplating, with calm superiority, that from which the firmest men have recoiled. That the mind of a good man may approach independence of external things, is a truth which no one ever doubted, who was worthy to understand; but you perhaps afford the first example of the moral nature looking on the understanding itself as something that is only the first of its instruments. I I cannot think of this without a secret elevation of soul, not unattended, I hope, with improvement. You are, perhaps, the first who has reached this superiority. With so fine an understanding, you have the humility to consider its disturbance as a blessing, as far as it improves your moral system. The same principles, however, lead you to keep every instrument of duty and usefulness in repair; and the same habits of feeling will afford you the best chance of doing so.

"We are all accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the under-

standing in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarise your mind, to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realised themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your unhappiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme Excellence. But, by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings.

"The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with these faint

approaches to that perfection, which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness, and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others. If I were to advise any new study, it would be that of anatomy, physiology, and medicine; as, besides their useful occupation, they would naturally lead to that cool view of all diseases, which disarms them of their blackest terrors. Though I should advise these studies and that of chemistry, I am so far from counselling an entire divorce from your ancient contemplations, that I venture to recommend to you the spiritual Letters of Fenelon. I even entreat you to read and re-read them.

"I shall also take the liberty of earnestly recommending to you to consult Dr. Beddoes* in the most unreserved manner on every part of your case, and to be implicitly guided by his counsels in every part of your ordinary conduct. I have more confidence in him than in all the other physicians in England; and I am not ignorant on the subject of medicine. Total abstinence from fermented liquor is obviously necessary; and I should think it best to relinquish coffee and tea, which liquors I think you sometimes drank to excess.

"May you, my dear friend, who have so much of the genius of Tasso and Cowper, in future escape their misfortunes—the calamities incident to tender sensibility, to grand enthusiasm, to sublime genius, and to intense exertion of intellect.

"Rich, whom you recommended to me, is become my son-in-law; and he is indeed a son-in-law to whom the fondest parent may gladly entrust his child.

"As far as the confusion of the world allows me to

* The late Thomas Beddoes, M.D. of Bristol.

form plans, my residence here must still be for three or four years. I have often thought that it would be more unreasonable in appearance than reality, if you were to come and live with us. We live in great retirement; and when we are forced to see company, our house is so large as to afford you abundant asylum from their intrusion. You would improve us, and we might help cheerfulness to steal upon you.

"I have done what I can to support and countenance the missionaries: but they are in an enemy's country, and their visible means of success are certainly not great. I have read, with the greatest admiration, the 'Essays' of Mr. Foster, whom, perhaps, you know. He is one of the most profound and eloquent writers that England has produced. Why do you not give me an object for greater admiration in a work of yours?

"Write to me soon. Mention your most safe and permanent address. What is the name of your sister?

"Yours ever,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO JOHN HOPPNER, ESQ.

"*Bombay, February 19th*, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am really ashamed to see unanswered on my table such a letter as yours, dated so long ago as the 15th January, 1806. If I had waited in hopes of being able to repay you in kind, I must never have answered you. * * * * *

"I certainly do not assent to the unqualified commendations bestowed on Payne Knight. He is a powerful and coarse rebel, who makes some formidable attacks on the laws and government of philosophical criticism, but he will not, I think, subvert them, nor has he a mind to establish others in their stead. He mistakes the sense in which the word 'terror' is employed by Mr. Burke. If

that word were used in its common sense, to denote the mental emotion produced by terrible objects, it would obviously be absurd to say, that it is the source of the sublime. But it is used by Mr. Burke for *the terrible*; and I understand him to assert that terrible objects and ideas, *in a degree lower than that in which they produce terror*, inspire the mind with the emotion of sublimity. In other words that the sublime is a reduced or mitigated terrific. Experience at once shows that this is generally true. The only question is, whether it be universally true? But that is not the question which Mr. Payne Knight discussed.

"We have been reading with great delight the Massinger of our friend Gifford. If he had only discovered the secret of a style that will never grow old, he would have deserved every praise of editorship. The union of the grandest moral purity with the rankness of the stews, and with more than Germanic horrors (as in the 'Unnatural Combat'), is a most extraordinary phenomenon. I wish you could prevail on our friend Gifford to do two good things, to become a correspondent of mine, and to be oftener an author, and less frequently an editor and translator.

"I find from Mr. Shee's poem *, which, among other merits, pays you a deserved compliment, that there are people dull enough to excuse the public discouragement of English art, upon the principles of the liberty of trade. Now I humbly think that those who will be dull, are bound at least to be accurate. The government of every country expends part of the public revenue on luxury and show. The government is the greatest proprietor and the greatest consumer in the country. When they employ a considerable part of this ornamental expense in building, or in purchasing statues and pictures, they

* "Rhymes on Art."

encourage the fine arts as proprietors do, when they have the good taste to spend part of their income in the same manner. The word patronage is a mere fallacy. It is as customers that they encourage the arts; and the question is, whether any art, liberal or mechanical, will flourish most when the man, or body, of the largest income in a country, does, or does not, consume or purchase so much of the produce of that art? This, surely, is no question at all. Still, however, the argument is not complete. When government disappears from the market as a purchaser, the arts suffer much more than the mere amount of money or honour withdrawn; for no other customer will employ the arts in undertakings, which so much improve or ennoble them. Indeed other customers rather naturally employ them in such a way, as leads to their degradation and corruption. Private individuals tempt the painter to portrait, the sculptor to the monuments of insignificant persons, the architect to mere accommodation and comfort. The subjects which the government presents to the artist, whether political or religious, are public, and therefore fitted to excite genius, both by their own grandeur, and by the widely diffused fame which attends success. They are generally guided by some sort of public taste, which is a safer guide than the caprices of wealthy individuals, of which the artist is in other cases the slave. Architecture, for instance, can hardly exist as a grand art, as long as it is limited to mere private utility. Temples and palaces are the forms in which architectural genius is embodied.

"The best condition, therefore, for the arts, is where the state, the most *useful* customer, is rich, and profuse in expending its income on works of art; and where few individuals are wealthy enough to be rival customers. It was thus in Ancient Greece and Modern Italy. In the first, patriotism and religion—in the second, religion

alone, took the arts into their service, and rescued them from the bondage of individual caprice. Both these causes—the want of elegant expenditure in the government, and the enormous wealth of so many private persons—are obstacles which English genius has to encounter. That the non-patronage of government is useful, or even harmless to the fine arts, is much as if it were to be said, that an agreement not to wear woollens, entered into by all men of fortune, would be useful or even harmless to the manufacture of broad cloth. The quantity painted, or weaved, must be less, and the quality must be coarser, to adapt it to the demand of inferior customers.

"But I abuse your patience. I have no politics to write from this country. My letter would be a year (which now means a century) behind hand with your politics, when it arrived; for we are now eight months without a syllable of news.

"Why did you not send me your tales? The only recompense you can make me for this slight is by writing more, which I shall certainly procure whether you send them or no.

"Lady M. joins me in the hope that, bad as the times and prospects are, we shall yet give you a *petit souper* in London. "I am, my dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO JOHN WHISHAW, ESQ.

"*Bombay, 20th Feb.*, 1808.

"MY DEAR WHISHAW,—After reperusing such a rational account, as yours, of the difficulties which attended the late administration, I feel excessively the want of an equally clear statement of the causes and circumstances of their fall. I scarcely think it possible that we can now differ materially on any political matter. To every

part of your letter I assent entirely. I consider the late ministers as the most deserving in the reign of George III, and the worst used in the history of England. All above and below them conspired against them, and betrayed them. We saw all the governments of India in opposition, and we can easily imagine that all the inferior agents in Europe must have been really so too. Circumstances compelled them to be too democratical for the permanence of their own power, and yet not democratical enough, I will not say, for the demands of sanguine men, but for what, in the present circumstances, I think the only chance of safety for the country. I fear there is another cause of unpopularity. The physicians of a dying patient will generally be blamed: they never will be applauded, whatever skill they may show, and they will generally be made answerable for the incurable nature of the disease. The common course is, that the patient is tossed from quack to quack, each beginning with fair promises and sanguine hopes, followed by speedy disappointment and angry dismissal. To drop this allusion to my old studies, I really do not see any hope for us; and I look to a succession, or a descending series of administrations, each surpassing the other in impudent undertaking and shameful failure, and all squabbling like drunken sailors when the ship is about to go to pieces.

"Wonderful as every thing has been since the French revolution, the last four years exhibit a scene different from any of the preceding, and wholly unexampled in history—that of conquests, as extensive and as rapid as those of Genghiz or Timur, made over the most civilised and warlike nations of the world. Civilised nations have been before so conquered, but they were unwarlike, and warlike nations, but they were uncivilised. The union is perfectly new. Germany is, for the first time, con-

quered; and after the conquest of Germany, I see nothing to prevent the establishment of a literally universal monarchy. Favourable accidents must always be excluded; but except that chance, what source of comfort is there around you? It seems now not very unlikely that India will be the first part of the British empire that will become a province of the new empire of the world. We hear of French armies advancing towards Persia, though, as we are now eight months without news from Europe, we know nothing accurately. The last event we know is the peace of Tilsit, in which Alexander has put the seal to the slavery of the West; and has shown that he has as little generous despair in adversity, as he has too much presumptuous giddiness in rushing into perilous enterprises. The fate of nations seems for a time too nearly decided to leave much anxiety; except about the sooner or later, which 'are great to little men.' But the fortune and character of individuals continue to interest.

"I was delighted with the rejection of Sharp from the committee *, which will, I hope, rouse his strength; and I was highly pleased indeed, with the last act of Lord Henry Petty at Cambridge, in securing the comfort, and rewarding the merits of our amiable and accomplished friend Smyth †. The versatility (shall I call it by no worse name?) of the University did not surprise me. But if I were the King, I should see in it the seeds of a congratulatory address to the founder of the Gallo-Corsican dynasty at London, whoever he may be.

"I have heard much of impudence, and I thought that I knew its utmost limits; but the attack on Dugald

* Of Finance, on its renewal in the new Parliament.

† Alluding to that gentleman's appointment to the chair of Modern History, which he has since so much adorned. The University had not been anxious to secure, in the new Parliament, the representative services of an Ex-Minister.

Stewart's scanty and tardy provision *, by the friends of ———, proves to me that I was mistaken.

"Ever, dear Whishaw,

"Yours,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO DR. F. SAYERS, NORWICH.

"*Bombay, 26th February*, 1808.

"MY DEAR SAYERS,—I really know not whether you now deserve a letter. You still loiter in the close after Windham has left it. Remember the fate of those fat Tories who remained in Sodom after Lot had gone forth. I know that you may perhaps express some doubt both of the obesity and toryism of these victims. On that subject, however, I refer you to *Rabbi Williamki ben Taylorki's* very curious annotations on the Chaldee Targum. The translation itself affords internal evidence of their condition. If they had not been so fat they would not have been too lazy to make their escape; and if they had not been Tories, they would not have submitted to the punishment, with such passive obedience and non-resistance.

"But you say you are a Tory to preserve the independence and constitution of your country. Now let me beg you to consider what is the single danger which, by the confession of all men, now threatens both. Surely foreign conquest and no other. Now, at least, you can have no democracy to dread. Now, it never has been doubted that democracies have a stronger principle of temporary defence than any other government. Nothing but democracy could have resisted Xerxes. The mul-

* That eminent man had accepted, at the hands of his political friends, whilst lately in office, the trifling post of gazette-writer for Scotland; which appointment had been canvassed in Parliament.

titude are, not always good judges of their own real interests; but their pride and passions are more easily inflamed to fanaticism in defence of what is called their own power, than of what professes to be the power of others. Surely the enthusiasm of the multitude for their government is the best security against foreign conquest; other circumstances being equal. Observe, I don't say that the citizens of a democracy will fight best, because they have the greatest happiness to defend; I say that they fight best because they fight for a government, which, whatever effect it may have on their interest, flatters their pride and kindles their passions. Prudence is a very cold principle, much too faint-hearted for the day of battle; indeed, it never can be prudent for a man to die; but pride and ambition are not so lukewarm, and men die very readily in their service. Certainly, therefore, the principles of Whiggism are those which afford the most tolerable security against the present danger; and the true inference from the greatness of the danger seems to be, that they may be wisely carried to what, in other times, would be excess. At the same time I must frankly confess, that I myself consider all precautions as too late, and all securities as too weak. Our doom, and that of the world, seems to me irrevocable. A man may therefore follow the point of honour of his faction, without much bettering or injuring the chances of his country. But his conduct may be peculiarly absurd, even after the public fortunes have become so desperate, that it almost ceases to be mischievous. And this is, I think, most evidently true of all Toryism at present in England.

"When I was at Madras in November, I begged a copy of your 'Miscellanies,' &c. from Charles Marsh *,

* Charles Marsh, Esq. who had formerly travelled the Norfolk circuit—then a practising Barrister at Madras.

who is flourishing there. I read it in my palankeen, as I was carried along, on the morning of the 30th November, from Conjeveram to Arcot; where neither Edgar Atheling, nor Edmund Mortimer ever dreamt that their history would be read. I was much pleased with the two Essays on the History of English Poetry, and Architecture. It had before struck me that our metaphysical poets were a colony from the school of Marini. Johnson knew nothing of this, because he was little more than an English reader.

"Your sketch of the Progress of Architecture, well deserves to be enlarged into a complete history. This cannot be well done by one who confines his views to England alone. The same changes in the mode of building occurred in the other European countries, and they seem even to have occurred (in some cases certainly) more early in Italy, if not in France, than in England. I must therefore object to the terms Saxon, Norman, and still more, English Architecture, which convey the idea of modes of building peculiar to our island, and not, as the truth was, common to all Christendom. If it would be absurd to call the Cathedrals of Strasburg and Milan specimens of Norman, and still more, of English architecture, it must be equally true, though not equally obvious, that these epithets ought not to be applied to King's Chapel, or Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Enlarge your Sketch then into a handsome volume, with the plates strictly necessary for illustration, and at every period, compare the style of English building with the contemporary fashion of the continent. This may be collected from prints to be seen in all great libraries, without the fatigue and risk of a tour through the Corsican empire. You must not neglect Payne Knight's most ingenious observations, in his unequal, though extraordinary, book.

"Lady M. thanks you for Fairfax *, which we both agree is the best, and perhaps the only good poetical translation in English, perfectly idiomatic and harmonious, and yet faithful to the sense and manner of the original. Notwithstanding the bad times, she still hopes to have a laugh with you; and if you are an incorrigible Gomorrah patriot, we shall even venture into the close for that gratification.

"Farewell, my dear Sayers. Believe me ever,

"Yours, truly,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

An old Aberdeen friend, Mr. Ogilvie, Professor of Humanity at King's College, had, in a letter already alluded to, touched upon topics, which every arrival of news from Europe tended to invest with deeper interest.

"I do not suppose," says the Professor, "that you, any more than myself, have embraced the philosophy of common sense, as it has been called, in all its latitude; but surely Dr. Reid's eminence in various sciences, and his successful endeavours to throw light on that which he cultivated, cannot have escaped your notice, any more than the merits of the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ' escaped him. Mrs. Carmichael, his surviving daughter, at whose request I take the liberty of giving you this trouble, informs me that he was struck with admiration on reading that Essay, and used frequently to speak of it as one of the most ingenious works of the kind he had ever met with.

"Alas! how are our prospects changed since those fair days of hope and sanguine speculation! I trust, however, you have not desponded: I have not. From

* Dr. S. had presented her a copy of Fairfax's Tasso.

the very first, I regarded the high fermentation of the French nation with a mixed sentiment of joy and of dread. I felt like the poet, looking on the great movements in the frame of nature,

> "Hiis ibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas
> Percipit, atque horror;

and, even now that those former labours seem to have subsided in the dregs of mere despotism, I still cherish the hope of some favourable result—some valuable and permanent, though but moderate, improvement;—some fortunate establishment, that shall succeed these storms, as our revolution in 1688 succeeded the civil wars. I even build some hopes on the transcendant talents of Buonaparte. It is impossible for me to believe that this child and champion of popular rights, so endowed by nature, formed, as we are told, on the best ancient models, and tinctured with the sublime melancholy of Ossian, can prove ultimately unfaithful to the glorious cause, the idol of his youth."

Mr. Ogilvie, with a generous ardour, then offers to communicate to Sir James some observations on property in land, which he imagines may probably be applicable to India, and tend to improve the condition of the natives of that country.

TO WILLIAM OGILVIE, ESQ. ABERDEEN.

"*Bombay, Feb.* 24, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—That I have not sooner answered your letter, by Mr. Rose, in the beginning of 1805, has not been owing to any insensibility to the value of that mark of your remembrance. On the contrary I assure you, that after repeated perusals, that letter has not yet lost its power of producing strong emotions in my mind,

such as are naturally excited by the generous spirit which it breathes, and by that union of elegance with energy, which so much distinguishes it. 'At the distance of twenty-five years, I recognise your unabated fervour and vigour: I call to mind the energy, which first roused and directed my own infant powers, and I feel myself most warmly disposed

> "To bless the place, where on the opening soul
> First the sacred ardour stole.

"With these feelings, you may do me the justice to believe, that I should have gratified myself by rendering service to the nephew of Dr. Reid, whose philosophy, like you, I do not embrace, but whose character and talents every cultivator of science must venerate. * * *

"I admire the intrepid spirit which supports you against political despondence, in the midst not only of the disappointment of our hopes of a better order of society, but of the destruction or immediate danger of all the best institutions transmitted to us from former times. There is a sense in which I too do not despond, or, more properly, do not despair. I still think that a philosophical survey of human affairs teaches us to consider the race of man as engaged in a progress often checked, long suspended, but always to be traced through the darkest mazes of history, and of which the boundaries are not assignable. Moral or physical revolutions may destroy it entirely; but there being no examples of such within the period of historic record, we must consider them as events which, though possible, are not entitled to any higher place in the scale.

"It is certainly true that the longest and most dreadful suspension of the progress known to us, the irruption of the Germanic nations, was so far beneficial, that it was succeeded, though after a long interval, by a better form

of civilisation than that which preceded it; nor can we conceive how that better order could have arisen, without the previous calamities. In this large sense, I do not despair of the fortunes of the human race. With my admirable friend, Mr. Dugald Stewart, I am ready to say,—

"Fond, impious man, &c.

But the moral days and nights of these mighty revolutions have not yet been measured by human intellect. Who can tell how long that fearful night may be, before the dawn of a brighter to-morrow? Experience may, and I hope does, justify us in expecting that the whole course of human affairs is towards a better state; but it does not justify us in supposing that many steps of the progress may not immediately be towards a worse. The race of man may reach the promised land, but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness.

"The prospect of the nearest part of futurity, of all that we can discover, except with the eyes of speculation, seems very dismal. The mere establishment of absolute power in France is the smallest part of the evil. It might be necessary for a time, and, as you observe, it might be followed by a more moderate, popular vibration, which, like our Revolution of 1688, might have settled near the point of justice; but that seems no longer possible, nor, if it were, would it be sufficient. Europe is now covered with a multitude of dependent despots, whose existence depends on their maintaining the paramount tyranny in France. The mischief has become too intricate to be unravelled in our day. An evil greater than despotism, or rather the worst and most hideous form of despotism, approaches:—a monarchy, literally universal, seems about to be established.

Then all the spirit, variety, and emulation of separate nations, which the worst forms of internal government have not utterly extinguished, will vanish. And in that state of things, if we may judge from past examples, the whole energy of human intellect and virtue will languish, and can scarcely be revived otherwise than by an infusion of barbarism.

"You build some hopes on the character of the mighty destroyer himself; they are, I fear, only benevolent illusions. Imperious circumstances have, doubtless, as you say, determined his actions; but they have also formed his character, and produced a mind, which can endure no less powerful stimulants than conquest and revolution, depositions and establishments. If he still endeavour to persuade himself that he has a benevolent purpose, it is a self-illusion which renders him more extensively and incorrigibly mischievous; it will lead him to destroy all restraints on his will, as checks on his benevolence. He will act on two principles, the most erroneous and fatal that a sovereign and a lawgiver can adopt;—one, not only that he can know how to promote the happiness of nations and ages, which is false, but that he *alone* must infallibly know it, which is more obviously false, and more actively pernicious;—another, that improvement can be poured into the lap of passive men, and that happiness may be forced on resisting men, though all happiness excludes restraint, though all real improvement be the spontaneous fruit of a mental activity, which may, indeed, be guided by a wise government, but for which the wisest government cannot contrive a substitute.

"I should rejoice to see your speculations on landed property; for though, on former occasions, I suspected you of being more influenced by confidence in regulations than experience will allow, yet I was always de-

lighted, not only by the benevolence of your purpose, but by the singular ingenuity of your means. I can promise you no more than that you will give me pleasure, that you will exercise and improve my understanding, and that I will freely tell you what I think on the subject. Practical effect here you must not hope. The constitution of the Anglo-Indian Government is founded in opposition to the most demonstrated principles of political science; and its measures are in perfect unison with its original principles. Within these two years a *gabelle* has been established in Malabar and Canara, as a fund to pay the salaries of the provincial judges. How can you object to a government taking a monopoly of the only luxury of the poor, when you consider that the government is founded on a monopoly? It is vain to refine on the distribution of the produce of the soil between the labourer and the legal owner, in a country where the latter class does not really exist, and where a ravenous government begins by seizing at least one-half of it in the most vexatious mode. This Government is too needy to listen to any proposal for mitigating the fate of their subjects; all that they can get is not enough for them. We have a bankrupt sovereign, and a people beggared by imposition. Yet so highly is this country favoured by nature, that the mere destruction of the monopoly would speedily remedy the greater part of these evils *. The act for vesting the trade and territory in an exclusive company, ought to have been entitled 'An Act for preventing the Progress of Industry in India, in order to hinder the Influx of Wealth into Great Britain.'

* * * *

"If you write to me again, I promise not to be long in

* The initiatory proceedings connected with the passing of this great measure, he lived to witness and assist at.

answering your letter; for I can most sincerely subscribe myself

"Your grateful pupil,

"And affectionate friend,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOLLAND.

"*Bombay, 27th February*, 1808.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Both your advice and the every-way agreeable impression made by your letter, are sufficient to silence me on subjects neither agreeable to myself nor to others*. I heartily thank you for your letter; and I speak only strict truth when I say, that on such subjects, the letter of no one now living could have given me such satisfaction. Respecting these matters I shall now be not only silent, but satisfied.

"I have also to thank you for the 'Life of Lope de Vega,' which I have twice read with great pleasure, and with an unusual concurrence in all the opinions of men and things. I was particularly delighted with your perfect exemption from the prejudices of the various sects of literature—a merit quite as rare as impartiality in religion and politics. I have long thought, what you have so well expressed, that it is as absurd to condemn Racine, because his excellence is of a different sort from that of Shakspeare, as it would be to condemn Champagne, because it is unlike Burgundy. The modern tragedy is, in truth, a different kind of poem from the ancient; it might properly have been called by a different name. If it had, such is the force of names, the most vulgar critic never would have applied the ancient rules to

* Alluding to the death of Mr. Fox.

it. You probably well know the fifth chapter of the 'Estratto dell' Arte Poetica d'Aristotele' of Metastasio, in which he seems to prove that the unities of time and place were neither enjoined nor observed by the ancients; that they were devised by Castelvetro, and that they would probably have been forgotten, among the other subtleties of their inventor, if they had not been revived and sanctioned by the French Academy, in their critique on the 'Cid,' to gratify the Cardinal de Richelieu's jealousy of Corneille.' In the arts which are directly addressed to the eye, this exclusive bigotry is rendered so strikingly absurd by the faithful testimony of the senses, that it is much more rare. Scarcely anybody is so absurd, as to think the admiration of Rubens incompatible with that of Teniers. But in literature, where nothing is subject to so uniform a judge as the eye, one may every day hear it said, that the style of Burke must be bad, because that of Swift is excellent.

Nothing can be more just than your commendation of Voltaire as a critic; still, however, I do not wonder that the Spaniards, as well as the Italians and English, complain of him, though his petty mistakes about Italian and Spanish writers bear no proportion to the variety and curiosity of his literary inquiries; for (to take our own literature as an instance), though he was the heretic who first dared to commend Shakspeare at Paris, yet he could not tolerate the freethinkers, his disciples, who presumed to equal Shakspeare to Racine. He would tolerate no deviation from the fundamentals of the French dramatic creed; and in his old age he persecuted the Shakspearians as hotly (though in a different manner) as Calvin persecuted Servetus.

"Strange as it may seem, I believe your Lordship to be the first English writer (with the exception of Gray) who has ventured publicly to commend 'Athalie.' I

extend my terms of communion still farther; I comprehend even Goëthe and Schiller within the pale; and though I know that few, either in France or England, agree with me, I have recourse to the usual consolation of singularity, that my opinion will be more prevalent, when I am myself forgotten. So prevalent is the exclusive taste, that on reading Bossuet's conclusion of the oration on Condé, and Burke's invasion of the Carnatic, the other day, to a young Englishman * of three-and-twenty, I own I was surprised that even he (though the finest youth in the world) should have had the comprehensive taste to admire both these master-pieces of modern eloquence, and the natural equity, perhaps the classical justice, to prefer the simple grandeur of Bossuet to the magnificent accumulation of Burke.

"On my way to Madras, about three months ago, I travelled through the scene, which the last-mentioned description has rendered so memorable. I went through the Passes, by which Hyder Ally's army entered to lay waste the Carnatic. I had some pleasing reflections connected with our Indian usurpations. Peaceable and solitary travellers now travel through these Passes with more security than they could ride from London to Windsor. The people of Mysore, no longer employed in plundering their neighbours, are most actively busy in improving their own country, under the administration of Poornia, an old Brahmin, who has kept his place of dewan, or treasurer, under Hyder, Tippoo, and our Rajah. This old minister has, in two years, made 1100 miles of such roads as England might envy; he has built at least fifty considerable bridges, and dug a canal of seventy-four miles in length; in short, he applies a larger part of the revenue to the increase of the public wealth,

* Mr. Rich.

than any other treasurer ever did. In other countries, much of this might be better left to individuals; but in India, where there are no rich men except in the towns, the Government, which takes the place of a landholder, must discharge his duties. Though I slept on the very scene of the massacre at Vellore, I saw no traces of it remaining; nor do I entertain such apprehensions of the example, as seem to be felt in England. Our territories are so vast, and our army so variously composed, and so totally unconnected, that I do not think mutiny the danger to which our Indian dominions are most exposed. In so wide a country, the mutiny of one body of troops must always, with great ease, be quelled by other soldiers of different country, language and religion; the largeness of the empire is its security against this peril. Neither do I apprehend that any combination of native powers could endanger it. Its internal enemy is the abominable system of monopoly by which it is governed, and which makes it a burden, not an advantage. Its foreign danger is from the army of an European enemy. A march through Turkey and Persia is a difficult, but, when these countries are friendly, not an impossible enterprise; and it surely will very soon be attempted, in my opinion, with success. I will not [expatiate] on this subject, which so directly leads to the universal monarchy, of which the establishment has, since the battle of Austerlitz, seemed to me inevitable.

"In the mean time, during the shorter or longer respite that we may have, I often lament that I am excluded from all means of co-operating in the public cause with those to whom I feel the warmest attachment. When I seek relief in dreams from gloomy realities, I often imagine myself seated in some small house, between Holland-house and Kensington-gardens, with the privilege of sometimes rambling into your library. None of

the luxuries of that library would certainly tempt me from Mr. Fox's History. I trust that it will descend to a posterity remote enough to feel the spirit of liberty which he long kept alive, and which, I fear, for a long, long time must be extinct. That at least a year must pass before I can see it, I consider as one of the privations of banishment.

"I have read part of Scævola * (the whole has not yet reached me) with great pleasure, though my assent to all his principles preceded my perusal. He has somewhat too much of the fulness and formality of dissertation for popular effect; but he is a masterly writer.

"I took the liberty of sending Sharp some Constantia for Lady Holland about six months ago; it is said to be very capital. I must own † I no more sing the songs of Hafiz over my Schirauz, than I do those of Myneer von Trankerpot, or any other Dutch Anacreon, over my Constantia. I might have evaded this confession of laziness and ignorance by observing, that I never sing, and seldom drink; but the truth is best.

"Lady M. joins me in most respectful good wishes to your Lordship, Lady Holland, and Miss Fox, and

"I am, my dear Lord,

"Your Lordship's most faithful,

"and attached

"J. MACKINTOSH."

* The name which distinguished a series of essays in a newspaper, on a question of great interest, in politics—the measure of ministerial responsibility—which were afterwards deservedly rescued from oblivion by a subsequent collective publication.

† In answer to some social inquiries.

TO JAMES SCARLETT, ESQ.

"*Bombay, 28th February*, 1808.

"MY DEAR SCARLETT,—I have long been in your debt a letter, but I have written so much to our friends in general, under the addresses of various individuals, that I consider the debt more as formal than real. I have now heard so much of your fame and success at Pembroke *, that I am strongly reminded of the propriety of paying it formally, as well as substantially. I must however, temper the exultation with which your victories would very naturally fill you, by the information that some of our young wits were much amused at the idea of Mr. Scarlett being opposed to the *red* party. These gibes, however, especially from so great a distance, you will have the fortitude to bear unmoved; and you will recollect that they are the attendants on all triumphs but those of Buonaparte, who has, I fear, contrived to frighten the gibers into silence.

"In England you receive the exploits piecemeal, and every dreadful victory is, after a time, effaced from the mind by the bustle of business and amusement. Here we receive our news in great masses; our undisturbed dulness suffers us to brood over them, and we observe the result, that in two campaigns,—one of three, and the other of nine months,—within two years, he has conquered all the countries from the Rhine to the Gulf of Finland; and this empire extends south to Palermo and Gibraltar; and that, as Turkey and Persia are his vassals, it is not absolute extravagance to consider the Indies as its eastern boundary. How long this may continue, and how soon he may be impatient even of the Ganges as his oriental limit, cannot be precisely ascertained; but it may be

* Where his professional services had been put in requisition at a contested election.

safely laid down, in general, that it can be no very long time. It is of more importance, however, to consider his views on the western frontier. Perceval and Canning may consider that subject undismayed: I cannot pretend to such intrepidity; and I hasten from a class of reflections, which it is so painful and so useless to encourage.

"We have just heard a confused and hurried account of the siege of Copenhagen*; but we know nothing of the issue, and nothing distinctly of the causes. I hope you are not, in the agitation of your fears, striking random blows, and escaping for a moment from terrors inspired by a dreadful enemy, into anger against a weak one. The refuge must be very short. Whatever may be the motives, it is a charming spectacle for Buonaparte. England employs her force in destroying one of the very few remaining ancient governments of Europe, and Russia is to be consoled or compensated for all her continental defeats, by taking part in a maritime confederacy against England, into which she is so artfully driven, that she persuades herself she is only tempted. All the remaining nominal states, including America, seem to think an affectation of hatred and anger against England the most decent disguise of their subserviency to France. Perhaps they work themselves into this temper, so as to deceive themselves. Perhaps they now think the fortunes of England desperate, and consider crouching under the storm, the only means of reserving, for better times, some hopes of a political existence. For some one or other of these reasons, or for some better reason, I fear the fact is, that the whole world will be, whether zealously or not, at least actively, our enemies. You see that I was drawn back to this terrible subject in the very act of professing to quit it; and you see also that my thoughts are as

* Capitulation of Copenhagen, and surrender of the Danish fleet, Sept. 8th, 1807.

tumultuary as the scenes which have called them up. It is equally difficult to think at all on any other subject, and to think with order and calmness on this.

"The greatest contrast to a conqueror is perhaps a Bramin. I will therefore tell you of one I met at Seringapatam in November. His name is Ragoboyah, and in spite of his pacific character, he is a clerk (and a rich one too) in the military pay-office. He speaks English as well as if he had been born in Middlesex, with the additional advantage of being free from cockneyism. He has a library of English writers; but he complained to me that no philosophical works were brought out to India, except those of the most common and popular sort, such as Locke, which he had read. He lamented his want of acquaintance with the metaphysical systems of the West, and proposed visiting Bombay for six months, that he might, under my direction, study the principal books of our philosophy in my library. He seems accurately informed of their metaphysical doctrines, though not naturally of that subtlety of understanding, which makes a metaphysician. We had discussions on the *Dwita* and *Adwita*, or the sect among them who allow two substances,—*Spirit* and *Matter;* and that which allows only one,—*Spirit*, or rather the mere fact of thought. The latter he allowed to be the most numerous and refined, though he is a *Dwita*, or Dualist. He promised, under my inspection, to translate the best abridgment of Hindu Logic, which if he does, I will publish.

"He told me that their pilgrimages produced travelling, diffused knowledge, promoted commerce, and removed local and national prejudices. I asked him whether these were the objects of their lawgivers, in having enjoined pilgrimages? His answer was pretty nearly, in the following words: 'No; these notions of *utility* never occurred to our lawgivers. Their views

were exclusively religious. But we can now observe the effects of these institutions.' I own I was a good deal struck with these observations; and I cannot help wishing that Ragoboyah may keep his promise of visiting me at Bombay, where he will meet not many English rivals in thinking or speaking.

"From conquerors and Bramins my mind passes, by a link of association I do not immediately see, to lawyers,

"We have a smart young Irishman from your circuit, named Macklin, who would get business, if he put on more the garb and manner of a man who seeks it.

"I should be very glad to hear the news of Westminster Hall and circuit from you. I wish Erskine had been chancellor long enough to make Wilson a judge.

"Pray write me soon; and believe me, my dear Scarlett,

"Yours most faithfully,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

JOURNAL.

"March 6th.—My letters are despatched, and I have just finished the first volume of the Life of Solomon Maimon, by himself, in German. He was a Lithuanian Jew, who passed the first twenty-five years of his life in the most abject poverty, as a Rabbi, in and near his native town. The manners and conditions of the Polish Jews are quite new to me. I never before caught a glimpse of that modification of human nature. The character of his Lord, Prince Radzivil, is an excellent portrait of a Sarmatian grandee. He escaped to Konigsberg, for the mere sake of having some opportunities of increasing his knowledge; and from thence went to Berlin, where the zealots suspected his curiosity of some heretical taint, and turned him adrift. A scene of the

lowest misery follows, from which he is rescued by a benevolent Rabbi at Posen; and after being two years in luxury, as tutor in a wealthy Jewish family of that place, he goes to Berlin. There ends the first volume. The second I am sorry I have not. It is a most entertaining piece of self-biography. The author became a German metaphysician of some eminence, for which many will think his Talmud and Cabala were a proper preparatory study.

"8th.—Too tired for any serious study.—Lay down to read election scurrility in 'The Pilot,'—But find the second volume of Maimon, and gladly change my lounging companion.—Read seventy pages, which contain an analysis of the 'More Nevochim,' which is most curious, but would be more satisfactory, if there were not some suspicious appearances of the analyser having modernised his author*.

"9th.—Rode seven miles before breakfast, drove twenty during the day, and sat six hours in court.

"10th.—Took my revenge for the activity of yesterday by a glorious lounge—In the evening began Smollett's Continuation [of Hume] to the children.—Revived my old ambition of writing the History of England since the Revolution.—A life of projects!

"11th.—Finished Maimon. He seems to have been the first, in times to be called modern, who attempted to rationalise a positive religion. He was produced by the infidelity of his masters, the Musselman Peripatetics —Averroes, &c. Maimon's own adventures show the interior of German Judaism more clearly than ever I saw the condition of the Jews in any European country. They are still an Asiatic people. The Rabbinical caste govern them with Braminical despotism. They want nothing but power to have 'acts of faith' of their own.

* Moses Maimonides, a celebrated Jewish rabbi of the twelfth century.

Maimon attacked Kantianism on the principles of Mr. Hume, and was acknowledged by Kant to have understood him well, to be a profound thinker and a formidable opponent.

"Rode in Mahim woods in the morning. Finished the third volume of Eichorn*. It is a reproach to English literature, that bigotry has hindered this work from being translated.

"In the evening, M—— read Dalrymple's account of 'the Ryehouse Plot.' The narrative is sometimes raised to dignity by the grandeur of the subject, and sometimes sunk, by puerile prettiness, to the level of the author. It is so unequal, and there are parts of it so good, that I should almost suspect its having received a few touches from some of the literati, perhaps Dr. Ferguson. The fulness and circumstantiality of it are sufficient to show the unfairness of Mr. Hume's narrative, and to restore to Russell and Sidney that place of which he has insidiously deprived them, but which they were entitled to claim, both by the justice of their cause, and by the virtue, either amiable or sublime, which exalted their character.

"12th.—Finished an anonymous book published at Edinburgh in 1806, called 'Physical and Metaphysical Enquiries.' The writer is not without natural acuteness, but he is an unpractised metaphysician, who has not learned from experience to distrust first thoughts. He vainly supposes that, with the unaided eye of mere common sense, he can discover the minute and evanescent beings visible only by the metaphysical microscope.

"Began Dr. Brown 'on Cause and Effect.'—Read ninety-four pages of Brown's work, which, in my humble opinion, entitles him to a place very, very near the first among the living metaphysicians of Great Britain.

* Probably the "Introduction to the New Testament."

"13th.—Read Brown before breakfast.—Found the true answer to Mr. Hume's 'Essay on Miracles,' which I had discovered twenty years ago.—Agreed with the author, till he comes to dispute about the nature of the belief and expectation, that similar causes will produce similar effects. From that place I dissent, and must examine strictly. Too languid for this operation.—Looked over some of Heyne's latest speeches at Gottingen.

"14th.—Thermometer 96°; unexampled at this season. —Read to the children in the State Trials that of Lord Russell,—affected by the simplicity and modesty of his blameless character,—not afraid of death, but dreading the least suspicion of inhumanity or falsehood.

"20th.—Received, on the 19th, news of Russia having declared war against us*, of the Danish fleet having arrived in England, of the French invasion of Portugal, which I suppose means the deposition of the House of Braganza†.

"24th.—Reading very miscellaneous for these last ten days. 'Dallaway's Architecture' a better collection than I expected. One hint new to me, and I think likely to be true, of the different character of the Gothic architecture in the different countries of Europe.

"The correspondence of Leibnitz with Thomas Burnett (query, who was he‡? for he was not the famous master of the Charterhouse), and his Collectanea Etymologica. Leibnitz had the grandest glimpses of any man since Lord Bacon. His mind was Verulamian in extent of view, but not in imagination. He seems to have been the first philosophical etymologist, and to have first rightly estimated the importance of the Teutonic nations

* 26th October, 1807.

† On the 1st February following, Junot announced "that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign."

‡ Mr. Burnett of Kemney, a Scotch gentleman.

and languages. That he called them Celtic was a mistake which can appear important only to Mr. Pinkerton.

"Received yesterday the account of Sotheby's* academical honours at Calcutta, and Lord Minto's magnificent panegyric on him.

"27th.—I forgot at the time to mention a singular circumstance which occurred a few days ago. Padre Luigi brought to call on me a Georgian priest, of the Latin rite, on his way to exercise the functions of Apostolical Vicar at Cabul. He was born in Georgia, was ten years in the seminary of the Propaganda at Rome, six years superintendent of a congregation at

* George Sotheby, Esq., of the Bombay Civil Service, the son of the late Mr. Sotheby, so well known to every reader of English poetry. On first going to India, he lived for some time with Sir James, by whose advice he asked permission, though attached to the Bombay Presidency, to be admitted into the College of Calcutta, for the purpose of gaining an acquaintance with the principal languages of the East, which, at that time, could be done effectually in no other part of India. He was a young man of great capacity and of indefatigable labour, and no less distinguished for his agreeable manners and the virtues of his heart. The entry in the text alludes to a Discourse of Lord Minto, then Governor-general of India, delivered after a Public Examination, which took place only four months after he had joined the College, when attainments were reported of him, which, taking into consideration the shortness of his period of residence, "exceeded so far the usual achievements of industry and capacity, as to wear almost an air of fable and prodigy." His Lordship concluded thus:—"I have dwelt, I confess somewhat largely, on what appears to me a rare example of early maturity of judgment, talents, and character, because I have thought it, in truth, entitled to a place in the fasti of your College, and *siquid mea carmina possunt*, the name of Mr. Sotheby shall not be omitted in its tablets."

This extraordinary young man, whose qualifications pointed him out for the diplomatic branch of the service, became ultimately assistant to Richard Jenkins, Esq., the Resident at Nagpore, where, in the year 1818, at the general rising of the Mahratta princes, in assisting to repel a desperate assault on the Residency by the Rajah's troops, he fell—too soon for every thing but his own glory.

Astrachan, had attempted to go to Cabul through Persia, but was driven back from Ispahan by the war in Khorassan, and had come here to try the perilous and absolutely unexplored route by Tatta. We conversed in Italian. He praised the Russian conquest, which puts an end to the slave trade for replenishing the harams of Constantinople and Ispahan. He said that the Georgian women were angels; and he is himself a very favourable specimen of the beauty of the race. He was much struck with my books, which, he said, reminded him of a *Palazzo in Roma*. I procured him letters from the Hindu merchant of most consequence here in the trade to Sind, which will, I hope, secure and facilitate his dangerous journey.

"28th.—Idle employment!—'Critical Reviews' and 'British Critics.'—'——'s Life of ——'—the worst book in the world—absolutely useless, except to illustrate, by contrast, the beauty of the Lives of Robertson and Smith, by Mr. Stewart.

30th.—Hear of poor Hardinge's death*.

* Of the St. Fiorenzo, in an action off Cape Comorin, between that ship and the French ship Piedmontaise. The St. Fiorenzo carried 42 guns and 264 men; while the Piedmontaise had 50 guns of superior weight, 366 Europeans, and 200 Lascars. Captain Hardinge, for three successive days, followed and engaged the Piedmontaise, forcing her each day into an action, which was supported with determined bravery on both sides. On the third day he fell; but his ship continued to be fought with undiminished valour by Lieutenant Dawson, the next in command, and the Piedmontaise finally struck. The two vessels soon after arrived at Bombay, mere wrecks, and were visited by crowds from the shore. On the first news of this fight, and of Captain Hardinge's death, Sir James addressed the following letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

"*Bombay*, 31*st March*, 1808.

"SIR,—Yielding to the first impulse of those feelings with which the heroic death of Captain Hardinge has filled my mind, I take the liberty

"April 1st.—Southey's Specimens of the later English Poems.—Preface and Preliminary Notices very lively. They contain a pretty complete code of anti-Johnsonian criticism. The style is a good imitation of Lord Orford. It is singular that a poet who lives so little in this world should have chosen the style of a witty worldling.

"The selection is founded on two principles rather unfavourable to the age from which it is made. 1. That all the best known (i. e. all the best) poems could be excluded. 2. That bad poems characterise the taste of an age as well as good, perhaps better, and are therefore as well entitled to a place. Under the guidance of these two maxims, a selection from the most poetical age must be bad. They are eminently unjust to a highly polished period, of which the merit generally consists in the high perfection of a few poems excluded by the first maxim, and which is always most fertile in bad and middling poems, chosen by Mr. S. as characteristic of its taste.

"The comparison of a polished with an unpolished

of proposing to the British inhabitants of this Residency a subscription, for erecting a monument to his memory in the Church of Bombay. A grateful nation will doubtless place this monument by the side of that of Nelson; but the memorials of heroic virtue cannot be too much multiplied. Captain Hardinge fell for Britain; but he may more especially be said to have fallen for British India.

"I should be ashamed of presuming to suggest any reasons for such a measure. They will abundantly occur to the lovers of their country. Nor can I at present bring my mind to consider any details of execution. If the measure in general be approved, such details can easily be arranged.

"I am, Yours, &c.

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

A very liberal subscription was made, and a splendid marble monument, by Bacon, has since been erected to Captain Hardinge, in the Church of Bombay.

age, in the number of bad poems, is very unfair. It leaves out the following essential considerations.

"I. The whole number of poems published in a polished age being greater, it is only the proportion of bad poems which ought to enter into the account.

"II. There are many poems written, but not published, in rude ages; in a refined period, the demand and the facility of publication cause a much larger proportion of the poems written to be published.

"III. There being many more readers in a lettered age, among whom are many incompetent judges, there will be a demand, and even a temporary reputation for bad poems, till it is checked by the decision of the *judging few*, which always ultimately prevails.

"IV. There is another cause of the temporary reputation of bad poems [in a lettered age]. A book is sooner known, and consequently sooner ceases to be a novelty. The public appetite longs for something newer, though it should be worse.

"—'Mannert's Geography of Greeks and Romans,' volume on Germany.—Excellent historical or antiquarian introduction, in which all the intercourse of the Greeks and Romans with the Teutonic nations is traced from their supposed appearance as Cimmerii, on the Bosphorus, till they are completely ascertained to be a distinct race from the Gauls or Kelts, by Julius Cæsar, and from that time through the wars of the Romans on the frontiers of the Rhine and Danube till the invasion of the empire by the barbarians.

"At the time of the second Punic war he supposes all Gaul, part of Great Britain and Spain (the Celtiberi), the northern part of Italy, and the whole course of the Danube to the frontiers of Thrace, to have been peopled by Celts. The Iberians, an African people, inhabited Spain. The Teutons had begun to stretch towards, and

perhaps across, the Rhine, from their original seats between the Elbe and the Vistula. Who the Thracians and the Southern Italians were he leaves for discussion in another place.—He contradicts, as he well may, the hypothesis of Schlœzzer, who makes the Belgæ to be a separate race, distinct from Celts and Teutons, the parents of the Armorican and Welsh Britons,—both, by the decisive evidence of language, proved to be Celts; but he affirms that the Belgæ were Celts against the testimony of Cæsar, which makes it more probable that they were a Teutonic people.

"2nd.—From 'Tiedemann's History of Philosophy' I cannot find that Roscelin, the supposed founder of the Nominalists, left any writings, or that Abelard, a supposed Nominalist, left any traces of his Nominalism in those writings of his which are preserved. William of Ockham seems, therefore, the first authentic Nominalist.

"3rd.—Admirable account of scholastic metaphysics and natural theology in Tiedemann—full of recondite learning. It deserves translation. It is not quite satisfactory on the Nominal question, but I have not yet come to William of Ockham.

"—Delighted with Mannert's most clear account of the Germanic nations.—The change of their names in ancient authors well explained from ignorant reporters and transcribers, variety of appellations, migrations and confederacies.

"20th.—Go to Salsette to see the caves of Ambooli. —Go to Bhandoop.

"21st.—C—— and I visit in the morning the picturesque scenes of Bhandoop, consisting of two wells and a distillery—return in the evening—rapid ride to escape the danger of tigers.

"22nd.—Sir Edward Pellew dined here with Mr.

Dawson, of the St. Fiorenzo.—Both returned on their way back.

"27th.—Read the 'Cobbetts' of August and September.—Amused with his prejudices against Scotland and education. He is reconciled to the new ministers by the lawless appearance of the attack on Copenhagen. He strips it of every pretext, and delights in looking at it in its naked ruffianism. He seems even once more partial to England, as soon as it gives him an opportunity of being hostile to America,—the only country which he detests more than his own.

"28th.—I have lately read the very able review of Cobbett in the Edinburgh*, and I am now amused with 'the Annual,' especially the *Taylorian* parts of it.

"The new maritime orders† which we have received are a very singular experiment to try a new system of trade, which can only be an universal armed smuggling.

"May 23rd.—Read since last entry, 'Eloge de Malesherbes par Gaillard.'—Fine passage of Juvenal.—Similarity to Sir Thomas More.

"—Wilberforce on the 'Abolition.'

["—Almost as much enchanted by Mr. Wilberforce's book as by his conduct. He is the very model of a reformer. Ardent without turbulence, mild without timidity or coldness, neither yielding to difficulties, nor disturbed or exasperated by them; patient and meek, yet intrepid; persisting for twenty years through good report and evil report; just and charitable even to his most malignant enemies; unwearied in every experiment to disarm the prejudices of his more rational and disin-

* Vol. X, p. 386.

† The celebrated Orders in Council of November and December, 1807, retaliatory on the Berlin Decree in forcing the trade of neutrals through the ports of this country.

terested opponents, and supporting the zeal without dangerously exciting the passions of his adherents.]

"—'Bentham on Judicial Reform in Scotland.' Profound,—original,—useless! unintelligible to common readers, and attacks all their prejudices.—Plymley's pamphlets, full of sense and wit. Reviews and Magazines.

"'Vitam perdidi, operosè nihil agendo,' were the dying words of the great and good Grotius!!! What will be mine?

"—Read all the periodical publications of the missionaries, and, by doing so, at once formed a clearer idea of the sect, than I could have done during my whole life in England, where I never should have heard of the men or their books.

"June 10th.—Finished Lord Woodhouselee's 'Life of Lord Kaimes.' The life is more important than that of Beattie, but the character is less interesting. There is a singular contrast between the biographer and his hero. The latter was a metaphysician without literature; the former is a man of letters without philosophy, and hostile to it. He never considers that, by asserting the impossibility of reaching truth in metaphysics, he in effect maintains it to be unattainable in any part of knowledge, and patronises universal scepticism. The collection of letters must interest, especially those of D. Hume and Dr. Franklin; Mrs. Montagu's are lively and ingenious, but not natural; Lord W.'s Dissertation on penal Law is a confusion of the motive and reason of punishment. How is it possible that any man should now vindicate the trials in the time of Charles II.?

"In the list of modern Latin poets, a subject with which Lord W. is well acquainted, I was surprised to find Buchanan placed so high, who was neither pure nor poetical, and no mention of Fracastorius, who is eminently both. I wondered, also, at finding Vincent

Bourne, and still more Markham; while there is nothing said of Lowth or of Jortin; and, what to me is most wonderful, of Gray himself.

"11th.—Stolberg's History of Christianity. A fanatical work of a celebrated German poet, who, in advanced age has become a catholic,—another effect of the reaction excited by the French Revolution. He borrows from every quarter miserable props for his new creed—Sir W. Jones, Wilford, even Maurice and Vallancey; and that nothing foolish might be wanting, he congratulates the world on the formation of the Bombay [Literary] Society.

"—'Corinne,' first volume.—I have not yet received the original; and I can no longer refrain even from a translation.

"It is, as has been said, a tour in Italy, mixed with a novel. The tour is full of picture and feeling, and of observations on national character, so refined, that scarcely any one else could have made them, and not very many will comprehend or feel them. What an admirable French character is D'Erfeuil! so free from exaggeration, that the French critics say the author, notwithstanding her prejudices, has made him better than her favourite Oswald. Nothing could more strongly prove the fidelity of her picture, and the lowness of their moral standard. She paints Ancona, and, above all, Rome, in the liveliest colours. She alone seems to feel that she *inhabited* the eternal city. It must be owned that there is some repetition, or at least monotony, in her reflections on the monuments of antiquity. The sentiment inspired by one is so like that produced by another, that she ought to have contented herself with fewer strokes, and to have given specimens rather than an enumeration. The attempt to vary them must display more ingenuity than genius. It

leads to a littleness of manner destructive of gravity and tenderness.

"In the character of Corinne, Madame de Staël draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired; uncommon scenes and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly, that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self,—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed Corinne, and the mode in which she has reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character.

"13th.—Second and third volumes of 'Corinne.' I swallow Corinne slowly, that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination. Other travellers had told us of the absence of public amusements at Rome, and of the want of conversation among an indolent nobility; but, before Madame de Staël, no one has considered this as the profound tranquillity and death-like silence, which the feelings require in a place, where we go to meditate on the great events of which it was once the scene, in a magnificent museum of the monuments of ancient times.

"How she ennobles the most common scenes!—a sermon on the quarter-deck of a ship of war!

"She admires the English, among whom she could not endure to live; and sighs for the society of Paris, which she despises!

"15th.—Fourth and fifth volumes of 'Corinne.' Farewell Corinne! powerful and extraordinary book; full of

faults so obvious, as not to be worth enumerating; but of which a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason, than the most faultless models of elegance.

"To animadvert on the defects of the story is lost labour. It is a slight vehicle of idea and sentiment. The whole object of an incident is obtained, when it serves as a pretext for a reflection or an impassioned word. Yet even here there are scenes which show what she could have done, if she had been at leisure from thought. The prayer of the two sisters at their father's tomb, the opposition of their characters, is capable of great interest, if it had been well laboured. The grand defect is the want of repose—too much and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardour of feeling. The understanding is fatigued; the heart ceases to feel.

"The minute philosophy of passion and character has so much been the object of my pursuit, that I love it even in excess. But I must own that it has one material inconvenience. The observations founded upon it may be true in some instances, without being generally so. Of the small and numerous springs which are the subject of observation, some may be most powerful at one time, others at another. There is constantly a disposition to generalise, which is always in danger of being wrong. It may be safe to assert, that a subtle ramification of feeling is natural; but it is always unsafe to deny that an equally subtle ramification of the same feeling, in an opposite direction, may not be equally natural.

"There are, sometimes, as much truth and exactness in Madame de Staël's descriptions, as in those of most cold observers. Her picture of stagnation, mediocrity and dulness; of torpor, animated only by envy; of mental superiority, dreaded and hated without even being comprehended; and of intellect, gradually extinguished by the

azotic atmosphere of stupidity is *so* true! The unjust estimate of England, which this Northumbrian picture might have occasioned, how admirably is it corrected by the observation of Oswald, and even of poor Corinne, on their second journeys! and how, by a few reflections in the last journey to Italy, does this singular woman reduce to the level of truth the exaggerated praise bestowed by her first enthusiasm on the Italians!

"How general is the tendency of these times towards religious sentiment! Madame de Staël may not, perhaps, ever be able calmly to believe the dogmas of our sect. She seems prepared, by turns, to adopt the feelings of all sects. Twenty years ago the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun everywhere. A mystical philosophy prevails in Germany; a poetical religion is patronised by men of genius in France. It is adopted in some measure by Madame de Staël, who finds it even by the help of her reason in the nature of man, if she cannot so deeply perceive it in the nature of things. In England, no traces of this tendency are discoverable among the men of letters; perhaps because they never went so near the opposite extreme; perhaps, also, because they have not suffered the same misfortunes.

"Another phenomenon, however, is remarkable among us,—the diffusion of the religious spirit among the people, and its prevalence among men of rank and opulence, though not hitherto among men of letters. A party which has hitherto not only neglected, but rather despised or dreaded knowledge, has been compelled, by the literary spirit of the age, to call in literature to their aid; their new followers of a higher class require elegance. 'Foster's Essays,' and the 'Eclectic Review,'

are very successful exertions to supply this demand. They certainly employ a very dangerous auxiliary; but perhaps the tendency of a disturbed age may long be too powerful to be withstood, either by the cheerful calm, or by the impatient curiosity which are naturally produced by literature, and which are equally adverse to enthusiasm.

* * * * * *

"July 6th.—Term has afforded a more plausible pretext for interruption than I usually have.

"The works of Louis XIV. contain many tiresome and frivolous parts, with few single passages that are remarkable; but six volumes of any man's letters, however separately insignificant, insensibly give a more just notion of his character. I think the editors do him injustice. Men of letters see talent only in writings or sayings, or at most, only in very brilliant enterprises or very great undertakings. They make no sufficient account of the mental power exerted in the details of conduct. This is particularly faulty in the case of Louis XIV., whose talents were entirely practical, and were certainly not brilliant. The last volume contains three or four curious fragments of history.—Queen Christina,—the Abbé Primi, &c. &c. The Preface is able, though hostile to Louis XIV., as might be expected from him * who read to Louis XVI. his sentence of death.

"No. XXI. of the Edinburgh Review is very rich. The article on Political Economy and that on Sir J. Sinclair, are capital; that on Wordsworth very unjust and anti-poetical.

["I have just got, by a most lucky chance, Wordsworth's new Poems. I owe them some most delightful

* Garat Minister of Justice.

hours of abstraction from the petty vexations of the little world where I live, and the horrible dangers of the great world, to which my feelings are attached. I applied to him his own verses:—

> Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
> The Poets.

"The Sonnets on Switzerland and on Milton are sublime. Some of the others are in a style of severe simplicity, sometimes bordering on the hardness and dryness of some of Milton's Sonnets. Perhaps it might please him to know, that his poetry has given these feelings to one at so vast a distance: it is not worth adding, to one who formerly had foolish prejudices against him.]

"11th.—Unexpected order for the ships to sail. —Occupied in writing to Europe.

"12th.—Ships sailed.

"14th to 16th.—Sessions.

"17th.—Lately read the two first volumes of Pascal—looked into the third, and glanced over the fourth and fifth. I shall say nothing of his transcendent genius or his gloomy enthusiasm. They are known to every one. Bayle calls him, 'l'un des plus sublimes esprits du monde.' His philosophical glances are wonderful. The summary of arguments for scepticism and dogmatism, especially the latter, is perhaps the best in ancient or modern philosophy. The last contains, in a single page, the whole system of Dr. Reid; and it is but little to add that it contains, in the first sentence *, the whole book of Dr. Beattie. But as my mind has been much turned of

* "L'unique fort des Dogmatistes c'est, qu' en parlant de bonne foi, on ne peut douter des principes naturels."

late to the theory of religious sentiments, I have chiefly considered Pascal in that point of view.

"Jansenism is a sort of Catholic Calvinism. It affords a new instance of the more pure and severe moralists naturally adopting a doctrine of self-debasement, and, in Pascal's language, of self-hatred, and of their referring every action, enjoyment, and hope, exclusively to the all-perfect Being. The Calvinistic people of Scotland, of Switzerland, of Holland, and of New England, have been more moral than the same classes among other nations. Those who preached faith, or in other words, a pure mind, have always produced more popular virtue than those who preached good works, or the mere regulation of outward acts. The latter mode of considering Ethics, naturally gives rise to casuistry, especially when auricular confession makes it necessary for every confessor to have a system, according to which he can give opinion and advice to his penitent. The tendency of casuistry is to discover ingenious pretexts for eluding that rigorous morality and burdensome superstition, which, in the first ardour of religion, are apt to be established, and to discover rules of conduct more practicable by ordinary men in the common state of the world. The casuists first let down morality from enthusiasm to reason; then lower it to the level of general frailty, until it be at last sunk in loose accommodation to weakness, and even vice. The excess of fanatical exaggeration gives rise to casuistry. The abominations of laxity create a necessity for a firmer and higher-toned morality again. The Jesuits were the casuists of the seventeeth century. Pascal and the Jansenists were their natural enemies.

"18th.—Read one hundred pages of Schmidt's 'Moral Philosophy.' Glanced over Lord Orford's Letters for

the twentieth time. It is very difficult to lay them down."

Of the letters (the despatch of which is mentioned shortly above), two here follow. The first is admissible, if only as evidencing that active sympathy, with which he ever contemplated the advancement of the fortunes of a friend; especially when, as in the present case, it was coincident with that of the cause of learning and philosophy. The appointment of a new professor to the chair of modern history in the University of Cambridge, which occasioned it, has been already alluded to. The second was addressed, at a moment of great personal as well as political interest to one, who was then laying the foundations of a reputation, which has since reflected so much honour upon the English name amongst the nations of the East.

TO WILLIAM SMYTH, ESQ., CAMBRIDGE.

"*Bombay, 7th July*, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I heartily rejoice at your appointment to the professorship, though it be that of Gray; and I add, without any foolish intention to flatter you, and surely without any want of the deepest reverence for him, that it will be your own fault, if your lectures are no better than his could have well been. He was born thirty years too soon for the philosophy and criticism of modern history. His reflection was too exclusively employed on his art. He was a great artist, and a most various scholar; but he was scarcely an original thinker on historical and political subjects. You are come after Hume and Montesquieu; and let me venture strongly to recommend to you the books of Professor Millar—his excellent treatise 'On Ranks,' and even his tedious and unequal work 'On the English Government,' which contains at

least an excellent half volume of original matter. It will probably be information to you, that the Compendiums of Universal History, published in Germany, will furnish most useful models and materials. Of French books I know only two, but can recommend both: Koch, 'Revolutions du Moyen Age,' and Prevot d'Iray, 'Tableau de l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne.' The first is above all price.

"As you say that the composition of your lectures will occupy two or three years from last June, there is yet, perhaps, time to speak of your plan; and, to prove my sincerity, I shall hastily offer you a few hints.

"By modern history, I understand that portion of universal which relates to the European nations, from the taking of Constantinople to the French Revolution. As there are no natural lines of demarcation between ancient and modern times, the commencement must always, in some measure, be arbitrary. I choose the taking of Constantinople, because it was the destruction of the last state that had been a member of the ancient world. The Greek empire had been a contemporary of states which were contemporaries of the Athenian Republic. After its destruction, all was new.

"By universal history, I do not mean a collection of the histories of separate nations, though the uncritical compilers of our Universal History have used the words in that absurd manner. In this sense, there can be no universal history. The histories of France and England continue as separate as they were before, though they be printed in the same series of volumes. The universal history of modern Europe I conceive to be an account of such events as remarkably altered the position of European nations towards each other, or materially affected the whole of them, when considered as one society. All

occurrences of local and temporary importance are excluded; all events, merely extraordinary or interesting, which leave no permanent effects, can only be mentioned as they illustrate the spirit of the time. Nothing becomes the subject of universal history, but those events which alter the relations of the members of the European community, or its general condition, in wealth, civilisation, and knowledge. The details of national history no more belong to this subject than the particularities of English biography to the history of England.

"But though modern history opens with the taking of Constantinople, it will be naturally asked who the two belligerent parties on that occasion were; and as every work ought to be complete in itself, the lectures ought to answer that question, by giving an introductory view of the Mussulman power in the East, and the Teutonic nations in the West, whose character and struggles form the history of the Middle Age. Mahomet and Charlemagne (under whom the Germanic nations were civilised enough to form an extensive monarchy) are the principal figures of this period. Mahomet, by adopting three grand errors of Asiatic legislation,—the imprisonment of women, the incorporation of law into religion, and the religious and legal regulation of the detail of life,—rendered Arabian literature a mere ornament, and general improvement impossible. The people of the West were, in the ninth century, more barbarous, but they were more free; they had less knowledge, but they were at liberty to advance. As soon as their dialects had time to ripen into languages, we everywhere discover symptoms of a general movement of the human mind, which has never since been interrupted. About the same time, the cultivation of the Roman law—the beginning of vernacular poetry in Sicily, in Provence, in Swabia, in Normandy,

and in Scotland; the foundation of school philosophy, so grand an article in the history of the human understanding; not long after—the age of Petrarch and Chaucer—the discovery of the compass and of gunpowder.

"These two last discoveries naturally lead me to the division of that which is properly your subject, being, I think, closely connected with the first part of it.

"Modern history is divided into certain periods, each of which has a philosophical unity, from similarity of character, and from the uniformity of the causes at work, and the effects produced. It has also a sort of poetical unity, because it may be considered as the accomplishment of one great design, in which there is generally one hero distinguished above the other personages. These periods appear to be as follow:—

"I. from the taking of Constantinople to the reformation; connected with the two great discoveries above-mentioned. It is the age of great invention and progress;—gunpowder, the compass, printing, the opening of the whole surface of our planet by Columbus and De Gama—the discovery of discoveries, the parent of all future discoveries, and the guardian of all past—the discovery that every man might think for himself—the emancipation of the human understanding, under the appearance of a controversy about justification by faith, by Martin Luther.

"II. From the reformation to the peace of Westphalia—the age of religious wars. The object is the legal establishment of liberty of conscience, and the security of nations against the yoke of Austria. The hero is Gustavus Adolphus.

"III. From the peace of Westphalia to the peace of Utrecht. The character of the age is, that the understanding begins to turn its activity from theology to philosophy, in which great discoveries are made. Taste

and literature are cultivated. The object is to guard Europe against the power of France. The hero is King William.

"IV. From the treaty of Utrecht to the French Revolution; age of balanced power, national security, diffused knowledge, liberal principles, and mild manners; golden age of the civilised world. Taste, literature, and, comparatively speaking, even philosophy, are widely spread. This diffused civilisation tends to spread over the globe. Hence the colonial and commercial system; hence the appearance of Russia on the European theatre; and in a scientific age, a small power in the boldest and most thinking part of Germany, by mere science, becomes, for a time, a great military state. Philosophy is naturally applied to new subjects,—to history, to government, to commerce, to the subsistence and wealth of nations; the crisis of the colonial and commercial system, is seen in the two apparently opposite results of the independence of America and the conquest of India. At last, as prosperous commerce produces over-trading, to be corrected only by the ruin of individuals, so the advancement and diffusion of knowledge produced a fatal confidence in the extent of our political skill, and in the advances of the multitude in civilisation; hence the dreadful experiment of the French Revolution.

"The above is a hasty sketch of what seems to me the plan for a course of lectures on modern history. I shall be happy if it afford you the least assistance. At least it will prove my wish to do so.

"English politics are most vexatious. The politics of the rest of the world are desperate; and it seems very probable, that we shall be driven from hence home, if there be a home to receive us, by the French and the Russians in a year or two.

"I was much obliged by your forwarding my letter

to poor Hall, from whom it produced a most singular and very affecting answer. Farewell.

"Yours, most truly,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL MALCOLM *.

"*Bombay, July* 13, 1808.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,

* * * * *

"I thank you very much for the perusal of the papers. Nothing can be more able than your exposition of the progress of French intrigue in Persia, or more masterly than the sketch of the policy which you propose to pursue. A state, not accustomed to allow *resident ambassadors*, which in the midst of war receives such a *resident minister* from one of the belligerent powers, has already departed from the strict impartiality of a neutral state. A refusal to show the same favour to the opposite belligerent, would be a still wider departure. The deviation would assume a more unfriendly character, if it were in favour of a power which, having no ordinary political or commercial business to transact at the neutral Court, could have no motives of an inoffensive kind for sending the embassy. And, if it were at a time when projects of invasion against the dominions of the opposite belligerent were notoriously in agitation; if the embassy could, in common sense, have no object but that of engaging the neutral to promote or second the invasion; if reasonable evidence existed of a treaty for that purpose having already been executed; and if the officers of the belligerent power were employed to discipline the neutral army, and allowed to make surveys, which must have a military

* Then on an embassy in Persia.

nature, and which even the most favoured allies are seldom permitted to make; when all, or most of these circumstances are combined, it cannot be doubted that the neutral has forfeited his pretensions to that name and shown the most decisive indications of hostility. They certainly amount to a just cause of war. There is, therefore, no doubt that it is a just and moderate claim—to require from the neutral a public renunciation of all his hostile connexions, a practical disavowal of the acts which indicated enmity, and a return to the state in which he has for ages been in relation to both belligerents.

"Nor have I any doubt of the policy of your public declaration. I have told you why I think it just; and a firm tone is fully as necessary in situations of danger as of prosperity. You enter Persia with the only tone likely to make an impression. You call for large concessions, which leave sufficient room for negociation. You occupy ground, from part of which you may, in the sequel, safely retreat. You alarm the imaginations of the Persians, by a sort of ascending scale of punishments, adapted to the different degrees of enmity which they may show, proceeding from mere coldness, through various stages, to the utmost extremes of war. And it is certainly politic to *appear* anxious, and indeed determined, to have a speedy answer; because the want of such an appearance would be a confession of weakness. No declarations of your determination to demand an immediate decision can prevent you from afterwards permitting such delays, as circumstances may seem to you to render necessary and desirable. So much for your public language. As to the real question which you have to decide secretly in the cabinet council of your own understanding, whether delay in Persia be necessarily and universally against the interests of Great Britain, it is a question on

which you have infinitely greater means of correct decision than I can pretend to, even if I were foolish enough, on such matters, to aspire to any rivalship with a man of your tried and exercised sagacity.

"I should just venture in general to observe, that delay is commonly the interest of the power which is on the defensive. As long as the delay lasts it answers the purpose of victory, which, in that case, is only preservation. It wears out the spirit of enterprise necessary for assailants, especially such as embark in very distant and perilous attempts. It familiarises those who are to be attacked, with the danger, and allows the first panic time to subside. I must add that delay is generally the interest of the weaker party against the stronger. It affords a chance that circumstances may become more favourable; and to those who have nothing else in their favour, it leaves at least the 'chapter of accidents.' But after these general observations, it must be acknowledged that the selection of the favourable moment for pressing or postponing a decision, is a matter of practical prudence, dependent upon a thousand circumstances, which can never be reduced to general rules, and which often cannot be known two days before the time, or ten miles distant from the spot. You must be guided by your own vigorous sense, which, long trained in political negociations, has grown into a sort of instinct.

"The reason, as it appears to me, which induced you to think the time of your arrival a favourable period for urging Persia to immediate decision, was the change which had occurred in the relations between France and Russia. France could no longer obtain Georgia for the Persians by arms; and you very justly thought that nothing but the lowest state of degradation could induce Russia so far to violate every principle of her honour and policy, as to abandon a Christian province to the Maho-

metan yoke. These views of the subject were unquestionably very just; and the only question is, whether they comprehend every part of it? France has certainly lost her former means of throwing out a lure to the ambition of the Court of Tehraun. She cannot bribe them with Georgia. She has lost some advantage on this side. But has she gained more upon any other? If her war with Russia gave her the means of luring their ambition, does not her alliance with Russia give her most powerful means of exciting their fears? They have been uniformly vanquished by the Russians, and they know that the Russians have been pretty uniformly vanquished by the French. What will they not apprehend from the union of the two powers? What are they not likely to do to disarm their resentment? Have not the French gained quite as much on the side of terror, as they have lost on that of rapacity? And let it be considered that they have equivalents to offer, even as lures to ambition —the Pachalic of Bagdad — the Afghaun dominions. Neither is it impossible that they should contrive some compromise even on the apparently unmanageable subject of Georgia. The conquests in Armenia, Daghestan, &c., may be restored to the King of Persia, and the honour of Russia may be saved by the preservation of the kingdom of Heraclius.

"The French and Russians united would have the power of destroying Persia. The terror of their power is therefore a principle to which we can oppose no motive of equal force. As long as that union and that terror last, I should doubt the policy of pressing for a decision, which, according to the common principles of human nature, is so likely to be against us. This very business of Georgia may give rise to jealousies and suspicions destructive first of the cordiality, and then of the existence of the union. A thousand accidents may dissolve

it. Russia might become our friend; in that case it will not be denied, that the time would be more favourable than the present for calling on Persia for decision. I am far from saying that there might not be a disposition produced by disappointed ambition on the subject of Georgia so decisively hostile to France, that immediate advantage ought to be taken of it. What I doubt (for I presume to go no farther), is whether it be for our interest to force on the course of events in the present circumstances. You are a man of frank character and high spirit, accustomed to represent a successful and triumphant government. You must, from nature and habit, be averse to temporise. But you have much too powerful an understanding to need to be told, that to temporise is sometimes absolutely necessary, and that men of your character only can temporise with effect. When Gentz was in England in 1803 (during the peace) he said to me 'that we required the present system and the late ministers; for nothing required the reality and the reputation of vigour so much as temporising.'

"I have left myself little time to say anything more. The road by Latakia and Bagdad would be a probable course, were it not that the success of an expedition by that route must entirely depend on the accident of their eluding the British squadron in the Levant. But that consideration alone appears to me of sufficient weight to make the northern road the most likely, either by the Black Sea or Asia Minor, to Armenia, and from that country either into northern Persia, or into the Pachalic of Bagdad, or perhaps into both. It is true that the French army is in some measure dependent for its retreat on the Russians; but as long as there is a French army at Warsaw, Napoleon has, I fear, too good counter-pledges to secure his army in Asia against Russian hostility. Besides,

it is neither his character, nor the nature of the enterprise, to make very anxious provisions for retreat. The invasion of India must be an adventure, where the invaders trust to fortune and their swords, and burn their ships, or cut down the bridges behind them. A retreat must be considered as impossible. To take precautions against it would be to insure defeat. For this reason I should doubt whether the time required be quite so long, as you seem to think. A line of capitals will be the only communication of which he will take care to be master—at Constantinople and Tehraun.

"The state of animosity between Russia and Turkey is not, I conceive, indicative of any independent will on the part of the latter, but is suffered, or perhaps fomented by Buonaparte, either that he may interpose to dictate an accommodation, or that, if it proceeds to hostilities, he may join Russia, and, with some tolerable pretext, partition Turkey.

"On principles of general and permanent policy, it is, I suppose, our interest that the Euphrates and Tigris should be in the hands of a weak chief, like the Pacha of Bagdad, whom we could, according to circumstances, easily overawe or effectually support; and it is not our interest that they should be in the hands of a powerful prince, such as the king of Persia, who, being master of Bussora, would command both our intercourse with Europe, and our whole trade in the Persian Gulf. It is our permanent interest to maintain a sort of balance of power in that sea. But there may be motives of present safety too powerful and too urgent to leave room for the consideration of these somewhat remote dangers.

"I have been employed for six days in writing to Europe. I am to-morrow to open my sessions. I have now a severe headach. I hope, therefore, that you will

consider this long letter as some proof of my wish to deserve your confidence; and I know that you will consider its frankness as the surest mark of my esteem.

"Ever, my dear General,"

"Yours, most faithfully,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

We have seen with what anxiety Sir James looked for intelligence from his friends in England. The residence of his son-in-law and daughter at Bagdad—a seclusion, compared with which Bombay enjoyed the resources of a great capital—afforded to him in turn the opportunity of communicating to those, whose necessities (like Sir Philip Sidney's soldiers) were greater than his own, whatever of amusement and instruction had reached him in his tidings from home. In return, it was through Bagdad that news of what was passing on the continent of Europe, particularly at the seats of the war, reached him; accompanied, as it was sure to be, by a *Précis* of past events and present speculations, executed in a vein of political talent worthy of western diplomacy.

In much of Sir James's portion of this correspondence transpires the desire always pervading his mind, to lead the ductile contemplations of youth, not only to "visions of the fair and good," but to vigorous attempts at embodying them in active usefulness. In this last particular, his exhortations were, in the present instance, the more pointed and frequent; conscious as he was, that the uncommon mental endowments and brilliant acquirements of his young friend had not escaped from the companionship of a certain fastidious volatility of purpose; in which he, perhaps, recognised a reflection of a state of mind too familiar to his own memory. A letter, which he wrote to Bagdad shortly after the departure of Mr. Rich to the seat of his Residency, will probably be allowed to be of a

pleasing character. A few extracts from others follow it —dated for the first time from his new residence, situated at a nearer and a more convenient distance from the town of Bombay.

"*Parell, 8th March,* 1808.

"MY DEAR NEARCHUS *,—I hope that you have completed your navigation from the Sinthos to the Tigris, and reached Babylon in safety, but without meeting with Alexander; though it be very difficult to go any where without meeting the influence of his power or the terror of his arms. To speak plain English, we heard of the safe arrival of your squadron † at Muscat, on the 19th ult., and of the theatricals of the 'Albion,' in a letter from Seton to Newnham; and your laziness left us to conjecture, from his silence about you, that you had not been devoured by any of the sea-monsters that haunt the Erythrean sea.

"About this time we suppose you to have passed through the English flotilla on the Pasitigris, and to have reached the British camp, where, even in these days of discomfiture and disgrace, 'Field-Marshal' Manesty still maintains the ancient renown of Cressy and Agincourt ‡. If you are not (as I fear you are) more a cosmopolite than a patriot, you scarcely could tear yourself from a

* The name of Alexander's General, who preceded him in the same voyage.

† A seventy-four and two frigates, under the command of Captain Ferrier, had been ordered by the Bombay government to cruise between Bombay and Muscat in search of some French men-of-war, reported to have been seen in that direction.

‡ Mr. Manesty was the East India Company's Resident at Bussora. He was an amiable but eccentric man, and had persuaded himself that Buonaparte was on his march overland to attack India by the way of Arabia, and that Bussora was to be his Pultowa.

place so full of the glory of your country. But with your lukewarm patriotism I suppose you, in a week more, to embark in the Nebuchadnezzar, and about the beginning of April, to seat M——. on the throne of Semiramis. We have been, and shall be travelling with you through all the stages of your progress; and I assure you that you never had either a more constant attendant or a kinder companion than my fancy.

"Our tranquillity, after our first deliverance from your *rantipolism*, required some patience to endure. We all, including F——, wished often for the '*freschi jabber**;' and though, while you were here,

> 'We wished you full ten times a day at old Nick,—
> Yet, missing your mirth and agreeable vein,
> As often we wished to have *Rich* back again.'

Even 'Serena'† is agitated when she speaks of 'M—s Bungalow,' and F—— remembers it for 'many a dish of fun.' Our regret at a permanent separation would be so sincere, that we have seen too much of you;—if we are not to see much more. I know not where your fancy now chooses her asylum from Buonaparte—whether you 'brood o'er Egypt with your watery wings,' and are still attracted by the sonorous name of Abumandour, or whether you turn your mind to the throne of Belus and Chosroes. Wherever you are, in reality or in idea, be assured that you will have friends among the fugitives of the upper Missouri‡.

"We received, the other day, sets of English news-

* Mr. Rich frequently, in conversation, made use of the Italian expression "*siamo freschi*," from whence he got the nickname of '*Freschi-Jabber*," among Sir James's younger children.

† A mild and gentle child, whom he thus distinguished.

‡ Where was his own fancied retreat from Buonaparte, at that time just beginning his destructive career.

papers by our ships arrived at Madras, which explain the details of the progress of destruction from July to the middle of September. The dreadful battle of Friedland, on the 20th June, produced an interview between Alexander and Buonaparte, which ended in the peace of Tilsit, on the 9th July. Buonaparte, as usual, so mixed wheedling with menaces, that Alexander half persuaded himself, that he was triumphant, when he was most humiliated. Indeed the situation threatened so loudly, that the conqueror had only to wheedle. He persuaded Alexander to offer his mediation for a peace with England. He flattered him with the idea of reviving the principle of the armed neutrality, the favourite scheme of the great Catherine. The mediation was such as he knew must lead to a part in hostilities; and the weak mind of Alexander naturally took refuge in the idea of dictating a maritime peace to England, as a consolation for having a continental peace dictated to him by France. Ill success had discredited the measures of the English, or more properly the anti-Gallican, party then in administration at Petersburgh. The weak Prince thought he should be safe if he changed those who had been unfortunate. The French party, now recruited by fear and selfishness, were called into power, and they confirmed the illusion of their sovereign. He has now lost all foreign influence, and his future wars must be in defence of his snows.

* * * * *

"The prospect on the side of America is gloomy. The number of British cruisers on the coasts, and in the harbours of that country, was a sure source of vexation and quarrel. All maritime force, especially one so long triumphant as the British, is apt to be insolent; and it was in the order of nature that quarrels should be frequent between seamen and the populace of sea-ports;

particularly when they both speak the same language without being of the same nation. Some sailors, said by the Americans to be originally their countrymen, had deserted, or escaped from the British ships of war; and Admiral Berkeley was so provoked at some mobbish triumphal processions, as to give orders for taking these deserters, or fugitives, by force from a frigate of the United States. They were so taken; and the President of the United States issued a proclamation, in consequence, forbidding all armed British ships from entering American ports; with the professed hope, however, that this measure might not only preclude the necessity, but even prevent the occasions, of hostility—which, on our part, it must be owned it would be rather inconvenient for England to commence against the country which is the only market for her commodities, or the only channel by which they can flow into other countries. These are all our news down to the 13th September.

"As I was writing to you, part of whose profession it is to make good *Précis*, I have abridged the news. You of course will not abridge so much, nor will you intersperse so many reflections; though I, considering my general habit, have been remarkably sparing of them.

"And now, my dear Rich, allow me, with the liberty of warm affection, earnestly to exhort you to exert every power of your mind in the duties of your station. There is something in the seriousness, both of business and of science, of which your vivacity is impatient. The brilliant variety of your attainments and accomplishments does, I fear, flatter you into the conceit, that you may indulge your genius, and pass your life in amusement; while you smile at those who think, and at those who act. But this would be weak and ignoble. The success of your past studies ought to show you how much you

may yet do, instead of soothing you with the reflection, how much you have done.

'Think nothing gained, he cries, till nought remain,'

ought to be your motto.

"Habits of seriousness of thought and action are necessary to the duties, to the importance, and to the dignity of human life. What is amiable gaiety at twenty-four, might run the risk, if it was unaccompanied by other things, of being thought frivolous and puerile at forty-four. I am so near forty-four, that I can give you pretty exact news of that dull country; which, though it be almost as bad as 'Yankee land*,' yet ought to interest you, as you are travelling towards it, and must pass through it.

* * * * *

"I very much wish you to adhere, as much as circumstances will allow, to the order of study which I sketched in the paper I gave you soon after your arrival at Parell. I hope you will profit by my errors. I was once ambitious to have made you a much improved edition of myself. If you had stayed here, I should have laboured to do so in spite of your impatience; as it is, I heartily pray that you may make yourself something much better. You have excellent materials; and, with all your love of the fine arts, you will, I am sure, acknowledge, that the noblest of them all is the art of forming a vigorous, healthy, and beautiful mind. It is a work of unwearied care; which must be constantly retouched through every part of life. But the toil becomes every day more pleasant, and the success more sure. I have much too good an opinion of you, and too warm a solicitude for your happi-

* Alluding to his correspondent's dislike to America.

ness, to make any apology for moralising. I do not think I ever can write to you without a little preaching. '*Il est permis d'ennuyer en morale d'ici jusqu'à Constantinople.*' You never will be so perfect, as I know you might be; and as I, therefore, shall always be, in some measure, dissatisfied at your not being.

"Bombay supplies little news; and, such as they are, I believe M— will tell them to M—. General ——— died one morning at the military board,—the only military death to which a Bombay General is likely to be exposed. The claims of all the other Generals came into play, '*soldats sous Alexandre, Rois après sa mort.*'

"Lord Minto has given Malcolm a commission to Persia, with authority over all the Residencies in the Gulf of Persia. Malcolm is coming round here in Sir E. Pellew's ship; but, as Sir Harford Jones may, with royal credentials, be before-hand with him, it is possible that he will not go beyond Bombay. If he goes, I shall write to you by him.

"I forgot to give M— the German Dictionary; and, small as my hopes are of her and you, in that department, send it by the 'Eliza,' that the German books in her '*Bibliothèque*' may not be a mockery. Let me recommend, rather earnestly, the list of books I gave you, before I went to Malabar. I shall expect Hartley and Price soon back, with your observations upon them. I have ordered out a box of books for you from England.

"Write to me very often, and very long letters.

"Farewell, my dear Rich,

"Blessing and love to poor M—,

"J. M."

" *Tarala* (*a Sanscrit compound, denoting Palm Green*),
" *Sunday*, 11*th September*, 1808.

" MY DEAR RICH,—I meant on the present occasion to have written you a long and elaborate letter; but as Johnson would say, 'What are the purposes of man? I have been disappointed by those Sunday visiters, who are accustomed to disturb even the distant tranquillity of Parell.'

" The bustle of removal has left me scarce a quiet or unoccupied moment for the last fortnight. I was most unseasonably called to hold a court yesterday; and I was therefore obliged to put off, till Sunday, my letter to you, though I foresaw the interruptions to which I might be exposed. They have been so frequent, and the visitations so long, that I have only the dregs of my mind, and of the afternoon, left. Such as they are you must take them.

* * * * *

" You are, in this respect, more fortunate; as I hope you will be in all others. You came here so early as to have made few sacrifices of friendship and society at home. You can afford a good many years for making a handsome fortune, and still return *home* young. You do not feel the force of the word quite so much as I could wish; but for the present let me hope that the prospect of coming to one who has such an affection for you as I have, will give your country some of the attractions of home. If you can be allured to it by the generous hope of increasing the enjoyments of my old age, you will soon discover in it sufficient excellencies to love and admire; and it will become to you, in the full force of the term, a home.

"I long to hear some particulars of your progress in business and in study.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the investigation in the neighbourhood of Hilla by Pietro della Valle, Niebuhr and Beauchamp, much remains to be done respecting the antiquities of Babylon. Major Rennell (Geography of Herodotus, p. 338) says, that 'the position and extent of the city walls might probably be ascertained even at this day, as both the rampart and the ditch must have left visible traces. The delineation and description of the site and remains, would prove one of the most curious pieces of antiquity that has been exhibited in modern times*.' This is an object worthy of your curiosity and talents. Your talent for drawing will be of important service. A place called Makloube, or *topsy-turvy*, according to Beauchamp, about a league north of Hilla, contains the greatest mass of ruins. There earthen vessels, engraved marbles, and even a statue as large as life, have been found. What invaluable antiquities there would be if you could find any such! Makloube or Babel, Broussa, and Kaides, or Al Kadder, are said, by Beauchamp, to have remarkable ruins. The last is in the desert; and travellers appear to have been hitherto deterred from going to it. The western side of the Euphrates, containing so large a part of the ancient city, and, among other remarkable edifices, the palace, appears to have been little, if at all, explored. Pietro della Valle and Beauchamp have chiefly examined the eastern, and particularly the great mass of ruins, supposed to be the tower of Belus.

"Do not forget the Epic poem of the Arabs. It is far more important that you should give an account of it

* The two 'Memoirs on Babylon,' subsequently published by Mr. Rich, which so fully accomplished this object, are well known to all interested in the study of Eastern antiquities.

to the public, than that a copy should slumber on the shelves of the East India Company's library. Do not neglect the Chaldees and the Courdish language.

* * * * *

"I suppose that M— has mentioned all the Bombay news; and that she has given you a description of Tarala, especially of the library, which it is very little exaggeration to call magnificent. It is so delightful a room that it requires all the repulsive powers of India to drive me from it. My books must not be again so lodged. I do not know how they will feel when they are degraded, as I fear they must be in two years, to a dark back parlour in London. Erskine still ministers in the temple of tranquillity.

"I wrote to M— lately. I have now only to send my love and blessings to you both."

15th Sept.

"Though it is only four days since I wrote you a long, though very hurried letter; yet as there is now an opportunity of sending the letter for you, just arrived from England, I hasten to add to it some little contributions towards your amusement; and I gladly take every occasion of assuring you of my most affectionate remembrance. The letter was by the 'Alexander,' which arrived here the evening before last. 'The Ambigus' contain some interesting reports on the progress of science, especially one by Cuvier, which is admirable. The commercial report, at the end of the 'Athenæum,' contains a very neat abstract of the most forcible objections to the strange commercial experiment made by our 'Orders in Council.' Notwithstanding the short time which we have had for the perusal, I should have sent you a set of London newspapers, if I had not been fearful that neither you or M— feel any interest about British transactions. I am sorry that neither of you feel so strong

an interest as I wish you to do. I wish, for my sake, you would learn to feel a little more. I shall probably send you some by next opportunity, by way of experiment.

"My friend Sharp, of whom you perhaps, and M— certainly, have often heard me speak, has greatly distinguished himself, by an excellent speech against the Copenhagen expedition in the House of Commons, on the 23rd of March.

"Ireland is, I fear, dreadfully *Frenchified*, and almost ready for general insurrection, on the appearance of Buonaparte's troops.

* * * * *

"I shall not plague you with any more admonitions, nor importune you by inquiring into the progress of your business or studies; of which I hope I shall soon have satisfactory reports.

"General Spencer is said to have gone with a British force to re-occupy Egypt, at least Alexandria. As Buonaparte seems at present to think of the partition of Turkey, there may be a short interval of peace, or even alliance, between us and Turkey, previous to the final annihilation of the Ottoman empire. I think it is not improbable that the Pachalic of Bagdad may be given to Persia, as a compensation for Georgia, &c. I wish you to keep in view that, and many other possible cases, which render it highly expedient for you to be always prepared for a rapid retreat. Pasley* was very nearly made prisoner at Shirauz. Your vigilance, and the help of the 'Nebuchadnezzar†,' will, I hope, protect you from a similar fate. Do not slight this advice.

"Erskine breakfasted here this morning. He always thinks of you most kindly."

* Captain Charles Pasley, attached to the mission in Persia.

† The yacht attached to the Residency.

* * * * *

"*28th Sept.*

"Though I have written to you twice within the fortnight, and, consequently, can have very little to say; yet partly for the sake of rule,—never to let a vessel go without a letter—and partly,—indeed much more, to express the pleasure which I received from your letters of July and August, I now sit down to write what must be a hurried letter, as I have only two hours' notice of the sailing of the 'Fury.'

"Your letters gave me the greatest pleasure. I was delighted to find, that you had so soon discovered such a mine of European intelligence, and that you had worked it so judiciously. All your abridgments of news were perfectly well done.

* * * * *

"I hope you do nothing in your zeal to communicate with Malta and Constantinople, which can attract the attention of the Turks, and still more of the French, to your measures. Infinite caution is necessary to elude the vigilance of the last, which will be naturally roused by the arrival of a new English Resident at Bagdad. They will not suppose that you are come to explore the ruins of Babylon. I wish you had told me the particulars of your machinery, that I might have employed a few hours of my tranquil rides on Sir Charles*, in meditating on the dangers to which it is most exposed, and on the means by which it might be secured and improved.—Do so still, it may not be too late.

"I observe, with pleasure, that you can smile at our apprehensions for your security. Far be it from me to

* Sir James's riding horse, which, from its colour, he called Sir Charles Grey.

fill your mind with unnecessary gloom; but I must say, that the mere calm, or even cheerfulness of the scene around you, is no sufficient security against the perils, which I only wish you to guard against, without painfully apprehending. If ever such danger were to come, it must come suddenly; and the moment before must be as calm and cheerful as any other part of life. You know long before this time the details of the conspiracy to seize Pasley; and you also know the insidious proposal made to him to disgrace himself and his nation in such a manner, as would have furnished the most specious pretexts for his imprisonment, if not for something more. This was in the midst of civility and apparent friendship. You know how much Turks differ from Persians; and you must see that the French are perfectly willing to avail themselves of the perfidy and barbarity of these oriental allies. General Malcolm will now return to the Gulf, and may adopt measures, which will not diminish the necessity of vigilance and caution on your part.

* * * * *

"I rejoice that M— takes exercise, and that she despises foolish prejudice enough to court health even by bestriding a donkey in a Turkish dress. I earnestly expect her to continue the exercise of the mind and body, and thus to preserve the health and increase the strength of both. We are delighted at the account you both give of your life. It is so reasonable, that it deserves to be happy, as I heartily hope it will long continue to be.

"We are very agreeably settled in our new house, and Lady M. has hitherto almost entirely escaped her autumnal enemy*. I have great hopes she will weather

* Intermittent fever.

the season. In about six weeks I shall probably take an excursion to Hyderabad, and perhaps to Calcutta, if I find it possible to return within a tolerable time.

* * * * *

"I send Vauvenargues. Pray read him frequently, and master him thoroughly. Some of his remarks, both on life and literature, are most admirable. Whatever part of the world may be my residence, nothing shall ever be wanting on my part, which can contribute to your solid comfort or temporary amusement.

"I am very much pleased, both with the news contained in your two last despatches, and with your manner of conveying it. Your *Précis* were both very good, especially that of November 15th. In general, the result of your last intelligence is, that the Spaniards have behaved nobly, but that Europe has not answered their call. Their insurrection had lasted four months without a finger wagged on the continent to support them. Without continental support, they must be crushed. Their example does not seem to have produced a mutinous movement in a single parish of the Corsican empire. Buonaparte seems to have completely duped the Emperor of Russia. The moment for action is suffered to pass away. Buonaparte will amuse the northern powers with as many pacific professions and offers as they please, till he subdues the poor Spaniards. Then the turn of the north will come. I know not who your informant is at Constantinople, but he certainly flatters when he says that Adair's entry was prevented only by the sedition; for it appears by Latour Maubourg's* letter, that Adair had been waiting a month at the Dardanelles for admission. It appears to me that the Porte is afraid either to receive or to dismiss

* The French ambassador to the Porte.

him. They were dissatisfied with France for not having delivered them from Russia, and hold out Adair to the French, to stimulate their interference with Russia. They wait for events; and will ultimately receive or dismiss Adair, according to the course of things in Europe.

"Before I quit the despatches let me tell you, that 'meet your approbation' is a slang phrase, not fit for public despatches or letters; and that 'sincerely hope,' though a common, is an incorrect expression. Sincerity belongs to the expression of feelings, not to the feelings themselves. A man may declare or promise sincerely, but he cannot sincerely love or hate, hope or fear. In these cases, he may be sincere in his *professions* of love or hatred, of hope or fear; but the *feelings* themselves have nothing to do with sincerity or insincerity.

* * * * * *

"I must postpone writing to Paris till the next vessel. Upon my answer, or upon Adair's negociations, it must depend, whether I shall venture overland; and upon that must depend, whether I shall see you before our meeting in England. At any rate, I shall always remain, my dear Rich, most faithfully and affectionately yours."

"*29th March*, 1809.

"We received, about three weeks ago, your most welcome private and public communications. The long-suspended mark of *Zeitung* on the Frankfort journals, so valuable, though so scanty, and so slavish, once more rejoiced my *Quidnunc* heart, and gave me hopes that you may be able to send me a set for myself, during the remainder of my stay in India, which I hope may be short. The peace with Turkey has now given me very serious thoughts of going by Bagdad and Constantinople. I have now great hopes of being

relieved between September and December, though I shall have no decisive information till the arrival of the Bombay and China Fleet in the end of May. I have now time, and no more than time, to receive from you such exact and detailed intelligence respecting the journey from Bagdad to Constantinople, as might finally determine my choice.

* * * * *

"We had thoughts of sending poor M—* to you on a visit, which was not quite voluntary. She has had very alarming symptoms of an attack on her chest, which, in Dr. Kier's opinion, make it dangerous for her to *monsoon it* here. In looking out for a dry climate, as moisture is the grand mischief, we naturally thought of Bagdad, and we had almost determined that Miss J— and M— should be carried to Bussora in the 'Prince of Wales;' and from Bussora, under Joshua Allen's convoy, to Bagdad. But a fortnight in the yacht has wonderfully improved her health; and General Malcolm makes a terrible report of the inconveniences, and even hazards, of a voyage up the Tigris in the end of May. Dr. Kier has therefore this morning changed her destination to Madras; whither she will probably sail with the Malcolms in about a fortnight.

* * * * *

"I send you the 'Dizzionario Istorico,' twenty-eight volumes; which, besides being a convenient book of reference, will be Italian prose, and help to keep M— in exercise. The box will likewise contain 'Corinne,' which I hope will charm you.

"I have such hopes of conversing with you, in nine or ten months, about your literary projects, that I shall not think it necessary to say any thing of them at pre-

* His second daughter.

sent. Both I and General Malcolm think your paper on Turkish diplomacy excellent."

The following letters, addressed to two old and valued friends, will be the last with which the reader's attention will be tried.

TO MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, NORWICH.

"*Bombay, Oct. 10th*, 1808.

"MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOR,—I rejoice that Montagu's kind, though unauthorised importunity, has procured me the pleasure of a second letter from you. I know the value of your letters. They rouse my mind on subjects which interest us in common—friends, children, literature, and life. Their moral tone cheers and braces me. I ought to be made permanently better by contemplating a mind like yours, which seems more exclusively to derive its gratifications from its duties, than almost any other. Your active kindness is a constant source of cheerfulness; and your character is so happily constituted, that even the misfortunes of those who are dear to you, by exciting the activity of your affection, almost heal the wounds which they would otherwise have inflicted. The gladness naturally produced by the efforts of ingenious and active kindness, is the balm appointed to be poured into the wounds of sympathy. This is one of the most beautiful processes exhibited by the healing force of nature. It leaves barren sensibility without remedy, and reserves the cure for useful kindness. Selfishness, foolish and shallow, knows no such joys. Indolent pity is not worthy of them. They are to be enjoyed only by industrious benevolence, which requires a vigorous understanding and a decisive character.

"Nothing short of your letter could have betrayed

me into this strain. It would now, I believe, be ridiculed under the name of sentiment. The dreadful disappointment of the French Revolution, and the reaction of the general mind produced by it, have made many things unpopular besides liberty. Coarseness and barbarity seem to be eagerly sought, in order to be as far as possible from the refinement and humanity which were fashionable before the Revolution. Cruelty and perfidy are praised as vigour; the fall of governments is ascribed to their benevolence instead of their feebleness; the stability of tyranny is not imputed to the firmness and vigour which the tyrant too often has, but to his ferocity; the beneficence of individuals is laughed at as hypocritical or visionary; that of men in authority is condemned as a prelude to anarchy. Eloquence is rejected as the talent of demagogues; and all observations on the feelings which are the finer springs of action, especially if they be written or spoken with sensibility, are sneered at as sentiment. As to philosophy, indifference is succeeding to metaphysical enthusiasm, even in Germany. The arts which produce beauty cannot exist, as you observe most justly, without the dignity of moral sentiment. War, the physical sciences, and the mechanical arts, seem likely to be left. This will be rather a homely state of society. No sentiment of a powerful and grand sort seems to gain ground but devotion. You will see in the wonderful 'Corinne,' how the reaction drives Frenchmen of letters to a poetical religion; and Mr. Taylor* will tell you, that in Germany there are many symptoms of a mystical philosophy. Our men of letters in England show no marks of becoming devout, but the devout are becoming lettered. In 'Foster's Essays' and the 'Eclectic Review,'

* William Taylor, Esq.

you see the devout, who now number among them more refined and instructed members, are calling in the dangerous aid of literature. Foster and Hall are unquestionably men of genius.—But whither am I rambling? I see Europe faintly at this vast distance, and I presume to sketch a miniature of its mental tendencies to so near and so sagacious an observer.

"Both Lady M. and myself sympathise entirely with Mrs. Opie *. She (I mean Lady M.) has at least taught me to feel what I lose in separation from affection and intellect, and she is generous enough to consider me in the same light. Assure Mrs. Opie of our sympathy. Her grief will be deprived of its bitterness by her mild and cheerful nature; and she will find the most powerful resource in her charming talents; but I do not expect that she should ever cease to think with tenderness of such a mind, as that to which she was associated.

"If I had been a little more acquainted with Mrs. Barbauld, I should have written to her †. If I could have spoken any consolation, it would have been only payment of a long arrear of instruction and pleasure for thirty years. In another sense, it would have been but the payment of a debt. I could have said little but what I learned from herself. If ever there was a writer whose wisdom is made to be useful in the time of need, it is Mrs. Barbauld. No moralist has ever more exactly touched the point of the greatest practicable purity, without being lost in exaggeration, or sinking into meanness. She has cultivated a philosophy which will raise and animate her, without refining it to that degree,

* This alludes to the death of Mr. Opie, 9th of April, 1807.

† Probably on the unfortunate aberration of intellect under which her husband was then suffering.

when it is no longer applicable to the gross purposes of human life, and when it is too apt to evaporate in hypocrisy and ostentation. Her observations on the moral of 'Clarissa' are as fine a piece of mitigated and rational stoicism as our language can boast of: and she who has so beautifully taught us the folly of inconsistent expectations and complaints, can never want practical wisdom under the sharpest calamities. Mental disease is perhaps the subject on which topics of consolation are the most difficult to be managed. Yet I have been engaged since my arrival here in a very singular, and not altogether unsuccessful, correspondence with poor Hall, formerly of Cambridge, on the subject of his own insanity. With Mrs. B.'s firmer and calmer philosophy, I should think it easy to teach the imagination habitually to consider the evil only as a bodily disease, of which the mental disturbance is a mere symptom. That this habit deprives insanity of its mysterious horrors, is obvious enough from the instance of febrile delirium, which fills us with no more horror than any other morbid appearance, because we steadily and constantly consider it as an effect. The horrible character of the disease seems much to depend on its being considered as arising from some secret and mysterious change in the mind, which, by a sort of noble superstition, is exalted above vulgar corporeal organs. Whoever firmly regards it as the result of physical causes, will spare himself much of this horror, and acquire the means of being useful to the sufferer. My advice may be useless, but I should wish my sympathy known to Mrs. Barbauld. It is the privilege of such excellent writers to command the sympathy of the distant and unborn. It is a delightful part of their fame; and no writer is more entitled to it than Mrs. Barbauld.

"I told you in my last, of my eldest daughter's agreeable marriage. She is overflowing with happiness in her solitude at Bagdad, and scarcely envies Zobeide in the first fervour of Haroun al Raschid's passion.

"I congratulate you, not formally, but heartily, on your eldest daughter's marriage; and I beg you will offer my congratulations to Dr. R. and to her.

"I can still trace William Taylor by his Armenian dress, gliding through the crowd in Annual Reviews, Monthly Magazines, Athenæums, &c., rousing the stupid public by paradox, or correcting it by useful and seasonable truth. It is true that he does not speak the Armenian, or any other language but the *Taylorian;* but I am so fond of his vigour and originality, that for his sake, I have studied and learned his language. As the Hebrew is studied for one book, so is the Taylorian by me for one author. He never designs to write to me but in print. I doubt whether he has many readers who so much understand, relish, and tolerate him; for which he ought to reward me by some manuscript esoterics. He will feel for me, when you tell him, that since December, 1806, I have no 'Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung.' My provisions are cut off. A thousand thanks to Sayers for his letters, always most acceptable, though he still remains in the stye of Toryism.

"I have left myself not a moment or a line for European or Indian politics. Of the last I shall only say, that in the connexion of England with India, the good appears to me much more easily separable from the evil, than is usual in human affairs. The good arises from the superior morality of the European race in its lowest degeneracy; the evil from an accursed commercial and political monopoly.

"Write to me often, my dear friend. Receive

Lady M.'s best and kindest wishes for your welfare, that of Mr. Taylor, and your whole family; as well as those of

"Yours, most faithfully,

"JAMES MACKINTOSH."

TO CHARLES BUTLER, ESQ., LINCOLN'S INN.

"*Bombay, January 16th*, 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was very much gratified by the mark of your remembrance, which was brought to me by Mr. White. I know your active curiosity, and I feel the greatest wish to satisfy such a disposition in general, but certainly much more when it is the curiosity of a person whom I respect so much as you. I have small means of information on subjects peculiarly oriental. To be an orientalist requires a profound knowledge of several most difficult languages, as a preliminary attainment. It requires afterwards the labour of a life devoted to the study of the history, manners, sciences, and arts, not of one nation only, but of a body of nations. I was too much advanced in life, my habits were too much formed, and I had too many other objects of pursuit, and projects at least of study, to make the necessary sacrifice. A smattering of Indian learning was not worth pursuit;—a sufficient stock would have cost too much. But I have laboured to excite and direct a general spirit of inquiry among those, whose only contributions to the increase of knowledge must be derived from Eastern stores. I have endeavoured to spread the general maxims of historical criticism, which seem to have been hitherto as much forgotten in Indian inquiries, as they were by O'Flaherty and Keating. I circulated a plan for a comparative

vocabulary of Indian languages, with a view chiefly to determine whether they were all of one family, or whether the Sanscrit, which is to be found in all, might not be a foreign addition, at least to some of them. I was not very well seconded in this plan; but the object has been, in a great measure, attained, with respect at least to the Southern Indian languages, by Mr. Ellis*, of the Madras establishment, a gentleman of extraordinary talents, and unrivalled Indian learning. He seems to have clearly ascertained that the Tamul (the language vulgarly spoken at Madras, and called by us Malabars,) is the parent of all the languages to the south of the Nerbudda, and the Mahanaddy in Cuttack; that the Sanscrit words which are to be found in all these southern languages, are foreigners naturalised; that in the countries where these languages are spoken, the religion of Buddha was the original religion; and that Braminism, with the Sanscrit language, came at a later period from the north. The same observations have been made by Dr. Leyden, now of Calcutta, whose talent for observing the resemblance in the general features and physiognomy of languages, and tracing their descent by their family likeness, is perhaps unparalleled. In the temples to the south, it appears that there are genealogies of the principal dynasties preserved, which contain a sort of skeleton of the history of the Peninsula, supported by inscriptions, nearly as far back as the Christian Æra. In the north, either we have not been so diligent, or the longer and more perfect establishment of the Mussulman power has more perfectly obliterated all traces of Hindû history; for there we have yet nothing between the times that are purely fabulous, and the Mahometan conquest. With

* The late Francis Ellis, Esq.

respect to men of common sense, there is no history of Northern India before the Mahometans. I should not, however, despair of recovering something, if Ellises and Leydens were to examine the languages and traditions, especially in the Rajpoot countries*.

"You ask me about the numerals. I can only say that numerals, evidently the same with the Arabic, are used in all the MSS. now extant of the books supposed to be most ancient. But this is not absolutely decisive. The nature of this climate scarcely allows the existence of an ancient MS. One of the most ancient† was of a book ascribed to Zoroaster, written in Zend, A.D. 1517, which I sent with some Sanscrit and Pehlavi MSS. to the library of the 'London Institution,' and which were taken, and carried to the Isle of France. The numerals might have been adopted by modern copiers; but this is only a possibility: and the Arabs themselves profess to have borrowed their numerals from the Hindûs; at least I find it so stated in Dr. Wallis' Algebra, p. 9, and Mr. Greaves, 'de Siglis Arabum,' both which works I only know from the Philosophical Transactions, in which is a letter from Mr. Gulstone to Mr. Ward, quoting the authority of Wallis and Greaves for this confession of the Arabs. The Hindûs certainly are acquainted with Algebra; but whether they have received it from the Mahometans‡, we must learn from a comparison of their Algebra with that of the Arabian mathematicians, which has not, I believe, yet been made.

* He lived to see this desideratum supplied by the industry of Colonel Tod.

† In this he had been misinformed, as many MSS. of much older date exist, both in Asia and Europe.

‡ This appears to have been decided in the negative, by the subsequent researches of Mr. Colebrooke.

"A young medical man, Dr. Taylor, moderately well acquainted with Sanscrit, is now employed, under my direction, in translating one of the common treatises on logic. They use syllogism, as we know, among other sources, from the '*Lettres Edifiantes*,' which you mention. If their logic should be exactly the same with the Peripatetic, there will be reason to believe that they have taken it from the Mahometans, who have the whole Aristotelian philosophy. But if there should be material differences, which, from what I have seen, I conjecture will prove to be the case, the high antiquity of Sanscrit science, though not its precise periods, may be as safely inferred from their possessing a peculiar system of artificial logic, as if the disputed questions respecting their astronomy were finally decided. On these questions I am not worthy to venture an opinion. The Edinburgh Reviewer, who attacks Bentley*, is, I believe, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, now Professor at Hertford College—a Sanscrit scholar of the highest eminence, whose catalogue of the Sanscrit MSS. in the great French library, has, I observe, been published at Paris. Mr. Erskine, of this place, a man of science, as well as an Indian scholar, inclines to the opinion of Bentley.

"I read with very great pleasure last year the 'Revolutions of the Empire of Charlemagne.' It is one of those clear and instructive abridgments which are so uncommon in English literature. Perhaps the best way of showing my opinion of it is to mention one or two specks, which might be easily removed in the succeeding editions, which must be numerous. Why Alphons*us* and Rudolf*us*, instead of Alphonso and Rudolf? This is one of the remains of that disgraceful ignorance of continental languages among our writers

* John Bentley, Esq.—see his Essay, Asiatic Researches, vol. vi.

in the last century, who know foreigners only by their Latinised names. In a book of Mr. Dallaway's, the other day I was puzzled by finding some mention of one Abbot Suggerius; and it was some time before I could recognise my old friend, the Abbé Suger. 'Unpropertied,' 'pretendant,' 'coalised,' &c., are words of more than doubtful Anglicism. In the account of the French Revolution, the Royal Session and the oath at the '*Jeu de Paume*,' are placed after the union of the three orders. They happened before it, and you will find, on reconsidering the facts, that this insertion of them is not trivial. The weight allowed to Barruel is what I should most wish you to reconsider. Do your authorities support the assertion? Condorcet only proves that there was a *co-operation*—not that there was a *conspiracy;* and that bold writers will seek to shelter themselves from the power which they attack. Mallet du Pan only proves a conspiracy of revolutionists, but not a conspiracy of writers, fifty years before. On the contrary, he has a particular essay on the subject, evidently directed against Barruel. He is very justly indignant at the attack on Montesquieu, and with equal reason laughs at the idea of Voltaire being a republican. The '*Doutes*' of the Abbé Mably seemed to me a just attack on the politics of the economists (*despotisme legale*), and a weak attack on their economical system. But how does it prove any conspiracy? I have not yet read the other book of Mably, to which you refer. Have you not seen the book on the Templars, by Grouvelle? You know that Bossuet and Arnauld believed their innocence—some authority.

"I know not how soon I may be permitted to bend my steps westward. Among the pleasures of my native land, I consider the friendship and society of worthy and rational men as the first. You may therefore judge how

gladly I shall renew my intercourse with you; but, in the meantime, I hope you will not drop the correspondence thus begun.

"My family enjoy tolerable health. Lady M. desires me to offer her best remembrances to you, Mrs. Butler and family, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave, when you see them. I beg to be included in these remembrances, and I ever am,

"My dear Sir,

"Respectfully and faithfully yours,

"J. MACKINTOSH."

CHAPTER IX.

TOUR IN THE DECKAN — POONAH — BEEJAPOOR — CALBERGA — GOLCONDA — HYDERABAD—COURT OF THE NIZAM—DEATH OF MEER ALLUM—BEEDER—WYRAAG—TENT ROBBED—PATUS—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE reader will not, perhaps, be sorry to quit, for a short period, the desk and the study, to accompany our traveller on one of those excursions on the neighbouring continent, which commonly occupied the cold seasons. These having been but slightly touched upon, it may not be improper to devote the present chapter to a pretty copious selection from a diary of a journey, which he made towards the conclusion of the year 1808 into the Deckan. His design, on this occasion, was to visit his friend, Captain Sydenham, at Hyderabad, and, in going or returning, to examine the remains of the capitals of the old kingdoms of the Deckan. He accordingly proceeded from Poonah to Beejapoor, the capital of the Adil-Shahi dynasty, and thence went on to Calberga, the old capital of the Bahminiah kings. He visited Golconda, the seat of the Kutub-Shahi princes, and on his return passed through Beeder, the second capital of the Bahminiahs. This carried him considerably out of the beaten track, by a route then, at least, little frequented.

In this journey, his attention was chiefly turned to the structure of Indian society, the quality of the population, and of the castes into which it was divided; the hereditary and other officers of districts and villages; the degree

of protection afforded by the Government, and the tenure of landed property. The speculations of Colonel Wilks had directed his attention to these important topics, and he was desirous of discovering how far the observations made in the south of India were applicable to the present state of the Deckan. This led him into minute inquiries at every village where he rested, concerning the number of persons of each caste; their religion or sect; the number and rights of village officers; the rent of land, as well as the supposed right in the soil. "In this excursion he thought," as he afterwards expressed himself, "that he had gained more of the sort of Indian knowledge of which he was in pursuit, than he could have done in five years' reading; and the result was a firm conviction, that the first blessing to be wished to the inhabitants of India was, that a civilised conqueror might rescue them from their native oppressors, and that they would find better masters in the worst Europeans, than in the best of their own countrymen." Most of these minute inquiries, new and valuable as they were at the time, it has been judged proper to retrench, many of them having been superseded by later and more correct investigations, though the general conclusions have been, as far as possible, preserved.

"November 8th.—Left Bombay at half-past ten in the evening. About eleven fell asleep—once or twice awakened, notwithstanding my flannels, by smartness of the cold. A little before five I was informed that we are in the harbour of Panwell. In about an hour, Colonel Close's palankeen came to the shore. I was carried into the village, and after a few compliments from Mulna Hussein *,

* The agent of Colonel Close, at Panwell. He was also a cousin of Fyzullah (Fazl-ed-din), Sir James's servant.

proceeded at half-past six on my way to Chowk, a stage of twelve miles, which we took four hours to get through.

"Panwell is a wooded village, well situated on a small bay, distinguished by the handsome dome of a mosque. The road winds along a valley from one to three miles wide, formed by two lines of woody and rocky hills of castellated shapes, advancing from the Ghauts to the sea. The valley is beautifully varied by wood and corn-fields. As I did not sleep sound last night, and had passed this way twice before, neither my body nor my mind were very much awake to the scenery.

"9th.—Chowk to Compowlee, twelve miles.

"— Left Chowk at a quarter after one. The road is through a continuation of the same valley, in general almost narrowed into a glen, but sometimes, after a shorter pass than usual, widening into amphitheatres, which are striking. In the last and smallest of these are the Pagoda and Tank of Compowlee, most beautifully situated. The pagoda was founded by Nana Furnavese, the famous Mahratta minister. He was a Bramin, and therefore a secret unbeliever, yet he richly endowed Pagodas.

"I have felt more cold last night, and more heat to-day, than I had before done in India; not that the day was nearly the hottest, nor the night the coldest, but that I was more exposed to cold and heat.

"Arrived at Compowlee at half-past five, and conversed for some time with Captain Christie * (stationed there), who nine months ago made me a present of his brother's book of mythological prints.

"Captain Christie tells me that the Carwaree Bramins,

* Known afterwards as a traveller in Beloochistan and Seistan, and for his eminent services in organising the Persian army. He was killed in a night attack of the Russians on the Persian camp, near Tabreez.

who are charged with offering human sacrifices (the 'Nurmed'), have lately, at Poonah, offered a Bramin to the dread Goddess Calee, whom they worship. The victim was inveigled into one of their houses, and poisoned. This is a strange mode of killing for sacrifice, but they dare not try any other. The fact, though not judicially proved, is said to be universally believed at Poonah. I must inquire into the matter more fully when I reach that place.

"10th.—Compowlee to Carlee, sixteen miles.

"—Left Compowlee at five—almost immediately began to climb the Ghauts, which soon became so steep as to make me quit my palankeen. Compared to the Ghauts in Malabar, they are nothing, either for height or steepness. Before we had got through the Ghaut, it was near eight. Quite at the top is a small village, called Candaulah, having in miniature the situation of Compowlee. The Pass itself scarcely appears grand, after the forests and mountains of Malabar. It has, however, all the effect of deep wooded chasms beneath, and lofty wooded rocks above*. The timber is much inferior to that in the south. After we are quite clear of the Ghaut, the trees dwindle still more, and are more thinly scattered. The breath of the Ghaut is strong and cold; I no longer feel heat as in the valley yesterday.—Did not arrive at Carlee till half-past ten, after having experienced some of the accidents of an eastern journey. Four of my palankeen bearers are left on the road from real or pretended hurts in the feet.

"Found Colonel Close's tent pitched in a tope† of mango trees, at the very spot where I passed a day with poor Frissel near three years ago.

* The scene reminded Bishop Heber of the Vale of Corwen, N.W.

† Grove.

"Short as these journeys are, they are so slow, that they do not seem likely to leave much leisure. I shall seldom be less than six hours on the road.

"— Read sixty-eight pages of 'Bardili's History of the Progress of Opinions concerning God and the Human Soul,' which in general explains the progress of these speculations justly, as well as ingeniously. It was published in 1787, and I was pleased to find ideas in it not unlike some of mine in an essay, which I read to the 'Speculative Society' a little before that time, viz., that air first gave the notion of invisible beings—that breath was the original soul, &c. But they are obvious, and must have occurred to many before us.

"—Did not find myself in spirits for a second visit to the Cave*, which I reserve for our meeting on my return. This is a miserable village of fifteen or twenty huts, and about fifty inhabitants, as I am informed by a poor Bramin, who is a sort of purveyor for travellers. The rent paid for it to a man of rank at Poonah, is 1000 rupees per annum. He threatens to raise it to 1200, and the inhabitants threaten to emigrate. They feel that they are governed—only when they pay taxes; in every other respect they are completely left to themselves;—no police, no administration of justice, &c., except such as the village system of India, explained by Colonel Wilks, supplies. It would be difficult to say for what the tax is paid, unless it be to bribe the sovereign not to murder and rob the inhabitants.

"11th.—Carlee to Tulligom, fifteen miles.

"—Left Carlee at twenty minutes before five, and arrived at Tulligom at twenty minutes before ten. The wood has entirely ceased; the country is bare and little cultivated; there are no villages; the road is lonely, and the whole district seems unpeopled. The want of inhabit-

* Extensive Buddhist excavations.

ants is not disagreeably felt among romantic scenery. Rocks and woods are companions, but a flat country without men is like Chaos, "without form and void."

"—Read the first hundred pages of the Abridgment of Search, by Hazlitt. The introduction is able, but it has too much of a pamphleteering and factious air; it has nothing of the tranquillity of science. The author abuses the Lockian philosophy, which was that of *his* author, and the Hartleian, from which I am sorry to say that Search has borrowed without acknowledgment. He is guilty of the folly of depreciating the excellencies which his author had not. There is no need of undervaluing systematic and precise writers, because Search was neither. He had other excellences of the highest order. It is not observed, that he was a metaphysician only in order to be a moralist. Abstract reasoning was with him secondary. His main object was practice, and his great praise is that of a master in the philosophy of life. The abridgment seems very well made; at least it pleases me much; though I know not how much of that pleasure I ought to set down to the merely being reminded of what I so much like *. Perhaps it would not give a sufficient idea of Search to a beginner. It is not a fault of the

* Tucker was with him always a favourite author. In the "Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations," (p. 37, note) he speaks of the "Light of Nature" as "a work which, after much consideration, I think myself authorised to call the most original and profound that has ever appeared on moral philosophy." Sir H. P. St. John Mildmay, in his Life of his Grandfather, Mr. Tucker, prefixed, to an edition of his work, says, "I was in hopes to have offered some observations on this head (An Analysis of the general Scheme of the Light of Nature pursued) to the public, from the pen of Sir J. Mackintosh; had not the pressure of professional engagements interfered, and the high situation to which he has been called in a distant country, finally defeated the plan he had in contemplation."

Abridgment, that much of the dramatic merit of the original is lost in it. That merit never could have been preserved in any abridgment, because it depends on the rambling and gossipping manner, which is not desirable for the mere student.

"—Finished breakfast and dressing by eleven, an hour earlier than the two preceding days.—See, after breakfast, a young subaltern going from Seroor to Bombay for health—an unfortunate boy who has been suffering under a dysentery for three months; one of the innumerable victims sacrificed to tropical dominion. His name is Canning. We are now encamped on a plain to the west of the town, which is considerable; instead of being as formerly*, at a tank immediately to the east of it.—Resolve to push on to Panowlee, in order to have a very short stage to Poonah in the morning.—Left Tulligom at half-past one, and arrived at Panowlee at four, through the same sort of country. This village stands upon a river, which is one of those that join at the Sungum. It was entirely laid waste by Holkar in 1803, and the inhabitants sought refuge at Chincore, where the *Deo* †, (or incarnate Deity), whom I visited in 1805, not only protected from plunder the extensive estates of his own pagoda, but afforded a secure shelter to the fugitives from the neighbourhood. The Bhara (or castle of a Mahratta chief) was burnt; the ruins are extensive. They have both square and round towers, and are not unlike a feudal castle of the rudest form in England. In the middle of the river is a small pagoda, to which, when the season is more advanced, there must be a dry path

* In his journey to Poonah in 1805.

† For an account of the origin of the object of this strange superstition, see an interesting paper read by Captain W. H. Sykes.—Bombay Transactions, vol. iii. p. 64.

over the rocks. Above the pagoda is a wall built across the channel, to break the force of the stream, like our weirs for catching salmon.

"—Delighted with the 'Vision' in the Abridgment (Search). I still think the dialogue with Stahl might have been omitted. But the interview with his wife is most beautifully imagined, and most naturally told. He was a good man.

"—Go to bed always at the usual hour of seven o'clock.

"12th.—Panowlee to Poonah, twelve miles.

"—Set off at four o'clock in the morning: about half-past seven met Colonel Close and a large party of gentlemen, with elephants, camels, hurkarus, horses, buggies, on the banks of the same river, where he received me three years ago.—Ride with him to his residence at the Sungum, on an elephant.

"—General Champagny, Colonel Wallace, commandant of the subsidiary forces, and a large party at breakfast. Captain Hamilton * most obligingly offers his services to arrange all preparations for my journey; and Dr. Taylor called immediately after breakfast; he confirmed the story of the human sacrifice by the Carwaree Bramins, and told me some further particulars of the 'nastica' (negative) or atheistical Bramin, now at Poonah. I am sorry that he is now too unwell to come here at present. From Taylor's representation, he appears to use arguments

* Captain (afterwards Major William) Hamilton, of the Bengal army, then employed under the Resident at Poonah; an excellent Persian scholar, and an intelligent officer. He was compelled by ill health to try the effects of the climate, first of Persia, and afterwards of England; he died in Orissa soon after his return to India. It will be seen that he eventually accompanied Sir James during a great part of his tour. He was the brother of Captain Alexander Hamilton, the Sanscrit professor at Hertford College, and of Walter Hamilton, Esq., the author of the "Description of Hindostan."

like a man of speculation—not the mere loose talk of an immoral man, which I had rather expected.—In the evening had some conversation with Taylor's pundit, about the Vedanté system.

"13th.—This morning all the officers of the newly arrived Bombay battalion came to breakfast *en masse* at the Sungum.

"I am as much struck as I was at first by the character of Colonel Close. He is without accomplishment or show, plain, cautious, and with a degree of mildness, that forms a singular contrast with the firmness, and even sternness, which he has shown on trying occasions. He has a calm understanding, wholly employed in practice, united to a strength of nerve, which qualifies him equally for a cautious or a vigorous policy. He is a very superior man, who might easily pass among common observers for a very common man.

"To-morrow morning, very early, I am to commence my march to Beejapoor. I quit the society of Europeans, and even the roads frequented by them. I shall, for a fortnight, neither hear a word of English, nor see a white face. My solitude is not quite voluntary; when it comes to the push, I feel that I should prefer a tolerable companion.

"14th.—Contrary to my expectation, I resume my journal at this place. The Hamauls and Mussauls * have deserted in a body last night. I have lost my advance to them of near 200 rupees; and, if it had been anywhere else, I might have been obliged to make a long stop. Here I shall be able to procure Hamauls in the course of the day. The motive of the desertion was the heaviness of Colonel Close's Bengal palankeen, of which they have more than once complained; but every body agrees that

* Palankeen bearers and link-boys.

their complaints were unreasonable—especially from so numerous a body as sixteen bearers.

"Mr. Elphinstone, who is sent on a mission to the court of Cabul, has been obliged to relinquish the ordinary route by Lahore, and to go by a road, which leads through a good deal of desert, to Moultan. Runjeet-Sing, the Seik chief of Lahore, was jealous of the mission. He did not much like the prospect of a close union between the English government, his most formidable eastern neighbours, and the king of Cabul, his equally formidable neighbour on the western side.

"Holkar has become so besotted a drunkard, as almost to have lost his senses. After an excessive dose of cherry brandy, he plucks the turbans from the heads of his chiefs, and beats them like the lowest slaves. This degradation of the only chief popular among the Hindûs, would be a matter of some consequence, if we were to have an European invasion.

"I am informed by Colonel Close, that the population of the city of Poonah is about a hundred thousand. The police is intrusted to a military Bramin of the family of Gokla, in whose domain Beejapoor is situated. He has a considerable establishment of police 'peons;' and his duty is either so easy, or so skilfully performed, that, notwithstanding the frequent assemblages of men, mostly armed, brought together by the religious festivals, there are very few instances of disorder. He punishes all small offences. Great crimes are punished (very rarely with death) by the officers intrusted with the districts, and, in very serious cases, by the government. Civil disputes are settled by arbitration, under the sanction of the ministers. There is not a court of judicature, nor a judge, in the whole Mahratta dominions. There are no regular forms of trial.

"I am to be attended on my journey by a 'karkoon,'

or Bramin in office, who is sent by Gokla to act as a 'hurkaru,' or courier and guide.

"The Peshwa* is just returned from a religious journey to Punderpoor, a Bramin town of considerable note, which we shall reach in five or six days; and this day he is gone to a village, at a small distance to the north-east, on a similar errand. He is a disgusting mixture of superstition and dissolute manners. It does not appear that this sort of profligacy is conceived at all to affect his moral character. Indeed, the Hindûs appear to have expunged purity of manners from their catalogue of virtues.

"The Poonah bearers whom I have procured, will not go till to-morrow morning; and, indeed, the aching of my head might render a still longer delay advisable; but a letter from Captain Sydenham, received last night, shows him to have made such preparations, that I must make an exertion to proceed.

"Nothing seems more strange, than that so great a country should exist without a judge. Two circumstances diminish the wonder. The first is the power of the officers of villages, or rather townships, so well described by Colonel Wilks in his History of Mysore †, who, throughout India, preserve a sort of republican constitution under despotic princes, and retain their authority in the midst of the revolutions among their superiors. The second is the great power of Bramins and heads of castes, who are a kind of natural arbitrators in all disputes, and who can punish offences by expulsion from caste,—a penalty more terrible than any which we can inflict. These two authorities, with the irregular

* Bajee Rao.

† Not published till two years afterwards, but which he had perused in MS.—See the fifth chapter.

jurisdiction of the executive officers, are sufficient to maintain tranquillity; but the absence of all regular forms of criminal justice, has the usual effect in corrupting the nations so unfortnate as to be destitute of that great school of morality.

From Poonah, Sir James proceeded on his journey towards the points of interest, which he had determined to embrace in this excursion. Passing over, as too bulky for the space which we are here enabled to devote to them, the details of his progress, and his observations on the manners and scenes which surrounded him, as they are recorded in his diary, we resume the thread of the narrative as he approached the stately ruins of Beejapoor.

"25th.—Jelliall to Beejapoor, twenty miles.

"Set out at twenty minutes after five, and passed the ruined and absolutely solitary towns of Seddewara, Booplaad, and Arkera, every one of which had been considerable. For fourteen miles, the only living creatures we saw were some pretty parroquets, a partridge, a hare, and a herd of deer; yet our road was through a country which had been universally cultivated, and within a few miles of what had been one of the most superb cities of the East. About ten o'clock we were astonished by the sight of two men on horseback. At the distance of about eleven miles, we first saw one of the domes of Beejapoor rising with great majesty, not very unlike the dome '*des Invalides*' at Paris. Many others rose upon our view as we advanced. At eleven we began to travel over ruins, with mosques, cubes (tombs of saints), &c., on all sides. A little after, we found the subahdar come to receive us. In company with him we proceeded to the fort, where we arrived about twelve.

"In entering the gate the eye is struck with the massiveness of the stones which compose the wall. I never saw so many stones, of such a size, so solidly held

together, in a building of such height. We encamped under a tower called the Copri Boorj, or lofty tower, to the top of which we climbed by a stair, now broken, leading up the outside. On the top were two of the monstrous pieces of ordnance described by Major Moor. One of them I measured with my umbrella, and guessed to be about thirty feet in length, which, on looking at Moor, I found to be right. From this tower is a very extensive prospect over a naked and uncultivated plain of vast extent, over which are scattered many noble edifices —the remains of a city which, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was probably the fourth of the Mahometan world; only Constantinople, Ispahan, and Delhi could have surpassed it. There are no traces of private dwellings, and the present scanty population is hutted in the ruins. We afterwards went to a bastion, where was the 'Mulluke Meidan,' or king of the plain, a piece of brass ordnance, supposed to be the largest, and certainly the most useless, in the world. It was originally cast for Nizam Shah, of Ahmednuggar, by a man whose name has the addition of 'Roumi,' which does not, however, mean an Italian, as Moor supposes, but a native of the Turkish dominions, called 'Roum' in the East. It was brought here in triumph by one of the Adil Shahi-kings; and when Aurungzebe took this city in 1689, he effaced the old inscription on this extraordinary gun, and substituted one which still remains in commemoration of his conquest.

"We have been a little alarmed by accounts of rebellion at the first town on the road to Hyderabad; but our minds have since been tranquillised, and we now understand that the rebel will receive us very civilly, and that he is a 'village Hampden,' who held out against the exorbitant demands of the jagheerdar.

"To-morrow will be employed in exploring Beejapoor, and on Sunday we proceed.

"26th.—Beejapoor. At half-past six we set out to explore this Palmyra of the Deckan. A Catalogue of buildings, &c., may answer the purpose of reminding those who have seen them, or of guiding those who are to see them; but to all others it is equally unamusive and uninstructive. As I am one of the few writers who have any influence on the conduct of their readers, I may venture to say, that none of my readers can ever see Beejapoor.

"We walked towards the north-east, through rows of small mosques, of which, according to our guide, there remain about 1400. This is the more likely to be true, as nine-tenths of them are not larger than summer-houses. We passed on our right the fortification which contains the palace, and on our left an unfinished building of immense extent, begun by Ali Adil Shah.

"In several of the mosques and tombs, the minute work in stone is exquisite, and surpassed by no cathedral which I have ever seen. The arches have every gradation from the roundest Saxon to the most pointed Gothic; but as these buildings were not erected till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, after architecture had passed through all its stages in Europe, they do not properly constitute any monuments of the history of that art. After walking about two miles, we found, on our right, the Great Mosque, to build which, like St. Paul's, had taken the reigns of five kings. Like St. Paul's, too, it witnessed political revolutions during the period in which it was building, and was completed under a foreign sovereign. Aurungzebe added some small buildings, that he might have some pretence to rank as a fifth among the royal founders. On entering, we saw three sides of a square opening on the fourth side to a garden and large

tank. On the side opposite to the tank is the mosque, and it certainly has a very grand effect. It consists of five rows of noble cloisters, each twenty-two feet wide, very lofty, and supported by massy pillars. They are divided into small squares of that size, each square covered by a small dome, and the central part of the third and fourth rows from the outside forms one square of seventy feet across, covered with a correspondent cupola. In the centre of the fifth is a shrine, which, when uncovered, appeared full of passages from the Koran, in letters once gilt. The verandahs of the wings, extending on the right and left of the garden, were high and spacious. The whole is in excellent repair, and I think very few buildings composed only of stone can have a more dignified appearance.

"At some distance is the Burra Gumbuz, or great dome of Sultan Mahomet Adil Shah, which certainly deserves the name. This was the building which we saw from the eminence on this side of Booplaad. It is certainly a most noble mausoleum, though, as it has no more building than is necessary to support the cupola, it is not to be compared with St. Peter's or St. Paul's, where the domes are only grand parts of immense structures. In the centre was a large elevated platform, with three monuments. The breadth is about forty-eight paces; the guidè called it eighty cubits. At each corner is a minaret, which goes to the top. By a staircase in one of these we climbed up, rather laboriously, to the top, which we found, on the inside of the dome, one hundred and thirty-two paces round. Here is a whispering gallery, where the lowest distinct articulation produces a very clear and loud echo; no sound is lost; I made it resound (I know not if for the first time) with the first verses of 'Alexander's Feast,' and the 'Bard;' with some stanzas of 'Chevy Chase,' two strophes of the 'Progress of Poesy,' the

Exordium of 'Paradise Lost,' and, lastly, as applicable to the scene, with

'The cloud-clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,' &c.

Every word of the poetry was most harmoniously reverberated. We returned now to breakfast, a little after ten o'clock, almost exhausted.

"Soon after we received a visit from the subahdar, attended by the subahdar of Darwar. After some unmeaning compliments, they requested that we might retire to the private tent, and there entreated my interposition with the Peshwa in behalf of Wissagee Punt, the hereditary quarter-master-general, or Beni Wallee of the empire, who is now not a favourite at court. I answered them cautiously, that I should represent his case through Colonel Close, and that the Peshwa would, no doubt, treat so distinguished a family with indulgence, as well as equity; but that it was impossible for me to be answerable for the decision of a great prince, on whose mind his allies, the English, would be most unwilling to exercise the least influence inconsistent with independence and dignity. They appeared to be satisfied, and requested a visit, which we are to make in the afternoon, in our way to the palace.

"Some patients afterwards attended my medical levee. One of them was in a most extraordinary state of mental imbecility, attended by a perfect numbness, of which it was impossible to say whether it arose from stupidity or organic disease. He had little appetite, but his pulse was tolerable; he seemed to sleep well, and he could walk. I wish that so singular a case were in the hands of a physician.

"About three, we went by one of the southern gates to the mosque and tomb of Sultan Ibrahim Adil Shah,

the most powerful of the kings of Beejapoor, who, at the head of a Mussulman confederacy, destroyed the great Hindû monarchy of Beejanuggar. The buildings are about a quarter of a mile without the gate, and their distant effect is greater than that of any of the other buildings, except the impression made by the loftiness of the Burra Gumbuz. Time and desolation have rendered their situation far more beautiful, than it could have been in the days of their splendour. They are now in a lonely grove of noble trees, instead of being surrounded, as they probably were, by paltry huts and mean streets. The mosque is smaller and more ancient than the great mosque of the citadel, but constructed of three rows of cloisters, with small domes, like the great mosque. The massiness of the walls, and the elegance of the minute workmanship in stone, are most admirable. It would have seemed almost impossible that such a material could have been wrought into such slender and elegant forms. In the tomb, a dark hall, are six or seven monuments of this victorious Sultan, his mother, and some of his children. The absence of a monument to a wife might have been considered as an unamiable feature in an European prince; in Asia, the affection for parents and children is, unfortunately, of a more respectable kind, and affords a much more unequivocal proof of virtue.

"From this place, we were conducted to the Taj Bourie, a handsome tank, surrounded by a low but not inelegant range of buildings, where the great persons of the court sat to look at the water-exhibitions, for which the tank was constructed. We walked through a fine park, once a garden—but now, more pleasingly to our eyes—covered with fine trees and verdure; and beyond it we found a monument erected to a daughter of Aurungzebe, the conqueror of Beejapoor. It is of white marble, brought from Delhi, and the only marble monument we

have seen here. We were told that the princess became enamoured of the famous Mahratta chief, Sevajee, during his visit to Delhi; that Aurungzebe offered her to him in marriage, on condition of his becoming a Mussulman; that he rejected the condition; that the princess, in consequence, rejected all offers of marriage, and died single, in this city, three years after the conquest. The tomb is not otherwise remarkable; but any proof of natural affection in a merciless barbarian, has the effect of a green spot in a wilderness. Near were two elegant monuments; one of a Mussulman saint or peer; another of a virgin of Beejapoor—two personages who had probably little intercourse during life.

"About five, we visited the subahdar at a most miserable house, and were received into a verandah not much handsomer than those which may be seen in the street at Mahim. There was, however, a little mimicry of state. A coarse Surat cloth was laid over the floor, and towards the centre a little scarlet cushion was placed against the wall, upon an old bit of Persian carpet about a foot square. There I was seated, and I was obliged to undergo a nautch (or exhibition of dancing girls). It seemed to me like all the others I have seen, abominably tiresome. Nothing was ever so ridiculously exaggerated. Amadis de Gaul has no such deviation from the truth of manners as the description of dancing girls in that notorious romancer, Raynal. The girls who exhibited this afternoon, I thought rather handsomer than usual. The eyebrows of one were very fine, which Captain Hamilton says is a common beauty. The feet of all were slender enough to account for the delicate limbs of the half-caste ladies. There certainly is some grace in the pastimes and slow movements, as indeed the Indian women are naturally graceful; but their languor seems to be mere lethargy, and their gay song a shrill scream. Nothing in the exhibition

deserves, in my opinion, the name of voluptuous, in any sense of the word, pure or impure. I think it unmixed dulness.

"We returned to our tents most thoroughly tired, and are now making arrangements for recommencing our journey to-morrow morning, with fifty Mahratta Seapoys, which the subahdar gives me as a guard to the frontier.

"Beejapoor was the capital of a kingdom which, in its most flourishing state, never extended further than from Goa to Calberga, and from near Poonah to the Tombudra. Those who told Major Moor that it once contained near a million of houses, made rather a bold experiment on the credulity of a stranger. They told him at the same time, that the circuit of the city walls was a day's journey. Now, as twenty-five miles may be considered as a long day's journey, this account of Beejapoor makes its circuit to have been not more than that of London; and as there were such large vacancies in gardens, mosques, palaces, &c., it cannot have been as populous as London. Its population may be probably guessed at four or five hundred thousand; and the difficulty seems to be, how a kingdom of no larger extent or greater resources, could have produced a capital, so splendid and well peopled. The government in tropical countries may undoubtedly take a much larger proportion of the produce of the soil, without ruin, than in colder climates, because the necessary wants of the inhabitants are so much fewer. Clothing, fire, and habitation—articles of such great expense in Europe, are here trifling; superstition, too, probably influenced by climate, has confined them to the cheapest food. As the government's share of the produce may be larger than in Europe, so the modes in which the sovereign and his chiefs expend it, are much less various. Except the pay and support of military adherents, the whole current expense of an Indian chief may be referred

to his stable and zenana; and considering the necessarily small expenditure of women imprisoned, it is probable that, some acts of capricious bounty to favourites excepted, the expense of the largest zenana falls far short of any calculation made on European ideas. All that remains of the surplus income of the country could only have been spent in buildings, and that in the capital, for there was no other considerable town. The vanity of wealth, which takes a thousand fantastic forms in Europe, could here assume only one form. The erection of mosques and monuments was the only way in which the rich man could display his riches, and leave behind him a name. Though the great men were likely to have been extremely superstitious, and perpetrated atrocities enough to quicken their superstition by remorse, yet we must not ascribe these buildings to superstition alone, but to the desire of popularity, the parade of wealth, the desire of courting the favour of the sovereign, the love of fame, and every other passion which could wear the disguise of the prevalent principle or predominant fashion. In this manner there seems no difficulty in accounting for the splendour of a town, which the whole plunder of this and the neighbouring countries was employed to adorn.

"The subahdar informed us, that within these twenty years this city contained five or six thousand inhabited houses, or perhaps near thirty thousand inhabitants, but that at present the houses and people were reduced to one sixth. So gross is the ignorance prevalent here, that there were offerings of flowers, &c. before the monuments of Ibrahim Adil Shah, which the Koran would doubtless condemn as idolatrous; while, on the other hand, our Hindû servants offered their devotions before this Mahometan shrine. On Captain Hamilton's reminding them that this was a Mussulman building, they replied 'that it was, notwithstanding, the residence of a God.' So

easily can the most stupid ignorance mimic the acts of liberality!

"I felt nothing of the usual sentiments inspired by ruins, in contemplating those of Beejapoor. We in general, on such occasions, feel a reverential melancholy, and are lifted above the present time and circumstances. But these sentiments are produced by the view of ruined cities, which were the scenes of what is venerable or interesting to us. With these feelings we consider Athens or Rome. But here we see the triumph of force over force, and the buildings, of which we observe the ruins, were never the scenes of any other qualities than those of treachery, debauchery, and cruelty,—of war without science, or generous humanity—and of pleasures, if they deserve the name, without elegance or love.

"I know of no writer but Mahomet Cassim Ferishta, the celebrated historian, who lived in this city. He was a Persian, originally in the service of the king of Ahmednuggar, who made his escape from a massacre of foreigners, and entered into the service of Ibrahim Adil Shah, at Beejapoor. He wrote about the time of Camden, and was, perhaps, not very inferior to that laborious writer. Hafiz was invited to the Court of Beejapoor, but got so sick on board ship that he relanded, and returned to drink his shirauz. He afterwards wrote an ode against the folly of crossing the seas in search of wealth, which I ought to have read and considered in 1803.

"27th. Sunday.—Beejapoor to Naghtana, eleven miles.

"—Left Beejapoor about half-past six—rode two miles through the fort, after leaving which we plunge immediately into a jungle. We continue to admire the domes, especially the majestic Burra Gumbuz, for about five miles, till we lose sight of it at a ruined village called Allahabad. We met several persons with loaded bullocks, which we supposed to be a sign of security; but

on our arrival at Naghtana, about ten o'clock, we found that they were fugitives from this and the next village, seeking refuge at Beejapoor from an army of three thousand men, sent by Bapu Gokla, to collect his arrears. The chief of the two villages has, it seems, withheld payment of rent for some years, and has not quite respected the rights of neutrality in passengers. Some of his 'orders in council' rendered this road rather less secure than it ought to have been. He has now, with his family, betaken himself to the jungle. His garrison here refuse all intercourse with us; and as some of the emigrants to the jungle may have no very sacred regard to the rights of property, we shall go on to the next village in an hour or two, to accelerate our escape from this miserable country.

"A little to the south-east, a body of Bered, the banditti of whom I formerly spoke, have established themselves at Shurapore, and occupy a considerable district. They are raised from a gang into a sort of state, and instead of paying rent, levy 'chout,' or a fourth *, on the neighbouring districts. In short, they now are what the Mahrattas were one hundred and fifty years ago. Their chief is Yencoba Naik, an usurper among robbers, who has expelled or deposed the hereditary chiefs, and defeated one Timopa, a rival in the pursuit of power. This man is said to have a strong country, several forts, and a force of five thousand men, with artillery. Beyond him, near the junction of the Bema and Kristna, is another chief, called the Rajah of Gudwal, who avails himself of the general anarchy to withhold payment of his tribute to the Peshwa and the Nizam. He is of the dunghar caste; his family is called Reddy, and they have held this principality for two centuries.

"Conquerors are the scourge of the west; but the best condition of an eastern country seems to be, when it is

* Of the government share.

governed by a prince of a stern and ambitious character (which seldom exists without a passion for conquest), who maintains tolerable quiet and safety at home, in order to facilitate the execution of his schemes abroad. In barbarous countries, the want of an ambition for conquest seems to be always attended with complete mental inactivity; as war is the only theatre on which they are accustomed to exercise their powers, a pacific prince is, in the east, almost always feeble, and generally dissolute. His dominions become the prey of the contests of a thousand petty tyrants. A warrior or a conqueror suffers no oppression, but what he supposes to be necessary for his own purposes. The only principle of obedience in such countries is military subordination or attachment. All power is military; but military power requires success to establish it, and exercise to preserve it. In such wretched governments, therefore, peace is a source of anarchy. Military government is, beyond all others, subject to personal revolutions, because it requires a degree of vigour and vigilance of character to maintain it, to which no passion less powerful than that of ambition, and no education but that of struggle, can discipline the mind. He who inherits absolute power needs the greatest vigour and vigilance, and is placed in circumstances which produce the greatest softness and supineness. But though it is a law of this sort of government, that power should speedily pass from individual to individual, and generally from dynasty to dynasty, yet the spirit of the government often survives these personal revolutions, and may even be preserved by them; power can only be transferred to a new usurper, who acquires it by some degree of the same qualities which originally founded the government. Power is the prize of boldness; the contest is sometimes a barbarous dispute between individuals of the reigning dynasty—sometimes between

victorious generals; but the boldest must prevail. There is no species of government which may be said to be more often reestablished on its first principles.

"—Naghtana to Huttergau, four miles.

"—Arrive at Huttergau about three o'clock. It is a walled town of considerable size, with a handsome citadel. It seems we inspired as much uneasiness as we felt. The people here supposed us to be the advanced guard, or the scouts of Gokla's army. Our karkoon, however, conciliated them before our arrival; and though they did not seem disposed to admit any of our retainers within their walls, they sent a shopkeeper without the gates with all sorts of provisions for men and horses. Great numbers of them hastened to our tents, and peeped in at us with a fearful curiosity. We ventured to ask them 'if they had ever seen a Feringee before?' They smiled at the question, and said, 'Oh no, we have heard of such people passing at Beejapoor, but no such was ever seen at Huttergau till this day!' This answer confirmed my suspicion that no European before us had ever travelled the road from Beejapoor to Calberga.

"Many patients came to consult me—some with most singular, and others with most distressing cases. I did all I could, and heartily wished for power to do more. The intercourse of benevolence at least, if not of much benefit, between individuals of nations who had never seen each other, removed all distrust, and looked as if there really was such a disposition as humanity. It was something to see children cling round the necks of their fathers, and sons carrying their infirm parents in pursuit of health. Men appeared to be more like each other in the best qualities, than the pride of civilisation would be willing to allow.

"In the evening a message was delivered to me with an air of mystery, informing me that the potail wished

to pay me a visit. I suspected that this was the rebel, or patriot, who resisted the exactions of the jagheerdar. He accordingly made his appearance shortly after; and, like more civilised chiefs, he seemed to suppose that state consists chiefly in displaying what was useless. With a fine moonlight, he was preceded by fifty torches, and attended by one hundred and twenty men. The object of his visit was to solicit my interposition with Gokla, whose army, according to the Mahratta custom, was now laying waste the country, in order to enforce the payment of arrears. I could only answer with general civility —assuring him that I should represent his case through Colonel Close. One merit he certainly possesses; his towns are the first well-cultivated spot we have seen for ten days.

"28th.—Huttergau to Benoor, eighteen miles.

"—Rode past several considerable, though now decayed towns; among which, Indoor, at the distance of twelve miles from Huttergau, is the largest. The towns are larger, and the fields about them better cultivated, than on the road from Punderpoor to Beejapoor; but nine-tenths of the country is covered with a low jungle, composed of a thorny shrub, called 'babool.'

"About two, Mr. Russell, of Captain Sydenham's family, arrived with elephants, an escort of the Nizam's cavalry, &c.; and, leaving our tired cattle and horses to follow us in the morning, we go on with him to Manoor, on the banks of the Bema, in this neighbourhood called 'Nuddy,' or the River. Canarese has for the last three days been so mingled with Mahratta, that the language of the lower people is no longer intelligible to Captain Hamilton.

"Benoor was settled by Sahojee, the grandson of Sevajee, on the grandfather of the Bramin, who now holds one half of it; the other half having, as he says, been

taken from his family by the Mahratta government. His name is Wittall Bhow, and he is of the sect of Vishnu, though the only pagoda is dedicated to Mahadeo. The general account of the village constitution is again confirmed here, with this peculiarity, that there is one potail for the general body of the inhabitants, and another for the Lingaets. The koolkurney had seen the English army when he was clerk in the army of Purseram Bhow *, in 1791 and 1792, but never, on any other occasion; and we were the first Europeans ever seen by any other inhabitant.

" Beenoor to Manoor, four miles.

"—Went, in Mr. Russell's palankeen, in an hour and a half, to the banks of the Bema, which is here about 500 yards wide. Like most of the rivers of India, it is useless for the purpose of navigation, being nearly dry for four months of every year, and an impetuous torrent for four more. We crossed it in a large and well-built boat; and, about sun-set, landed at Manoor, the first village in the territories of the Nizam.

" At dinner, the luxuries of Madras and Hyderabad were an agreeable novelty: and Sydenham's cooks formed a good contrast to Fyzullah and Lucco."

From Manoor, the party proceeded through a country of similar desolation to Calberga, the next object of their curiosity, where they spent a day or two in inspecting the ruins of that once kingly city. From thence Sir James proceeded, accompanied by Mr. Russell, to Hyderabad, whilst Captain Hamilton, with the tents and servants, crossed over to a point on the more northerly route from Hyderabad to Poonah, there to await the approach of his former fellow-traveller, on his return.

" December 3rd. Golconda. I slept tolerably the first

* The commander of the Mahratta army in alliance with the British forces, in the war against Tippoo Saib.

night [Dec. 1st], and about eight next morning Mr. Russell made tea for me. We had with us bread, cold fowl, and materials for tea; and the village supplied eggs and milk. I read, during the day of the 2nd, Maton de la Verenne's History of the events at Paris, in August and September, 1792. It is a book of no ability, and of not much novelty; but it contains some new and apparently authentic information. The period itself, horrible as it is, has a sort of personal interest to me; I heard and felt so much at the time, that I now feel almost as if I had been a party engaged.

"In the course of this day the country improved, and might be praised, in comparison with that in which I had passed the last fortnight. But, compared with any other country, it is still ugly and barren. I slept soundly for eight hours last night; and, after breakfasting this morning very heartily, we arrived, about four o'clock at Captain Sydenham's tents, under the citadel of Golconda. After a most cordial accost by my friendly host, he led me into a sleeping-tent, of such elegance and comfort, that every thing I had before seen was rudeness to it. It was a lofty and spacious apartment, with bed, carpets, lights, sofas, &c., such as the handsomest rooms in India would contain. It had not only a double canvass wall and roof, with a considerable intermediate space, but a painted canvass wall surrounded it at some distance, which rendered the tent, and all its avenues, perfectly private.

"I was conducted, at the usual hour, to the dining-tent, still handsomer than the bed-room. We sat down to an admirable dinner, with a party which would not have been thought disagreeable at the 'Star and Garter' at Richmond. Mrs. Orr, the sister of Captain Sydenham, has an agreeable countenance, is very cheerful, and perfectly unaffected; she also plays, as they say, won-

derfully well on the piano. The only merit in that way, of which I can judge, is that she did not seem displeased at my entire neglect of her performance. Her husband, Colonel Orr, who is about to return to Scotland *, after thirty years' absence, has the good humour and gentlemanlike manners of an old officer. Mr. Kemble, of the Company's cavalry, who was appointed to command my escort, is of the Kemble family, in the city. He knows some of my friends, and many of my acquaintance.

"4th. Sunday.—At six o'clock in the morning we set out upon an excursion round the fort of Golconda—I mean round the outside, and at a considerable distance; for no European is suffered to enter, or even to approach, this fort, supposed to be impregnable, and now destined for the secure custody of treasure and state prisoners. It is situated on a rock, and the walls wind round, according to the risings and hollows of the rock, in a very picturesque manner. It has some resemblance to the castle of Edinburgh, but it is not so grand, as the rock is neither so high nor so abrupt. At one place we had a very striking view of it over a large tank. In the back ground were the tombs of the kings of Golconda, under the rock; and just before them was our encampment. This day, and the following, were spent as they would be at an agreeable country-house in England. We met, retired, dispersed, and reassembled as we felt inclined, to talk, to read, to write, or to lounge. The unfortunate inferiority of an Indian day is, that from breakfast til evening we are imprisoned by the sun. Here, indeed, at present, the sky is so cloudy, and the weather so cold, that people ride about all day, but I conceive with very doubtful prudence.

* It is melancholy to have to note, that the parents, with their three children, were lost at sea on their homeward voyage.

"A day of pleasant conversation is considerably more agreeable than a day of tiresome inquiry among stupid Mahrattas; but it supplies few materials for a journal.

"5th.—Golconda to the Residency near Hyderabad, seven miles.

"At six in the morning our procession began. Captain Sydenham and I were seated on an elephant, of which the housing and trappings were yellow—the royal colour of India. We mounted, or rather climbed up the side of the animal by a ladder, while he knelt. On his back was an 'ambarie,' or oblong seat with walls raised up and topped with silver, and with cushions and seats of purple velvet. It was covered with a canopy, and had curtains, which might be drawn so as to exclude both spectators and the sun. In these last circumstances it differs from a houdah, which I had seen at Poonah. The seat in both is the same, and would be very comfortable, if it were not that, as it cannot be raised high enough from the elephant's back to leave a good hanging place for the legs, the riders must sit crossed-legged. Some of the gentlemen were on horseback but most of them upon other elephants. Colonel Orr was on an elephant with a superbly embroidered houdah (or saddle cloth), taken from Scindia's own elephant at the battle of Assaye. Mrs. Orr was in a palankeen. We were escorted by Mr. Kemble's party of cavalry, by the seapoys of the Resident's guard, and by a hundred of the Nizam's cavalry, sent out to meet me. Besides these military attendants and our innumerable servants, we were preceded by twenty 'chubdars,' or officers dressed in scarlet, and bearing silver sticks, who, from time to time, proclaimed our dignity and titles. The whole suite might amount to about five hundred persons, and is reckoned a very moderate attendance for a man of rank in India, when he travels seven miles to breakfast.

"The approach to a declining capital was marked by large gardens running to waste, and ruined country houses. The mosques, and their minarets in the city, had a fine effect. About nine we arrived at the Residency—the most elegant house which I have yet seen in India. In the front is a very noble portico, formed by Corinthian pillars. It is sixty feet in length, and nearly as lofty as the house. From this porch you go into a hall of the same length, and formerly of the same height, but now divided by Captain Sydenham into two stories. The support of the ceiling requires so many pillars, that the lower hall may now be called a colonnade; but the columns are beautiful, and have a very fine effect. At each end is an oval room, thirty-six feet by twenty-four. One is a dining-room, the other a library and family drawing-room. At the corners are four smaller square rooms, office, billiard-room, &c. Above stairs, the same distribution is exactly repeated, comprising a drawing-room sixty feet by forty The whole of both floors is uniformly carpeted, glazed, *sofaed*, &c. with English furniture, and in the handsomest style of London. In short, this house is oriental only in its magnificence: it is perfectly English in its comforts. It was built by an English Engineer at the expense of the Nizam, for the late Resident, Colonel Kirkpatrick. Captain Sydenham's library is an excellent collection—both English and French; his stud can boast a dozen of the finest horses in the East; and very few tables surpass his, either in meat or cookery. 'The times,' says Lord Bacon, 'which are best to live in, are worst to read about.' In the same manner, the most agreeable days afford least materials for a journal.

"6th.—Wakened with a dreadful headach, which I ascribe to the volumes of tobacco which filled the room yesterday from twenty hookahs. I was ashamed to

own my effeminacy, but the headach prevailed, and I entrusted the secret to Captain Sydenham, with an injunction not to betray me to the multitude. He and Colonel Orr very good-naturedly limited their inhalations. There will be less smoke, and I shall be more accustomed to it;—so that in a day or two I shall do very well.

"In the evening we drove in the sociable to a garden belonging to the Nizam's zenana. He himself lives in his tents; but there are a variety of small buildings for the ladies, which gave me a second opportunity of seeing the manner in which the princes of Asia lodge their favourites. The chambers here, as in the zenana of Tippoo's sons at Vellore*, were about ten feet square. Both light and air seem to be considered as impertinent strangers, who must not be permitted to visit the secluded beauties. From a German account of the seraglio at Constantinople it appears, that even there the women are not much better lodged.

"The number of women enslaved, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in such loathsome dungeons—without occupation or amusement, without knowledge or accomplishment, without the possibility of a good quality which could rise so high as to deserve the name of a virtue—is perhaps the strongest instance of low and depraved tyranny that the world exhibits. That these women are too brutalised to be sensible of their own depression, does not alleviate, but aggravates the evil. I, who know of what excellence women are capable, feel the full extent of this shocking degradation. Among these millions of poor victims, there must be some who might have risen to be a Miss Baillie or a Madame de Staël. It is almost a consolation, that men are necessarily 'embruted' by the tyranny which they practise.

* Which he had visited the year before.

"7th. — This morning, soon after breakfast, three ministers from the Nizam waited upon me. The two superior were handsome men, with the air of easy dignity, which makes a gentleman. I particularly admired the nice cleanliness of their beards, &c. The mildness of their manners formed a singular contrast to the ferocious cruelty, which history proves to be the character of eastern statesmen; and it would have been impossible to conjecture that men so demure should be plunged in that gross and monstrous debauchery, which, I am informed, prevails in this city, more than in any other of the East. These men, of such gentle, polished, and decorous manners, were of the same class, if not the same individuals, who do not scruple to cut off the head of a servant, when he prefers anything to the caprices of a dissolute tyrant. Under them, I am informed that not a day passes without murder. These daily murders produce no horror; indeed, they scarcely attract notice, and they are never punished. The Nizam is said to have declared that he will not inflict death. The absence of capital punishment in such governments, is not to be imputed to lenity, but negligence. It is not that the prince feels too much for the criminal, but that he cares too little for the innocent person who is injured.

"In the course of the conversation they said, that Meer Allum, the prime minister, would have waited upon me, if he had not been confined by illness. He had been attended, they said, by Greek physicians, (the Mahometan physicians, so called because they pursue the system of Galen, according to the Arabic and Persian translations), but that now he had got into the hands of Dr. Kennedy, the surgeon to the British force, and that they had much better hopes. They said 'that the difference between us was, that they had formerly Hippocrateses, and Galens, but had none now; whereas we had such great men

still;—that they did not advance, while we did.' Captain Sydenham said, 'that they had more of the virtue of content.' They answered 'that it was no virtue to be content in such matters.' I observed 'that it was right to be content with what we *have*, but never with what we *are;* though the exact reverse was the case with most men.' This abridgment of reasoning on the subject, they pretended to admire very much.

"In speaking of their ancient physicians, an expression fell from them, which shows how generally they are unbelievers in their popular religion. They spoke of Averroes; I wished to know if they had heard any thing of his supposed atheism. Captain Sydenham asked 'if he was a Sufi?' which is, it seems, the decorous way of asking if he was an infidel. They answered with a significant look, that he was of the 'Muzzabi Hakeemee,' or philosophical sect.

"In the evening we drove out to a large tank, about six miles in circumference. It is old enough to have worn out natural banks for itself, and is really a handsome piece of water.

"8th.—The principal news of the day is the alarming illness of Meer Allum ('the Lord of the World'), prime minister to the Nizam. He is of a Persian family, but born at Aurungabad. He is said to possess extraordinary talents, and to be an accomplished Persian and Arabic scholar. He writes elegantly in prose and verse. He was appointed by the British influence, and is the great pillar of the government and the English connection.

"The education of an accomplished Mahometan statesman seems to be the same with that of a scholar. Learning is considered the proper qualification for political office. So it was some centuries ago in Europe, when almost all statesmen, as well as lawyers, were churchmen. So it must always be, when there is only one education

different from that of the vulgar. It is in a farther stage of the social progress that education is sub-divided, and scholars have one sort of education, statesmen another. This does not *appear* to be the case in England, because the old monastic system of the college is uniform; but men's pursuits are, in fact, varied by their objects. Society and business give the appropriate education to the statesman; and though he ought to be well informed and accomplished, he ought not to be, and cannot be, a professed scholar.

"9th.—This morning we hear that Meer Allum died at midnight, aged about fifty-seven, but of a broken constitution. The people are said to be full of consternation and sorrow. The Court is of course full of intrigue. There are many candidates for the office of prime minister, but all so imbecile and depraved, that Captain Sydenham thinks it difficult to decide which of them is most abominable. He considers this Court as a sort of experiment to determine with how little morality men can associate together; and seems to think that the most atrocious ruffians from the brothels and massacres of Paris, might here be teachers and even models of virtue. The rapacity, venality, cruelty, and debauchery of the chiefs, do, indeed, surpass the blackest notions I had formed of an Asiatic, and especially of a Mahometan Court. A transfer to any European government must be a blessing.

"10th.—Agreeable conversation at home, and active political intrigues in the city, of which we received hourly information, occupied this day.

"In the evening Captain Sydenham showed me the zenana, which the late Resident constructed for his Indian wife—a lady of high rank, the grand niece of the minister, Meer Allum, and her beauty is said to surpass her rank. It is a square of low buildings, at a small distance from the Residency. It is built according to the

native fashion, and I have been assured that no Indian prince has so elegant a zenana. It would be reckoned a most beautiful set of apartments in Europe. It is situated in a garden, and within the court is a parterre. Round the interior of the court is a verandah, of which the walls and ceiling are painted and gilded with great brilliancy, and even taste. The principal bed-room is larger than the Asiatics are accustomed to construct. The dressing-rooms and baths are exactly of the size which they prefer.

"11th. Sunday.—At nine this morning Rajah Chunda Loll, the second minister, came to conduct me to the palace. He was attended by two or three other persons of the Court, and by a considerable number of officers, with about five hundred cavalry. He came on an elephant. Our conversation was uninteresting, except that he gave some anecdotes of the firmness with which Meer Allum contemplated death. The Rajah went into his apartment about half an hour before he expired; and even at that time he was so composed as not to omit any of the usual marks of courtesy.

"At half-past ten, Captain Sydenham and I mounted upon the lofty elephant with the yellow housings. The rest of the gentlemen were placed upon other elephants. We were preceded by a dozen led horses, by palankeens and chairs, and by the horse and foot guards of the Residency. Our position on the elephant gave us a commanding view of the city. We passed through a long and narrow street, ill paved with large stones. On each side of the street were sheds with sloping roofs, built against high walls. These sheds formed the bazaar or market. The walls form one side of square or oblong enclosures, within which were the hotels of the nobility and other principal inhabitants. The height of the walls protected these houses from the prying eye of the pas-

senger. The street terminated in an arched gate, which, as well as three others of the same kind, from three other principal streets, led to a large reservoir of water. We then passed the 'Charminar,' or mosque of the four minarets;—a light elegant building, not unlike the gate of a college, but superior in elegance to any of that sort which I have seen, except the beautiful remains of the gate at St. Edmundsbury. Farther on was the Mecca mosque, distinguished by solid and massy dignity. The masonry, especially towards the top, appears to be exquisitely finished, but it cannot be closely examined, as it overlooks the interior of the palace.

"We dismounted about eleven o'clock, after passing through two large courts, the first of which was occupied by a guard-house, and the second by apartments for inferior attendants, we were conducted into the hall of audience. The distribution of the palace is unlike that of western buildings. There properly is no one palace, but a series of open pavilions, divided by gardens and reservoirs of water. The gardens are pretty much in, what used to be called, the French taste, and undoubtedly the only one suitable to gardens mixed with buildings. The hall was supported by four or five rows of wooden pillars, painted and gilt. The ceiling was covered with muslin so as somewhat to resemble our beds, and over the carpeting on the floor was white cotton cloth. As soon as we reached the carpeting we took off our shoes,—the oriental mark of respect, and one which seems natural enough, as it is the taking off that part of dress most likely to be soiled, and therefore most unfit to enter a house. To uncover the head is also a natural mark of respect, because the head is the most dignified part of the body. As the feet are most apt to be cold, the uncovering of them would naturally be abandoned in cold climates; and perhaps the effect of uncovering the head, in showing

the expression of the face in conversation, contributed to the adoption of that custom in countries where social intercourse is free, and an important part of the enjoyment of life.

"We were received at the entrance of the hall by Muneer-ul-Mulk, son-in-law of the deceased minister. We seated ourselves for a few minutes with him and some others of the grandees, when we rose on the approach of the Subahdar * being announced. On Captain Sydenham presenting me to his Highness, he embraced me very politely, and begged me to sit down. He was seated on a musnud, which was composed by the arrangement of a few pillows and cushions on the carpet. The constraint of sitting cross-legged was here much increased by the honour which the Subahdar did me, of requesting me to come very near the musnud, and by the absolute necessity of not touching it, which would have been a dreadful act of rudeness and almost outrage. After a few general compliments, I asked Captain Sydenham whether they followed here the rule of European politeness, which requires one to follow, not to lead, the conversation with a person of such superior rank. He told me that the rule was the same, but that the incapacity of the Subahdar to suggest topics of discourse made it necessary to depart from it. His countenance, indeed, is vacant and common—not to say vulgar. Like most other eastern princes, he had been a prisoner till he became a sovereign; and though we ventured once or twice to open a new vein, we had very little in answer beyond, 'Blessed be God.' It did not seem that this was owing to the restraints of policy or decorum.

"Captain Sydenham requested a private audience, and we were led into a closet, behind the hall, with four large folding doors, the walls covered with mirrors, and

* The Nizam, or Subahdar of the Deckan.

the ceiling with glass in small panes. All the attendants of the Court surrounded the doors. They looked in, and their noise was almost as great as that of the bazaar. This forms a strange contrast with the stately silence of an eastern grandee, and the permission of it would scarcely be intelligible, if this noise were not considered as the mark of that numerous retinue which is the distinctive character of rank in India. At the private audience, Captain Sydenham condoled with the Subahdar on the death of Meer Allum. His Highness spoke of that minister in the highest terms of commendation, but did not lead the conversation to the appointment of a successor, as it was expected he would have done. He tied round my hat a band of jewels, and placed in front a plume of them, with a clasp for holding a plume of feathers. He tied on bracelets and armlets, and a sort of necklace. The largest stones were emeralds; they were surrounded by small diamonds and pearls, and a few rubies; they were set in gold. They were in general poor stones, ill set. The whole value amounted to about a thousand guineas. After about an hour and a half of intolerable constraint in cross-legged sitting, we were released, and returned home by a longer road, which gave me an opportunity of seeing more of the city; it was only more of the same sort. Several of the hotels of the nobility form inclosures of great extent. The street-front of some of them is perhaps three times the length of that of Burlington House. Our visit seemed a great show; the whole population poured out to see it.

"On my return, I found a letter from Bombay, which refreshed me after the fatigue of the morning; and in the afternoon I relinquished my short-lived splendour, by giving to Captain Sydenham, for the use of the Company, the jewels which I had received. He had made

presents for me to the Nizam and his ministers. The presents nearly balance each other at the end of the year, though not in every particular instance.

"12th—The candidates for the office of Prime Minister are Muneer-ul-Mulk * and Shere-ad-Dowlah—neither of them able—the last a very handsome young man, but said to be very worthless. Every hour brings us news of the progress of their intrigues, which, however interesting to themselves and their partisans, would scarcely preserve their interest at the distance of four hundred miles. Shumse-ul-Omrah is spoken of in case of difficulty. He is a sort of Duke of Portland—a man of great rank and fortune, to be put into the first place merely to keep either of the candidates of greater ability or activity from filling it †.

"13th.—This morning letters are received from Hindostan, contradicting the unpleasant report of Mr. Elphinstone having been plundered. Mr. Elphinstone's character is so uncommonly excellent, that even if his mission were less important, I should feel a strong interest in his security and comfort.

"In the forenoon I had a visit from the cauzee of Hyderabad, a respectable old man, between sixty and seventy years of age, born in Rohilcund, but of an Afghaun tribe originally settled at Peshawer. He described his duties to be, to investigate all criminal charges; to determine whether the facts were proved; to ascertain the punishment provided by the law; and to prepare the 'fetwa,' or sentence, which was to be afterwards signed and sealed by the two mufties. He had similar duties in all civil disputes. But he afterwards said that this was a description only of what ought to be—not of what was;

* This person was eventually raised to the office.

† Alluding to the existing ministerial arrangements at home.

that in reality his office was almost nominal; that he had sent one or two fetwas to the mufties, who answered 'that God knew on which side justice was—that they knew nothing of the matter, and would not run the risk of doing wrong by signing or sealing any judgments.' Crimes are unpunished, and civil disputes are either compromised, or determined by the Punchaet—the institution which has preserved society from total shipwreck in India.

"The population of Hyderabad is variously stated at eight, four, and two hundred thousand. The first is a monstrous exaggeration. As the circuit is only five miles, and that space contains large courts and gardens, and even some corn-fields, the smallest estimate is the most likely to be correct. An anarchy so complete, in so large a city, is almost inconceivable to an European understanding.

"We had afterwards a visit from a syed of Shirauz, an eminent Persian poet, who came here lately to see his relation, Meer Allum, and who returns next month to Persia. He is an old man, very lively and polished. I was surprised to find that they had separate words for versifier and poet, which they distinguished as much as we do. He said 'that none of their modern poets were equal to the ancient, but that some had real merit,' which might be said as truly in England as in Persia. Excellent poems were, he said, instantly copied, and spread throughout the kingdom. The first of living poets he represented to be the Futty Ali Khan, who lives at court, and who is suspected of dressing up the poems published under the name of the King. We conversed much about the political situation of Persia and India. I told him 'that Buonaparte would save a province from Russia, only in order to take the whole kingdom to himself.' He said, 'he hoped the Persians were too wise for that.' I told

him 'that he had duped very wise nations, and asked if he knew the recent transactions in Spain?' Of these Captain Sydenham had before informed him; and on that occasion he exclaimed, '*Buonaparte deserves what he gets.*' I told him of the fable of the horse calling in the aid of the man, who saddled, bridled, and enslaved him. He said the 'Persians must be asses, not horses, if they allowed Buonaparte to serve them so.' He illustrated his conversation by quotations from Persian poetry, which Captain Sydenham thought pertinent and happy.

"— Finish Plowden's History of Ireland, a confused, unwieldy pamphlet, in three volumes, quarto; but a repository of dreadful and damning proof against the English government of Ireland.

"My stay here now draws towards a close.

* * * * ...

"17th.—At five A. M. leave the Residency, where I have passed an agreeable fortnight.—About half-past seven take a farewell glance of the picturesque citadel and tombs of Golconda.—Went on by dawk too rapidly to make much observation.

"I read this morning in the palankeen Vallancey's '*Collectanea*,' which I borrowed from Major Hemings, the commandant of the Resident's escort. I had heard a good deal of the wild fancies of this book, but never read it before. At first it rather amused me, but after getting through a volume, I was oppressed by weariness. He sets out with great contempt for O'Flaherty and Keating, and all the other Milesian fabulists; he pretends to reform their legendary tales, and to make discoveries in the ancient history of the world; he then derives the Irish, with historical certainty, from Gog and Magog, or Gomer (I forget which). He makes Fingal a general of the fabulous Persian monarch, Afrasiab, and Ossian a celebrated divine among the followers of Zoroaster. So-

crates did not educate more founders of sects, than Bryant has raised foolish writers on antiquities.

" — Slept pretty soundly all night, as I was borne rapidly along, and waked about six in the morning of the

" 18th, Sunday—under the walls of Beder, the remains of which I had come out of the direct road to visit. It was the second capital of the Bahminiah monarchy, which, like the Roman, had one capital for its conquering period, and another for that of its decline. Calberga was their Rome, and Beder their Constantinople. The seat of government was transferred to the latter city about 1420, and the dominions of the Bahminiah sultans were finally partitioned about a century afterwards.

" After a summary breakfast on the top of my palankeen, I received a visit from an officer on the part of the killahdar, to whom I had sent my letter of recommendation. I accompanied him through a long bazaar, to the gate of the citadel, where I was very courteously received by the killahdar, a handsome man, and the only native I have hitherto seen with a complexion so fair as to show a fine bloom. We walked together into the citadel, and he explained his complexion by telling me that his mother was from Khorassan, and his father, though born at Delhi, of a family originally settled on the frontiers of Iran and Turan, or, in European language, of Persia and Tartary. The citadel contains nothing remarkable but the extensive ruins of the palace or palaces, which, with the usual oriental intermixture of gardens, seem once almost to have filled it. We climbed a steep and high staircase to a very lofty hill or terrace, from which the sultans could view the whole extent of their capital. We saw the remains of several stately halls, and the killahdar brought me into some apartments, which, though in a ruinous condition, serve him as a lodging. A sort of durbar was formed, with a very humble musnud, on a

white cloth, or a cloth which had once been white, in a closet resembling that where we had our private audience of the Nizam, with an arched roof of a sort of shining surface, which our informants ascribed to a chunam, made of pearl; (but here I cannot be very confident, as Fyzullah was my only interpreter, who, by-the-bye, had the honour of an embrace from the killahdar of Beder). I was obliged to wait for half an hour, till they placed before me a breakfast, of which I tasted a dish of rice not disagreeably dressed.

"A Persian tutor of the younger son—a very handsome boy of ten years' old—entered during the interview to give his lesson, much as a French master would in England.

"At about ten, I set out to see the tombs, attended by the killahdar and his 'suaree.' There are tombs both of the Bahminiah Sultans, and of the Bered Sultans, who dethroned the former dynasty—

'And fast beside him once-feared Edward sleeps.'

This peaceful neighbourhood of the oppressor and the oppressed—the deposed monarch and the usurper who deposed him—has often inspired moral reflections; but the nerves of ambition are in general too well steeled to be diverted from her purpose by such moralities. The tombs themselves are in the same style with those of Calberga. They are inferior in elegance to the tombs of Golconda, and cannot be compared in splendour to those of Beejapoor.

"I travelled on pretty quietly, though rather ill, when we got to a stage called Gota. In the route which I had received at Hyderabad, I found the stage beyond Gota, called 'Nurwarra;' but at Gota nobody had ever heard of such a place. This perplexed me considerably; but I was informed that there were 'tappaul' boys (post-bearers)

at a place called Balsura, about four coss on the road to Buljapoor. I concluded that this must be the place mentioned on the route, though under another name, and accordingly proceeded thither. The night's journey was very disagreeable; I had a most acute headach, with sickness; the cold was more bitter than I had felt for near five years; I suspected, by the extreme unevenness of the way, that we were wandering from the right road; I courted sleep in vain. I was haunted by the stories I had heard of unfortunate gentlemen dying in their palankeens, and being carried forty or fifty miles after they were dead, by the bearers, who never thought of opening the doors. One instance of this was said to have happened at Hyderabad some years ago, when it was necessary instantly to bury the unfortunate traveller.

"19th.—At day-break we arrived at Balsura; but found that there were no bearers, and that we were nearly twenty miles out of the road. I was rather in a forlorn condition, but a little brandy in my tea wonderfully re-established me; and I prevailed upon my wearied bearers, after some hours' rest, to carry me to Narrayenwaree, the next stage in my route. Where, after a very slow progress through a well-cultivated country, we arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon; and, to my great joy, I found post-bearers ready; and, proceeding with them immediately, changed again about eleven at Caustea—slept soundly in my progress during the night—and awakening a little before seven o'clock in the morning of the

"20th.—Found myself at Touljapore. After a three weeks' ramble, the tents seemed a home, and Lucco and Ramjee for a moment appeared to be a family; but the next moment directed my thoughts to my own home; and I wrote a long letter to you, one to Colonel Close, and one to Captain Sydenham. About four o'clock

Captain Hamilton came up, which was very agreeable to me. I could not have imagined that I should be so helpless as I am without a companion. Not that I dislike solitude; on the contrary, I think it preferable to most society. It is not amusement,—but assistance, of which I feel the want when I am alone on an Indian journey.

"In the evening I strolled into the town, which is large, but contains nothing remarkable but a temple of Bhawanie, or Parbutty, the Lady of Mahadeo. The situation of this temple is singularly beautiful, being half-way down the descent of a small ghaut; on the brow of which the town is built. A flight of stone steps leads down to the temple, and another conducts from it to the plain below. It is old, and surrounded by a square of cells; in which, my informant says, three hundred Bramins are lodged. I was treated here with more liberality than is usual in places so sacred. The Bramins only required me to take off my shoes; and when I complied, they led me to the very shrine of the goddess. She herself was not indeed visible, at least not to eyes so profane as mine; but her shrine was heaped with flowers; and behind it a gentle flame arose from invisible fuel. A corner of the lady's temple is allotted to her husband, Mahadeo, who seems to be insignificant here, compared to his wife. The Jezoorry god, Cundee Rao, has also a small place in the court of the temple.

"I slept very soundly in my tent.

"21st.—Touljapore to Wyraag, eighteen miles.

"We resumed our old habit of setting out at half-past three; and immediately crossing the frontier of the Nizam, we passed through a country, seemingly pretty well cultivated and well peopled, though very ugly; and at half-past nine arrived at our tents at Wyraag.

"Wyraag is a large walled town, held in jagheer, by Trimbukjee Dingley, with nine dependent villages. It

contains 1500 or 2000 inhabited houses. This town was appropriated formerly to the support of the artillery; but it was a year and a half ago withdrawn from that, now useless, establishment, and granted to the present jagheerdar, who levies 4000 rupees a year from the town and lands adjacent; but what he pays to the 'circar,' our informant does not know. The jagheerdar, on the same authority, receives 4000 rupees more from taxes on drugs and shops, &c. &c. There are two or three dancing girls attached to the temple of Mulk Arjoon; and, perhaps, ten other women, whom we should call of bad character, in the town.

"A party of about twenty men, in Persian dress, called Moguls in this country, came up on horseback, and remain here to-day. We sent for one of them, a native of Shirauż, seemingly of no high rank, but of very dignified presence and manner. The adventure of his little party is rather romantic. He is a servant of Mahomet Ali Khan, an exiled Persian prince, of the last reigning family called 'Zund,' and the nephew of Kerim Khan, apparently the only good king of Persia. Mahomet Ali Khan had two nephews, whose lives, by an unusual merciful policy for Persia, were spared, on account of their extreme infancy. They were kept prisoners at Astrabad, from which they found means to escape to Kerbela, where their grandmother lived secure under the protection of the sacred tomb of Ali. From that place they were sent by Bussora to Bombay; and they are now on their way to Hyderabad, under the care of their uncle's servant, who has given us this account.

"22nd.—Wyraag to Looney, eighteen miles.

"On being called this morning, I looked as usual for my jacket and waistcoat, but they were not to be found. The servants ran in some alarm to see if they were in the palankeen. I looked under the bed, and immediately

saw that the writing-desk was missing from its usual place, beneath the pillow. I instantly saw that there had been a robbery, though Ramjee had slept in the tent. Fyzullah was the only attendant who showed presence of mind. He immediately ran out of the back door with the light. I ran to Captain Hamilton's tent—full of vexation, supposing that we should be detained for want of money on the road, and bitterly lamenting the loss of my little MS. on Eloquence, as well as of this journal—certainly not for its merit, but for the sake of her for whose amusement it was written. In a moment there was a cry that the writing-desk was found. We ran into the field about a hundred paces from the tent; and found it completely ransacked, and broken into six or seven pieces. A hundred rupees in silver, a penknife, three razors, and a silver-headed pencil, were carried off. The papers, and other little dressing apparatus, were fortunately left; in consequence, I believe, of the speed and boldness of Fyzullah, who caught a glimpse of the thief, and was upon him almost before he could escape. Indeed, if the other men had answered Fyzullah's call, the thief must have been caught. As it was, he seemed just to have been interrupted; but it was not till he had too nearly completed his business. We were a little perplexed about proceeding; but determined on leaving Fyzullah to make a complaint to the potail, and to endeavour to raise a loan of thirty rupees upon the credit of my bill on Poonah.

"We set off a little after four, and passed many towns or walled villages.—At eight most agreeably roused by a tappaul, with a letter from you, with the welcome information that conversation would soon succeed to this sort of intercourse; and I arrived at this poor little place rather jaded and harassed about eleven.

"At half-past twelve, Fyzullah came up, and we

found that his complaints and negociations had been ineffectual. As soon as the alarm of a theft was given, the inhabitants shut the gates—afraid, no doubt, that we should have indemnified ourselves in the most summary manner, by ordering our seapoys to plunder, as a Mahratta chief would certainly have done.—Finding that Fyzullah was alone, they suffered him to enter. They told him, 'that if he would stay till they had levied the sum plundered from all the houses of the town, according to their custom, he should have it;' but as this would keep him till the evening, he refused to comply, and only asked them to lend thirty rupees on a bill on Colonel Close. This they declined, pretending they had no knowledge of Colonel Close: and Fyzullah, finding that one of our coolies, or porters, had a silver ring about his ankle worth twenty rupees, he was prevailed upon to sell it; and with this stock we now proceed.

"It is remarkable enough that I, who never have been robbed but twice in my life*, should have, on both occasions, recovered the manuscripts, and lost most of the other articles. My 'gentle reader' will recollect the robbery committed on us in the evening of our return from one happy autumn at Cambridge."

With an entry at Patus—a town of some size, not very far from Poonah, to which we pass—the Journal concludes.

"26th.—Chinchowlee to Patus, eighteen miles.

"—Did not leave our ground till five—mounted my horse at half-past seven.—In about an hour after, met some camels with European baggage; which, as far as we could understand the native attendants, belonged to a captain on his way to Hyderabad. At half-past nine

* This was the case a third time, after his return to England. A MS. book, which had been purloined, was, singularly enough, met with in France by his friend, Colonel Fox, and thus regained.

we met one gentleman on horseback, and one gentleman and lady in palankeens. The military uniform seemed by the crescent on the seapoys' caps, to be that of the Nizam. This is quite an adventure on these lonely roads.

"—Arrived at Patus about ten, and found newspapers from Poonah, in which there is a most shocking narrative of the shipwreck of Lord Royston and Colonel Pollen *.

"Patus is the head of a Pergunnah. It belongs to the celebrated Dowlut Rao Scindia. There are forty-two villages dependent on it. It has been sixty or seventy years in the Scindia family, but only four or five towns of the Pergunnah belong to Scindia. Some of the rest belong to the Peshwa.

"One or two general facts deserve notice. In the course of one thousand miles, we have not seen a detached house, nor a village without a wall. The principal injunction in our passports is to supply us with guards. These three circumstances seem to show, that the insecurity of this country is not occasional or temporary, but its usual, and, probably, perpetual state.

"We conceive ourselves, in common prudence, bound to require a guard at every station, though we have a military escort of fourteen soldiers, and more than fifty followers. With all these precautions we have been once robbed, and have travelled for some time, without perfect confidence in our personal security.

"All India, except the British territories, is at present in one of two conditions. Some part of it is subject to upstart military adventurers—Scindia, Holkar, and others of the same sort, but of inferior note—who act pretty openly as chiefs of freebooters, levying money by force or terror, wherever they can find it without

* On the 8th May, off Memel.

troubling themselves to find pretexts; rambling about in search of booty; visiting their nominal capital not once in ten years; not affecting any forms or exterior of civil authority; and not much more connected with what is called their own territories, than with any other district equally well situated for plunder. They live in their camps, and they pursue booty as avowedly as any man, in a well-regulated society, can do his most honest occupations.

"The rest is in the hands of more ancient possessors, who have dwindled into mere voluptuaries and pageants. Among them is the Peshwa, the Nizam, the Nabob of Oude, &c. &c. They, in reality, exercise no functions of government, except that of collecting the revenue. In every other respect, they throw the reins on the horse's neck. In their dominions there is no police—no administration of justice; sovereignty is to them a perfect sinecure.

"The slovenliness of this Journal proves its honesty. If it were worthy a dedication, I should inscribe it to her for whose amusement it was written, and to whom I wish to dedicate the remainder of my life."

END OF VOL. I.

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